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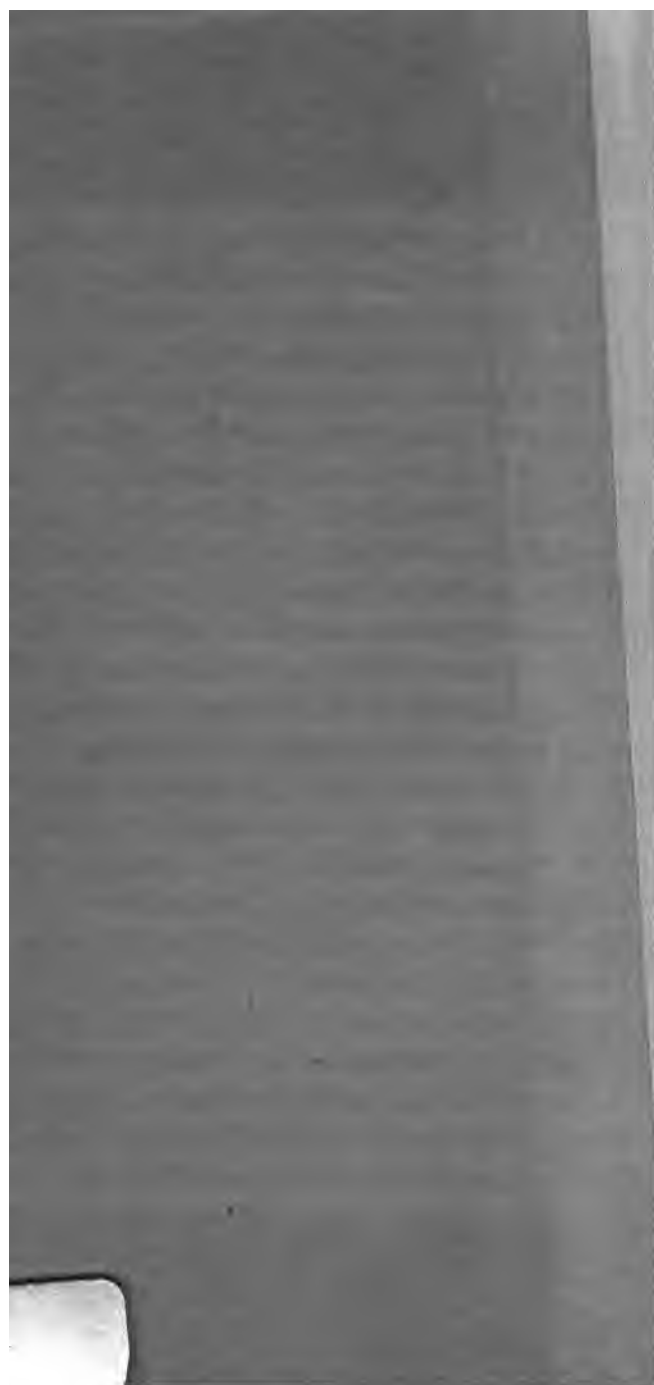
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THE
GRAMPIANS DESOLATE,
A POEM.



THE
GRAMPIANS
DESOLATE:

A POEM,

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.
T r

But if they are driven from their native country by positive evils, and disgusted by ill treatment, real or imaginary, it were fit to remove their grievances, and quiet their resentment.

JOHNSON.

Good thoughts towards men are little better than good dreams, except they are put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground.

BACON.

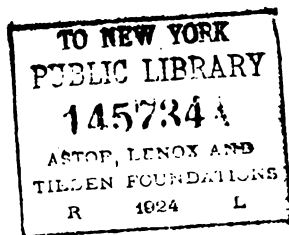
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PREFACE.

WHEN the amiable Archbishop of Cambray favoured the world with his elegant poem, TELEMACHUS; and when Goldsmith's masterly and correct pen produced his TRAVELLER and DESERTED VILLAGE, each of these illustrious writers had in view great political objects; namely, the convenience and comfort of the individual in society, as well as the happiness and prosperity of the community at large.

The verses contained in the following pages, are professedly of a political cast; but, disclaiming all connection with the politics of the day, they aim at something very different;—and that is, to call the attention of good men, wherever dispersed throughout our island, to the manifold and great evils arising from the introduction of that system which has within these last forty years spread among the Grampians and Western Isles, and is the leading cause of a Depopulation that threatens to extirpate the ancient race of inhabitants of those districts. The system alluded to is that of SHEEP-STORES, a species of monopoly beneficial to a few, but prejudicial to the State, in as much as it directly leads to Emigration, and consequently to a train of

national calamities, the bare idea of which awakens apprehension of danger. Of the just grounds for real dread, the Act of Parliament, for giving a check to migrations from the Highlands of Scotland and other parts of the British Empire, is a striking proof. The neglect of our Fisheries, as well as the total disregard of other departments of productive labour, or useful industry, are interesting topics that are kept steadily in view throughout the present production. And, in order to rouse the humane and benevolent to a fellow-feeling with the sufferings and hardships of the oppressed or ejected GAEL, episodes are occasionally introduced, illustrative of their deplorable condition: and likewise, in the event of a redress of grievances, consequently of a more favourable and permanent establishment, under wise and specific regulations, suitable to an improved system of Store-Farms, Manufactures, Fisheries, &c.—various prospects, or poetic exhibitions, are laid open to the imagination, so as to interest the active feelings of the soul; and, at the same time, the intellectual faculties are called on to devise the best possible means for the maintenance of private happiness, conjoined with public welfare, national independence, wealth; and true glory, as founded on the immutable laws of moral rectitude, and sound policy.

“To charm, to move, to elevate the soul,” says the eloquent historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Em-

*pire, "are the great objects of poetry *."* "The great end
"and object of poetry," says another elegant writer, "and
"consequently the proper aim of the poet, is, to communi-
"cate to us a clear and perfect idea of the proposed sub-
"ject †." "But to be understood," says an eminent phi-
 losopher, "is not the sole object of the poet : his primary
 "object is to please ; and the pleasure which he conveys
 "will, in general, be found to be proportionate to the
 "beauty and liveliness of the images which he suggests ‡."

*But, whether the author of the present performance
 has availed himself of a knowledge of his subject, and ap-
 plied with energy, judgment, and taste, the rules of the
 art of poetry,—an acquaintance with which the advanced
 state of elegant literature may have furnished—is a ques-
 tion by no means for him to determine ; and therefore he must
 leave it to the candid decision of competent judges ;—sa-
 tisfied, in his own mind, that, in the arrangement of the
 various subject-matter that enters into the great outline of
 the plan, he has attempted to model it after truth, sim-
 plicity, and nature, so as to present to the reader a regu-
 lated whole, the ground-work of which must be interest-
 ing to every Friend of his Country.*

* GIBBON'S *Essay on the Study of Literature*, Sect. xxxvii.

† ROSCOE'S *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, Vol. I. p. 255. 4to. printed in the year 1796.

‡ STEWART'S *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, p. 495, 4to, printed in the year 1792.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Profits arising from the sale of this edition of the present poem, are intended to lay the foundation of a Fund for the aid of industrious Peasants, and Tradesmen, who shall hereafter incline to become settlers, or Cultivators of WASTE LAND in any part of Great Britain. For which purpose the smallest sum above the price of the book, will be thankfully received :—and may be deposited in the hands of VERNOR & HOOD in the Poultry, London ; and MANNERS & MILLER, Parliament Close, Edinburgh, the Publishers;—in whose possession, Books of Subscription will be found, for inserting the names of donors or benefactors of this intended foundation,—to be called, “THE FUND OF AID FOR WASTE LAND CULTIVATORS.”

THE

GRAMPIANS DESOLATE.

*Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And even those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.*

GOLDSMITH.

ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

FIRST BOOK.

Invocation, and subject proposed. I. Desolate appearance of the Grampian Mountains.—The Family-Residence of a Chieftain deserted. II. Former times contrasted with the present.—Some characteristic scenes and circumstances slightly touched, in illustration of the changes which appear on the face of the country.—The introduction of the SHEEP-STOCK System, the chief cause of Depopulation. III. Should the system here alluded to, obtain, unqualified, throughout the Highland districts, our ARMY and NAVY in imminent danger of not being properly supplied with a brave, hardy race of men, in time of war, or threatened invasion.—The GAEL, in consequence of being turned out of their possessions, are forced to emigrate, and are attracted to settle in cities ; which hastens the decline of their health, subverts their morals, and proves, eventually, their total ruin.—Episode in illustration of these melancholy facts.

IV. The BRITISH NATION, alive to the great interests of the State, will naturally espouse the cause of the oppressed GAËL, who form a valuable portion of the community.—An alteration, favourable to their condition, anticipated,—Its happy consequences pointed out—and thus, in some measure, the Patriarchal Age, so congenial to the GAËL, will be restored. V. A slight outline of the History of the Grampians and Western Isles, from the Heroic Ages down to the year 1748, when the BRITISH LEGISLATURE abolished Feudal and Hereditary Jurisdiction. VI. In consequence of that happy event, the UNION of South and North BRITAIN greatly strengthened :—And our GAËL adventure into every part of the British dominions either at home or abroad, in pursuit of reward, or distinction, as warriors, statesmen, merchants, lawyers, men of science, &c.—Their importance, therefore, as pillars of the state, should point out the propriety of opposing the unlimited establishment of the SHEEP-STORE System, and by this means prevent Depopulation, and all its fatal effects.

THE
GRAMPIANS DESOLATE.

BOOK FIRST.

AWAKE th' harmonious harp, O Muse of Song,
To whom the tales of other times belong !
Recount, in plaintive strains, those recent ills
That desolate the hoary Grampian hills :
In numbers touching, sweetly sad, bewail,
The wrongs that ruin, and disperse the GAËL.

Thy fingers wandering o'er each trembling string,
Next, in melodious measures, gladly sing
Those wrongs redress'd : Thy ancient race restor'd,
In bonds of friendship firm, with one accord
(The General Weal kept steadily in view),
The paths of industry they'll straight pursue.—
Record the riches of our mountains hoar,
Our native herds, and choicest fleecy store :
Our deer, our roe, and other royal game,
The sport of heroes, once, of deathless name.

And sing delighted of the shoals that swarm
 In river, lake, and many a stretch'd sea-arm.
 Point out to BRITAIN'S SENATE objects great,
 Vast hidden treasures; precious to the state
 As to th' industrious, keen in enterprise,
 Who reap advantage, and by merit rise—
 Be these the varied strains, O Muse of Song,
 And strike the harp as swells the theme along?

I. Amid these Alpine wilds remote I roam
 From thee, my CLEMENTINA,—far from home
 I wander pensive, lonely, and unseen,
 As thus I gaze o'er all the altered scene,
 Where thy renown'd fore-fathers in the chase
 Were wont to speed.—How desolate the place
 Where erst the hall resounded in high joy;
 Where innocently gay thou didst employ
 The swift-wing'd moments of life's early dawn,
 Along the wooded stream, or flowery lawn,
 How sadly changed! How desolate the waste!—
 Save where yon shepherd and his dog in haste
 Ascend the mountain's brow, the fleecy charge
 To toil among, as far they stray at large,
 No trace of human step the eye perceives!—
 In vain the feeling bosom pining heaves,
 Since dire Depopulation's deepening gloom
 Spreads all the horrors of a living tomb!—(1)

'Tis vain to murmur, since no powerful arm
Is left to save a land from hopeless harm !—

II. Where now the guardian Chiefs, humane and just?

Dispersed some wander—many sleep in dust—
While some, to honour lost, mind naught save gain :—
But few, alas ! of sterling worth, remain !—
Ah ! how unlike the Chiefs, in times of old,
Who, mindful of their kindred, nor for gold,
Nor sordid gain, nor selfish narrow views
The bonds of sacred friendship would unloose !—
How changed of late !—The Chieftains of these times
Behold with apathy to distant climes
Their kinsmen sore oppress'd, deluded go,
But to encounter poverty and woe !—(2)
Oh ! with what rapture could the Muse relate
The mild contentment of their former state,
When calm domestic joys beam'd in each eye,
And every heart was glad, and none knew why ;
When every glen, and hill, and mountain's side,
A hardy race possess'd, proud ALBION's pride !
—The times are altered—desolation reigns
Amidst these Alpine wilds and narrow plains !
The mournful Muse recounts those recent ills
Which swept around the hoary Grampian hills !
“ And dost thou, Stranger from afar, enquire
Where stood the Chieftain's hall, whose evening fire

Saluted oft the weary traveller's gaze,
 As onward hastening to the social blaze ?
 Where stood each lowly cottage rang'd around,
 Within the cultured *in-field's* ancient bound : (3)
 Beside the streamlet, near the sheltering hill,
 Where stood the smithy, where the hamlet's mill, (4)
 Whose ringing anvil, and whose clapper told
 Their cheering tales of toil to young and old :
 Where old and young did usually resort
 To loiter gaily,—join some harmless sport,
 Or “ Tales of other times,” with glee rehearse,
 Or praises challenge by some new-made verse : (5)
 Perchance, some strange or interesting news
 Excite the curious rustics, or amuse ;—
 With keen avidity they still enquire,
 And gaze and wonder much,—and more admire.—(6)
 Where stood the aged OLLAMHAN's hallow'd shed, (7)
 That shelter'd from the storm his hoary head :
 Save heath-spread ridges, or some moss-clad mound, (8)
 No trace of ancient times can now be found !—
 “ More recent evils, Stranger ! I deplore,
 The GAËL are banish'd from their native shore !
 Shepherds a sordid few, their lands possess :—
 System accurs'd !—What scenes of dire distress
 Hath this not caused ?—See yon deserted glen,
 Of late the bless'd abode of happy men ;

'Tis now a dreary void !—save where yon tree,
 By bleak winds blasted, marks the stern decree
 Which doom'd to ruin all the hamlets round,
 And chang'd to *sheep-walks* this devoted ground !
 —And is it wise to desolate these hills,
 Lay waste those glens—expose to all the ills
 Of emigration once a powerful race,
 Who felt supremely blest in native place ?

III. “ Say, whence then shall our **ARMIES** be supplied
 Our **NAVY** too, proud **BRITAIN**'s boastful pride ;
 If from our mountains and our sea-girt isles
 The **GAËL** be thence outcast as poor exiles ? (9)
 In silent anguish, downcast eye, thus driven,
 They roam at large,—their lands to strangers given—
 Their herds and flocks wide scatter'd, others own,
 O'erwhelm'd in woe, with grief familiar grown,
 They bid a long farewell to all most dear,
 And heave the sigh, and drop the parting tear !—

“ At length, with lingering look, their native home
 They leave behind—forlorn they listless roam,
 Till some far city haply strikes the view,
 To which they bend their steps, and thus pursue
 Their wayward fate :—Reluctant having sped
 Bowed down they toil to gain their daily bread.

“ But what a change !—Alas ! debile old age,
 No soothing hope can now its ills assuage !—

Though early train'd to turn its native soil,
 Youth sinks apace beneath unhealthy toil :
 Sweet smiling infancy turn'd sickly, pale,
 Droops, and decays : and blooming maidens wail
 Their fading beauty, lost to one they love,
 Though to their plighted vows they constant prove,
 The day far distant,—nay, may never come,
 When fate should lead them to some peaceful home !
 Some still retreat, though humble be the fare,
 Yet, dear domestic sweets would soothe all care.

More bless'd, contented, few were to be found
 Than KENNETH once : He on the self-same ground
 His sires possess'd for life, from sire to son,
 (The meed their valour and their deeds had won),
 Long liv'd respected ; and revered his name
 For truth and honesty, the poor man's fame :
 His means were ample for his low estate,
 And calm contentment made him truly great :
 A wife, two daughters, and an only son,
 Shar'd his blest lot : their comforts smoothly run,
 Clear, full, and equal on :—till, sad reverse !
 Mischance unlook'd for did their means disperse.
 —The destin'd day—the dire decrec, at last,
 That doom'd the Grampians desolate, had pass'd ;
Low-country Shepherds, by the Chiefs prefer'd,
 Soon dispossess the Gaël, without regard

To ancient usage, privilege, or right. (10)

—Now to the world's wide range, a mournful sight,
Our native race of tenants doom'd to go
In quest of bread, are sunk in hopeless woe !

“ Among the wanderers KENNETH takes his way ;
In sorrow keen his family, late so gay,
Pour forth their mingling griefs as onward driven,
With upcast streaming eyes to pitying heaven.
Though deep despondency usurps the while,
Still dubious rays of hope their griefs beguile ;
They sojourn often,—oft enquire how far
The City thence their faithless leading-star !
Gilt in the glory of departing rays,
At length the city's towers arrest their gaze :
Wearied and faint, they search, and find at last
A wretched hovel—share a poor repast ; (11)
Anon, in balmy sleep their eye-lids close,
(The soothing comforter of all their woes !)
While, scenes they left behind, and days of joy,
To fancy seen, their airy dreams employ ;—
Dawn, glimmering through the loathsome hovel's gloom,
Awakes the wanderers in their living tomb !
They burst forth thence, all panting for fresh air,
And in amazement lost they wildly stare,
As through each lane, and length'ning street they roam,
Still gazing, sigh and weep, and think of home !

But home—to them no home !—is distant far !—
 Resign'd they follow their malignant star,
 Unfriended, poor, lorn, languid, thus sunk low,
 Still wandering onward, know not where to go.
 Meanwhile, the City's pale-faced sons arose :
 Some ply th' unhealthy calling, some disclose
 The gaudy splendour of their tempting wares,
 The airy nothings of their anxious cares !—
 How alter'd now the scene ! The tranquil joys
 Of rural life chang'd thus to deafening noise ;
 Changed from the calm serene of distant hills,
 To ceaseless bustle, and a thousand ills !

But something must be done :—for KENNETH knows
 The sluggard has few friends, but many foes.
 And soon, himself and son employment found
 Amongst the labourers of the cultur'd ground :
 His daughters mild, still in their maiden-bloom,
 Well-placed in service, household cares resume ;
 But soon, alas ! dishonour'd and betray'd,
 The dupe of easy virtue both are made !
 Diseases'd, deserted, soon they droop, decay,
 And sink, unheeded, in life's early day !—
 Heart-rending grief distends the father's breast ;
 The frantic mother sinks to endless rest ;
 Th' afflicted brother seeks a kinder shore
 Beyond the wide Atlantic's distant roar.

Unknown, unfriended, on the swampy plain
 He toils from day to day his bread to gain.—
 To gain a pittance, ah ! how hard the toil,
 Midst dank Savanna's loamy, loathsome soil ;
 Or clear the woodlands, fell the forests vast,
 Which since Creation stood each stormy blast ;
 Where scaly monsters lurk, and hiss unseen,
 Uprear the crest, or rattle in dire spleen.
 Perchance the Pard, in couchant watch, fierce springs
 To seize the Woodman careless, as he sings,
 But, mark—a shaft shot from an Indian's bow
 Keen through the heart, quick lays the prowler low !
 The fiercer savage, *Man*, thus, Man will spare,
 At times, when other *game* attracts his care.
 So doth the rampant monarch of the wood,
 Respect, when sated with less noble blood,
 Creation's Lord—aw'd by his godlike mein,
 Swift to his den retires unheard, unseen.
 Ye CHILDREN OF THE GAËL, though hard your fate !
 You little dream what poignant woes await
 Those *Trans-Atlantic schemes* of which you hear,
 They're quicksands dire, which you have most to fear ! (12)
 Be not too rash—abide the coming day,
 When all your grievances shall fade away ;
 As baneful weeds, obnoxious, cease to grow,
 When herbs salubrious in due season blow,

Diffusing fragrance o'er the cultured field,
 An earnest of the fruits anon they yield.
 —That day's at hand. With calm endurance still
 Support with dignity the present ill,
 As rocks amid the storm serenely stand,—
 And leave not rashly thus your native land.
 Your *evils real*, or your *fancied wrongs*
 To right, in justice to the STATE belongs.

IV. A BRITISH SENATE will espouse your cause,
 Conform to reason, justice, and our LAWS.
 For 'tis a maxim sacred, good as great,
 “*All interests are subservient to the State.*” (13)
 —The State's an Unite Grand, a Perfect Whole,
 The General Weal must wisely all controul.
 'Tis meet that ORDER strictly be maintain'd,
 Lest Order, thro' Oppression, should be stain'd
 By deeds disgraceful to the human kind :
 The ties of Mutual Interest all must bind. (14)
 Then motives selfish, that in secret sway
 The *greedy Great* (who squander wealth away,
 Who still, relentless, grind the labouring poor,
 Exacting *Rack-rent*, *Fines*, and thirst for more),
 Must be suppress'd :—'Tis Justice that demands !
 To ALL belong the *Produce of our Lands*. (15)
 —Be cautious then, ye Great !—nor vainly move—
 Midst circles splendid, which can merely prove

Your high condition—Vain and empty shew !
 'Tis thus, the needy great ones sink so low.
 Ah ! little wot they how th' industrious strive
 To barely keep their families alive !
 If, haply, from their gains should somewhat more
 Afford a pittance to lay by in store
 For some lov'd daughter, mild in early bloom,
 That soon the matron's cares is to assume :
 For some unseen distress, lest want extreme,
 Should plunge them deeply into dis-esteem ; (16)
 When—(wo to greediness !)—a lease expires ;
 The Landlord's thirst of gold, how soon it fires !
 And, lo ! some *secret offers* tempt the wretch,
 To let his land at *rack-rent's* utmost stretch ! (17)
 With joy rapacious sees the gold brought forth !
 —'Tis thus some Great Ones desolate the North.
 It must not—shall not be—industrious GAËL !
 Things will be altered—Justice shall prevail !
 Your humble sheds forsaken, shall again
 Enliven every hill and narrow plain ;
 Your heath-clad mountains and your sea-girt shore
 Shall be restored, to quit them never more :
 Then joyful will ye climb the hoary steep,
 To tend your breeds of kine and *native sheep* ;
 While stores in common, shall your wants supply, (18)
 In quest of finny myriads swift ye fly,

With which the rivers, lakes, and seas abound,
 That lave your glens, and hills sublime surround.
 Thus, while secure from civil broil or feud,
 The *Patriarchal Age* will be renew'd.

V. Peace to the manes of each dread Foresire !
 Who scorn'd the yoke of Rome, and Roman fire,
 Beyond the hoary Grampian's mighty mound
 Fixt his abode, and independence found !
 —Ere yet the *Scythian* wild, rude Saxon, Dane,
 Assumed the rights of conquest, but in vain,—
 In Cambria, Mona, Eirin, and these isles,
 A kindred people, *CELTÆ*, *CLIO* stiles, (19)
 Fix'd their abiding, there well pleas'd to find
 That Peace, Truth, Justice, Order, men would bind.
 Their true descendants knew not how to bow
 Obsequious to a haughty tyrant's brow,
 And leaving *Luxury's* voluptuous joys,
 Of *Liberty* they made a glorious choice !
 Preferring *Freedom* thus, and *Nature* grand,
 They left th' invader an unpeopled land.
 While hospitality, truth, honour, peace,
 And all the fond endearments these increase,
 Mark'd all their actions, generous as great :—
 Behold how good, *THE PATRIARCHAL STATE* !

Let us recall to mind the former days,
 When Celtic Bards twin'd their immortal lays ;

When mighty CAIRBAR, SELMA's deadly foe,
 Fell by CUTHULIN's more than mortal blow :
 When OSCAR, pride of heroes, pois'd the spear,
 O'er whom MALVINA drop'd the tender tear,
 While OSSIAN, aged, blind, whose tresses grey
 Sigh'd on the breeze responsive to his lay,
 Sang FINGAL's deeds in arms,—TEMORA's wars,
 And as he swept the strings display'd his scars :
 High on a blasted oak, his harp unstrung,
 Toss'd by the stormy winds, neglected hung :
 The wither'd grass sighs o'er the narrow bed,
 Where deep in dust is laid his OSCAR's head :
 MALVINA guides the Bard in silent woe,
 As mournful moving onward soft and slow,
 To feel with trembling hands the "four grey stones,"
 He sinking sighs, and stifles rising groans.
 To soothe his sorrow keen, in some soft strain
 MALVINA wakes her harp, nor wakes in vain.
 The aged mourner feels the soft controul,
 The "joy of grief," thrills thro' his inmost soul.
 "Oh ! 'tis my OSCAR's well-known voice I hear !
 Ah ! why so seldom to my dreams appear ?
 Fathers of TOSCAR ! ope your airy halls,
 Unfold your portals—'tis MALVINA calls !
 I come, I come !—my Oscar's voice I hear !
 I come my love ! MALVINA's steps are near !

How heaves my bosom !—'twas a dream—'tis past !
 Why from yon troubled lake ascends the blast
 That o'er the bending mountain's awful brow
 Howls wild along, rending each blasted bough ?
 MALVINA's dream hath vanish'd from her view !
 But, she beheld her Love !—his voice she knew !—
 His robe of mist the sun-beam hem'd with gold,
 Waving on high in many an airy fold :
 It was her OSCAR's voice MALVINA heard,
 Her Love, who seldom to her dreams appear'd.
 O son of OSSIAN of the powerful arm !
 Still in my soul thou dwell'st—Oh shield from harm
 Her whose deep sighs breathe forth from early dawn,
 Whose tears descend when evening dews the lawn.

“ Once in thy presence I a beauteous tree,
 Whose branches spread around, and bloom'd for thee :
 But soon thy fall came like a blast from far,
 And laid me low midst elemental war !
 The Spring return'd in mild refreshing showers ;
 No branch of mine e'er felt its genial powers !
 The maidens saw me silent in the hall,
 And to their harps bewail'd my early fall !”

“ Why art thou mournful, *maid of Lutha's stream* ?
 Say, was thy OSCAR as the mornings beam,
 Graceful and stately moving in thy sight ;
 Thy pride, thy joy, thy raptured soul's delight ?”

" Daughter of streamy LUTHA ! " OSSIAN says,
 " How pleasant in mine ear thy mournful lays !
 The song of Bards departed in thy dreams
 Sooth'd thy sad soul, by *Moruth's* sounding streams,
 As from the chace return'd in lowly guise
 Sleep fell profound, and clos'd thy dewy eyes.
 Thy song MALVINA soothes my heart-felt dole !
 How sweet ! how pleasant !—but, it melts the soul !
 There is a joy in grief that calms all care,
 That glads the sadden'd heart when peace dwells there ;
 But sorrow wastes apace the breast that grieves,
 Daughter of mighty TOSCAR ! whilst it heaves :
 So falls the flower scorch'd by the noon-day blaze,
 Eve's dew-drops bow its head, but ne'er again shall raise ! "

* * * * * * *

(21)

Times less remote the Historic Muse records,
 When rival chiefs, whose charters were their swords,
 Ruled with tyrannic sway the Grampian hills, (22)
 While ALBION groan'd beneath the Feudal ills.
 What time old ROME her Freedom's race had run,
 O'erwhelm'd by Vandal, ruthless Goth, and Hun ;
 While reign'd supreme wild Superstition's gloom,
 And arts and science sunk into one tomb !
 War spread its ruin round !—an IRON AGE
 Display'd the horrid wonders of its rage ?
 Murder was manly deem'd—and deeds most dire,
 Day after day succeeded sword and fire !

Hence rose the FEUDAL STATE. High-minded chiefs
 Then dealt their wide demesnes in servile fiefs ;
 As VASSALS to the field the GAËL were led,
 In causes not their own they oft-times bled,
 When strangely model'd to the varying hour,
 King, chief, or churchman, struggled each for power ;
 The mind perverted—fancy on the wing,
 Attach'd all good to churchman, chief, or king !
 Thus, in fierce conflicts were our Clans led forth,
 While civil discord raged along the North ;
 Thus in rebellion wild they thrice arose,
 And thrice were vanquish'd by their kindred foes. (23)

Meanwhile a BRITISH SENATE, timely wise,
 Beheld its error with impartial eyes,
 With eagle-glance descry'd each chieftain brave
 Worthy a hero's garland, or his grave ! (24)
 Hence, from th' auspicious hour the Grampians smil'd,
 Each lonely glen and heath empurpled wild,
 In gladness gleam'd, when Freedom was bestow'd,
 And hostile Clans have since in friendship glow'd.

VI. Hence, from that era did BRITANNIA feel
 Her own importance as ONE COMMONWEAL :
 No longer nominal our UNION stands,
 But strength, by trade and commerce now commands :
 And from th' Hebridian shores and hills sublime
 Our GAËL adventure into every clime ;

As sailors bold, and soldiers ever brave,
 To meet the foe, or liberty to save :
 As merchants, lawyers, churchmen, statesmen too,
 Our GAËL their fortunes with success pursue ;
 And skilful not a few are to be found
 In arts refin'd, and sciences profound. (25)

If then a people, sound in form and mind,
 Tho' poor yet hospitable, frank and kind,
 Be worthy of regard as thus pourtray'd,
 (And true to nature is the semblance made),
 As firm supporters of our Empire Great,
 Behold them *Doric pillars* of the State !
 Mark their importance, Guardians of our Laws !
 Lose not a moment, but espouse their cause,
 Lest stern oppression, sanctioned by the Great,
 Become ere long the ruin of our State.
 A thousand various forms it now assumes,
 And every noble virtue thus consumes ;
 Till, to a system wrought, it bears full sway,
 And in its powerful march sweeps all away !
 Among th' Ebudian Isles and Grampians hoar
 Oppression rages round each hill and shore.
 In silent sadness, solemn and profound,
 The gloom of Desolation spreads around !

END OF BOOK FIRST.

ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

SECOND BOOK.

I. Before the Grampian mountains became so desolate, the natives enjoyed comforts suitable to their wants and manner of life. H. Picture of a Chieftain and his Clan assembled at a Feast.—Sole umpire in all disputes, and possessing unbounded confidence, the Chieftain amicably adjusted all differences.—But, in these degenerate times, the Gaël, having lost all confidence in their Chiefs, are governed by selfish emotions, which excite jealousy, hatred, and discontent, but more especially a strong propensity to litigation, which, in its consequences, involves them in certain ruin. III. The Gaël no longer pursue with that enthusiasm peculiar to mountaineers, under favourable circumstances, their rural employments:—Deer, Roe, and other game have almost disappeared since the introduction of the Sheep-store system into the Grampian regions.—But, if the evil extended no farther than the annihilation of the Quadrupeds of the chace, and feathered game, all

were yet, comparatively, well. IV. Emigration to America illustrated by two well-known instances—Apostrophe—Warning—The BRITISH PARLIAMENT called on to interfere, and avert that greatest of evils which threatens the Community at large.—This most desirable good once effected, our Gaël will then return, and enjoy the land of their forefathers in peace and security to latest ages. V. Even in the possible event of the Gaël increasing in numbers beyond the ordinary means of subsistence within their natural boundaries,—why suffer them to emigrate to a foreign country, whilst such vast tracts of waste-lands remain unoccupied throughout the British dominions? Allure them by reasonable prospects of bettering their condition, to situations congenial to their natural bias, and habitudes,—protect, and secure them in their Civil Liberties—and then, mark the happy effects.—Our resources in rural economy, the Fisheries, the manufacture of Soda, and mineral productions, immense as incalculable, not only with regard to individual interest, but also the substantial Wealth of the Nation, the sinews of power, and safety of the STATE,

THE
GRAMPIANS DESOLATE.

BOOK SECOND.

ERE stern Depopulation's ruthless rage,
Swept round the Grampians, and laid waste an age !
Our lofty mountains beam'd in joy sublime,
Of comforts conscious, suited to the clime.
The *Herdsmen*, mid the upland wilds, in peace
Enjoy'd the blessings of his store's increase :
The *Farmer*, on the lowly strath survey'd
The ripening yellow of the full-ear'd blade ;
In mild contentment, with uplifted eye,
He breath'd the incense of a grateful sigh :
The patient *Angler* of the lonely glen,
The most contemplative of active men)
Whose face the smile of kind good nature wore,
Return'd at close of day with fish in store.
Th' advent'rous *Fisher* of the sea-girt Isle,
With ardour keen renew'd his nightly toil :

Where smiled the bank, or frown'd the bending hill,
 Each river, lake, or sea-arm, own'd his skill :
 The strong swift hero of the mountain chace,
 To haunts of red-deer, and the roebuck race,
 Was wont to steal, and there in secret lie,
 Before the dawn shot through the orient sky :
 Not the *fell tyrant's* dart 'mongst *human game*,
 More sure, than sped the *Stalker's* deadly aim : (1)
 Or, haply wandering o'er the mountain's head,
 He'd rouse the timid tenant from her bed ;
 Or, still excursive, thro' some wider range,
 From deer to feather'd game his course he'd change ;
 Or, careless roaming, heard in early Spring
 The heath-cock's clarion, while on sounding wing,
 Unheeding danger, in exultance, shrill,
 He wak'd the slumbering echoes of each hill. (2)
 When Spring return'd in soft refreshing showers,
 These snow-clad mountains welcomed back the powers
 Of sunshine's genial warmth, to nature true,
 Which in gay gladness did their face renew.

II. But, now, tho' Spring returns in joy serene,
 Tho' Summer spreads its verdure o'er the scene,
 Tho' Autumn every sanguine hope fulfils,
 Yet, ah ! how desolate the Grampian hills !
 The GAËL are banish'd ! strangers fill their room !
 And desolation spreads around its gloom !—

No joys return to those who distant far
 Toil hard for bread,—or urge the toils of war ;
 From home far distant,—hopeless who deplore
 The joys departed that return no more !
 But those who, favour'd by their partial lord,
 Remain inglorious, and *rack-rent* afford,
 Still find oppression hastening at their heels,
 And curse the system, whilst their heart it steels !
 How strangely altered our once virtuous GÁRL !—
 Ere thus oppression sore did them assail,
 In friendship mutual every hill and glen
 Were ruled by powerful, upright, steady men ;
 And, in due order, all the Chief obey'd,
 Whilst with a father's care he all things sway'd.

Behold a CHIEF !—at heart his kindred's weal,
 Dispensing justice due, with upright zeal ;
 No discontents nor murmurings are heard,
 All seem convinced that just is each award.
 Behold !—the hospitable board now spread,
The Father of his People at its head
 Adorns the feast with welcome's smile benign,
 As circulates the shell with foaming wine.
 A toast ! “ our Chieftain's health ! ” All catch the sounds,
 “ Long life and health ! ” the joyous hall resounds.
 The pipe's high-sounding strains arrest the throng,
 Till deeds of former times inspire the song.

Now strike the harp responsive to each lay,
 Till night be gone, and beams the dawn of day !
 The soul-enchanting joys, Oh ! who can tell,
 While round and round they hand the brimful shell !
 Joys like to those shall never more return !
 Dim gleams the flame that erst did brilliant burn,
 When in the social hall each equal deem'd
 A man of worth, of courage true esteem'd,
 Shared all the comforts of their common Sire,
 Who in return possess'd their love entire ;
 Who did all differences soon appease,
 With mild authority and equal ease :

But now, *self-interest* guides the will alone.
 Strict honour, confidence, alas ! are gone.
 And base emotions that to wiles give birth,
 Disgrace the comeliness of manly worth !

These are degenerate days : Our alter'd GAËL
 Have breath'd infectious air,—and nature frail
 Yields to those wiles that oft waylay the soul,
 Whilst sinking virtue loses all controul.
 And hence arise innumerable woes,—
 The best of friends become the worst of foes,
 The inmost secrets of the soul reveal,
 And wound those feelings that no time can heal :
 Or, eager on the watch, each hails the signs
 Foreboding ruin to the best designs ;

Rejoicing madly, as the time draws near
 That steeps in poverty the friend once dear !
 And now, the *Law* presents—and, each quite sure
 Of prompt, strict justice, equitable, pure !
 Relies on *sound advice*—forthwith departs (3)
 For court, to combat lawyer's wily arts.
 He headlong plunges down th' impending steep
 In law's unbounded, fathomless, dread deep !
 No more to raise his head above the wave,
 The harpies drag him to their hideous cave !
 So, some bold Diver, eager for the prize,
 Sees not the shark that deep in secret lies ;
 And having sped—when lo ! the monster keen
 Snaps off a limb, and darts away unseen !
 The hapless victim weltering in his gore,
 Shrieks in amaze—and sinks, to rise no more !

III. Ill-fated GAËL ! content, and tranquil joy
 No longer soothe your care, or calm employs !—
 Days of delight are gone ! your joys are fled ;
 Ye smite the rending breast, and bow the head !

Amid your mountain-wilds, and woody vales,
 You rear your herds no more—nor raise your sails
 That skim along your lakes and round your isles,
 Nor swell the *sea-song* that your toil beguiles.
 No more, as Spring advances, Summer nigh,
 All nature fresh, serene and clear the sky,

The yearly journey ye were wont to go (4)
 To upland pasture-ranges—thither, slow
 To urge with tender care the heights along,
 The feeble firstlings, kine, and yearlings strong;
 And as they wind far up the narrow vale,
 Their lowings wafted on the gentle gale
 Steal on the ear-erect of fawn and hind,
 Who bound away a secret haunt to find,
 Where in deep solitude her dappled charge
 She rears in safety, till he roam at large.
 Still journeying onward, now the joyous crew
 Far on the distant heath the *Airidh* view
 Where lonely *bothans* stud its lively green; (5)
 And here and there a verdant spot is seen,
 Along the bending mountain's dark-brown base,
 Where snows dissolving in the solar rays,
 Scarce swell the amber rills as on they flow
 In gentle murmurs to the lake below,
 Whose ample bosom of cerulean hue,
 Inverts the scene sublime to nature true.
 Or, when the storm is up, around the shore
 The wild waves lift their heads, the loud winds roar
 If calm, serene and beauteous smiles the dawn,
 All bathed in dew is seen the bordering lawn;
 The feather'd tribes the wooded cliffs among,
 Pour forth melodiously their early song;

The cuckoo, hark ! salutes the genial year,
 Our travellers start its distant voice to hear ;
 Its curious lay to imitate all try,
 The well-feign'd notes the hoary cliffs reply.
 To Western Isles, the sun now homeward bends ;
 As day declines, our slow-paced journey ends ;
 Not so the pleasing toil :—the younger train
 Search every corner of the narrow plain ;
 While matrons mildly to their sheds repair,
 With due dispatch to dress the frugal fare ;
 Around, the weary herds repose the while,
 And round the blazing hearths the gay groups smile,
 Unwearied on the heath-spread floor they play,
 Then sleep profoundly till the dawn of day.

No more these joyous scenes of former times
 Again return when Summer's sun high climbs,
 And o'er th' aerial peaks pours down his beams
 Along the windings of the nameless streams.
 No more the hunter, stalking o'er the heath,
 Sees gladly some green *Airidh* far beneath,
 Where he might rest the while—and sure to meet
 All-cheering welcome—kindly press'd to eat
 Of viands rural, oat-cake, milk, and cheese ;
 Regaled,—the hunter then reclined at ease ;
 Soon as returning strength his nerves would brace
 Along the craggy wilds he'd urge anew the chace.

But now, the deer and roe have disappear'd,
 And, save where grouse are unmolested rear'd,
 And well preserv'd from poacher's deadly aim,
 Despoil'd, the Grampians seem of feather'd game.
 No more the sable heath-cock bursts away
 On whirring wing when peeps the dawn of day :
 No more in plummy pride and stately air
 Is seen the crested cappercaillie rare : (6)
 The coy dull ptarmigan, and plover grey,
 To falcons now are left the only prey :
 The raven, carion-gorged, croaks to his nest,
 The blood-stain'd eagle sated towers to rest :
 No more the snowy swan sails on arch'd wing
 In graceful pride the lake, in early spring :
 Save, where the wild-duck builds her secret nest
 Lined with the downy velvet of her breast ;
 Or where the coot its artless structure weaves
 Among the sedges of dry flags and leaves ;
 Or, where the slow-wing'd crane ascends on high,
 Or lonely bittern creaks her harsher cry ;
 No feather'd tribes disporting now appear
 To mark the seasons of the circling year !—
 No more the wind-hoof'd hart, the hind and fawn
 Bound o'er the mountain's brow, or skim the lawn ;
 Their wonted haunts polluted, now they fly,
 And hopeless, pine in secret, droop and die.—

Ah ! did the ill rest there—all yet were well—
 Speak ye disconsolate ! who best can tell,
 Ye wretched wanderers—without a home—
 Turned out of your possessions—left to roam
 The world's wide wilderness—a void most drear !
 'Twould melt a heart of adamant to hear
 A father's moan, a mother's frantic scream,
 The cry of innocents, who little dream
 What woes await them !—from their kindred torn,
 Outcasts neglected, helpless and forlorn !
 Yet, midst the cheerless gloom doth Hope remain ?
 Lo where she points beyond the western main—
 Ah ! sad alternative !—to go ?—to stay ?
 Stern famine's aspect !—bread—but far away !

IV. What means yon gathering vast that crowds the
 shore,

Whose voice ascends like ocean's distant roar ?
 Is it a day of mirth—a feast of joy ?
 Ah no ! Fair prospects, false as fair decoy
 Th' unwary multitude to western climes,
 In hopes to taste the sweets of former times.
 But, O deluded throng ! ye little know
 What poignant hardships you must undergo ;
 To gain subsistence, youth and strength must waste,
 The bread of idle ease you ne'er shall taste ;
 Hard is your toil beneath those sultry skies,
 In vain ye wipe the brow that never dries !

Behold! the throng ascend the vessel's side—
 It heaves now onward thro' the swelling tide.
 Far in the distance, as the sun departs,
 They view their native hills with aching hearts!
 Ye willing exiles! speak who best can tell,
 What pangs are felt to bid a long farewell
 To all most dear left on a native shore,
 In doubt if e'er you shall behold them more;
 What anguish keen distends the heaving breast
 Of him who looks his last, and mournful sinks to rest!

'Tis midnight drear—Deep silence reigns around,
 And mariners appall'd start at each sound;
 While signs portentous, but too sure presage,
 The brooding tempest's wide destructive rage:
 Sound sleep th' unconscious emigrants the while—
 The sleep of death shall soon their cares beguile!
 The storm commences—now it rages high,
 Wild foaming billows mingle with the sky,
 And while white bursting waves the ship's prow dash,
 The lightning's livid gleams now quickly flash:
 Thunders peal round th' horizon's awful gloom,
 And ocean yawns a wide vast watery tomb;—
 Down, headlong down, while surgy wild waves roar,
 The vessel plunges—and is seen no more!

Behold amidst the elements' dire war
 A sail to leeward, labouring onward far!

Now hid from view by yon huge billowy steep,
 She braves the dangers of the raging deep,
 Again emerging, upright climbs the wave,
 And 'scapes the horrors of a yawning grave !
 Whence speeds the storm-toss'd bark ? From western isles,
 Her crew the dupe of mercenary wiles ! (6)
 Decoy'd from home, for Trans-Atlantic shores
 Embark'd they with their all, their well-earn'd stores !—
 The storm abates apace. The sea-sick throng
 (While all the pangs of death their ills prolong,
 Lock'd under hatches fast lie panting there)
 Implore in vain to breathe in open air !
 Meanwhile the mariners unfurl the sails :
 The vessel glides along on gentle gales.

Mid-Summer's fervid noon now reigns supreme ;
 Light airs arise not,—heated in extreme
 Th' horizon lurid, seems one smouldering fire :
 And when to night-repose the crew retire,
 They sleepless languish, pent in narrow space (7)
 Between the steaming decks, like Afric's ill-starr'd race !

The *Febrile Fiend* high on the top-mast smiles,
 And eyes askance the sickening seaman's toils ;
 Then darts a look amongst the crew below,
 And laughs to scorn their keen increasing woe !
 No skilful arm to counteract his power
 On board appears—ah no ! in evil hour

The throng abandoned to their wayward fate
 Implore assistance—but implore too late ! (8)
 Their eye-lids seal'd in death's long-wish'd-for sleep
 They one by one are drop'd into the deep :
 Anon at midnight-watch, when all is still,
 Whole families (thus freed from human ill)
 Are plunged at once into the dead-calm sea,
 Their souls launch'd down the wave of dread eterni

The *Febrile Fiend* still bent on deeds of death,
 Pours westward far his pestilential breath ;
 He leaves the sickly crew—and onward flies
 To fire the region of *Columbian* skies :
 On high he scowls wrap'd in his yellow robe,
 And dooms to instant death one-half the globe !—
 Dire consternation seizes every soul,
 And human kindness loses all controul :
 The friend his friend forsakes,—the man his wife,
 Regardless even of his dearer life ;
 The mother flings the infant from her breast,
 To sink midst thousands in eternal rest !—(9)

The sad survivors of our wailful crew
 Far in the distance dimly to the view
 Descry the *promised land*.—But ah ! in vain :
 They find no home beyond the western main !
 Down to the beach Columbians in array,
 With charge of bayonet chase our crew away !

Defenceless, terrified, lost in amaze,
 With hollow, glistening eyes they backward gaze ;
 Rejected and forlorn, the hopeless GAËL
 Retrace their steps, and seek their loathsome jail. (10)

O heaven ! and is it thy mysterious will,
 (Thy ways inscrutable to human skill)
 Thus, while the many suffer, shall the few
 Lost in high mirth, their mad career pursue ?
 Shall *men* be banish'd from their native scenes,
 Whilst *alien flocks* roam o'er these vast demesnes ;
 Where late a hardy race in gladness smiled,
 Pleased with their lot, in gay contentment toil'd,
 Gave to their masters cheerfully their due,
 And render'd homage with affection true ?

Take warning, Great Ones ! for the time's at hand,
 When vengeance shall o'ertake a guilty land,—
 Where will ye hide your heads bow'd down in shame,
 Your comforts blasted, as your blighted fame ?
 Ere yet too late reflect—redress the wrong,
 Redeem the injur'd rights, that still prolong
 Th' alarming symptoms which the soul appal
 Of desolation and our country's fall !—
 Ere yet too late, O save our native land,
 Britannia's Senate ! firm and free-born band !
 Will but the *good*—and gloriously prevail !
 Save thus at once our country, and our GAËL !

Soon will that ancient race again be seen
 Enlivening all the renovated scene ;
 The smile of joy will brighten every face,
 As sweets domestic spread from place to place,
 Along remotest glens, and mountains steep ;
 And *men* shall multiply, instead of *sheep* !

V. But, if in numbers, as the industrious hive
 The GAËL increase—continue so to thrive,
 As true to instinct, keen in enterprize,
 Laborious, persevering, constant, wise ;
 Why thus compell'd to leave their native land,
 To toil for bread on some far distant strand ?
 If emigrate they must—why should they roam
 To foreign climes ?—Allure them nearer home.—
 Since vast demesnes which seem but barren soil
 Become soon fertilized by skilful toil ;
 To those neglected wastes, invite our GAËL ;
 The hand of culture early will prevail :
 Each hill, vale, woodland, far-stretch'd wild or fen,
 Will swarm with peaceful and laborious men : (11)
 And as increase their stores, in numbers too,
 They multiply, and industry pursue :
 Hale, strong in body, firm as sound in mind ;
 Courageous, yet good-natured, frank and kind ;
 Though mild, not passive—jealous of their right ;
 And if invaded, boldly each will fight ;

Of danger fearless—mark them in the field,
They fall, or conquer—for they scorn to yield !

So thus an *apiary* well-stored with swarms,
Who, though possess'd of—yet ne'er fly to arms,
Save when invaded,—then, in self-defence
To combat, fall, or conquer most propense,
Enraged, forthwith they pour upon the foe,
And shafts envenom'd lay the spoilers low !
But few survive the carnage of the day,
Extermination ends the fearful fray !

Egregious errors, fatal to the cause
Of those oppress'd, have crept into our laws,
Which wisely were intended to controul
The alarming ill—and benefit the whole. (12)
Resume, ye Senators, the subject grand,
That ill which threatens most our native land,
Depopulation !—Mark the crisis too !
Bring every object into general view ;
Weigh well their import with a stedfast zeal,
Ye godlike guardians of Britannia's weal !

The hills of Caledonia still retain,
(As do the islands of the western main),
Their wonted ranges fit for rearing store ;
And culture still will fertilize them more.
Protect the GAËL—secure to them a home,
Among our hills and isles—they'll cease to roam

To lands beyond the wide Atlantic main,
 And joyful bless their native wilds again ;
 The cause injurious of their strange disgust,
 When once appeas'd by what is meet and just,
 Will cease to be remember'd evermore ;
 Haste then, ye Senators ! their rights restore.
 Then every hill and vale, and verdant isle,
 Will yield the produce of the cultured soil ;
 And live-stock multiply, and still encrease ;
 While plenty smiles clasp'd in the arms of peace.
 Though rich the pasture-range of each green height,—
 Where dawns the day, where fades declining light ;
 Though each green isle whose sea-girt tangled rocks
 Resound with lowing herds and bleating flocks ;
 Though finny myriads swift in ceaseless play
 Glide through each sea-arm, dart around each bay,
 Yet think not those are all the GAËL possess
 Of nature's gifts—no—others, deem'd not less
 In value, spread around each rocky shore—
 —*Sea-ware* abounds, a rich exhaustless store ;
 By fire transmuted into *soda's* form,
 It floats no more upon the heaving storm,
 To *soap* converted—see the *laundress* trim,
 Plunge mid the vessel frothing to the brim ;
 With keen dexterity and eager pains,
 The linen cleansing thus from all its stains.

—By chymic art new combinations rise ;

'Tis *crystal*, clear as the cerulean skies :

A *mirror* true to beauty's lovely face,

Reflecting all the charms of female grace :

Or pendant midst the splendid dome's bright blaze,

In sparkling brilliance darts ten thousand rays :

Brimful, it beams midst floods of foaming wine,

Held sacred to the joys of Bacchus' rites divine !—

Nor this the whole—there still are to be found

Exhaustless treasures teeming under ground

Of fossils precious, mines of richest ore,

Our Grampian regions boast the choicest store.

Arabia's granite, Egypt's marble blocks,

Vie not in beauty with Hebridia's rocks.

Our Alpine wilds with porphyrie abound,

On earth's vast bosom where can such be found ? (13)

Mark well, ye Senators of sterling sense,

Our *home-resources* are in truth immense !—

To rear the firstlings of the fruitful fold,

To fertilize the glebe, the plough to hold,

The sounding scythe to wield with mighty sweep

Along the winding stream, or verdant steep,

To store with care on hill, in narrow vale,

The milky produce of the flowing pail ;

To sort the fleece—the warp and woof prepare,

And ply the loom with diligence and care ;

To heave the fish-net, sink the baited lure,
Anon the finny tribes to thus secure ;
To reap the *marine harvest* of the shore,
And change to *soda* all the precious store :
The quarry's ponderous masses to display ;
And raise the treasures of the mine to day ;
Are employs various, and resources grand
As inexhaustible and near at hand.
Hence hand in hand shall health and rustic toil,
And sweet content, and rural virtue smile ;
While private industry must wealth create,
The sinewy powers and safety of the state
Will thus be strengthen'd—stedfast shall endure,
And shall to latest ages Freedom thus secure.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

THIRD BOOK.

I. While some are forced to emigrate to a foreign country, others from choice leave the place of their nativity in pursuit of fortune, either from motives of ambition, or of avarice: some of whom returning with all the prejudices and follies of unprincipled, ignorant upstarts, display their affectation of Eastern splendour, by characteristic traits of vanity ridiculous in the extreme. II. Apostrophe—Discovery of INDIA and AMERICA—Consequences of wealth and luxury on CIVIL SOCIETY—Decline and fall of a nation—Often, when seemingly at the lowest state of degradation, arouses and regains its lost liberties, taking vengeance on oppressors—Final retribution. III. The late American war—Our Gaël led against their kindred who had emigrated at a former period to America—A Father kills his own Son. IV. Will man, abhorring murder, learn the art of war no more?—Peace—its comforts and blessings to the human race—but in a particular manner to the

inhabitants of the Grampians and Western Islands. V. The introduction of the Sheep-store system specified—The alien-breed, in all respects inferior to the native, endure in a remarkable manner the inclemency of the seasons—Depth of Winter—A storm—Deer-stalker and his dog perish among the snow. VI. Many are lost during the Winter in returning from the low country—Episode of a poor widowed maniac who had lost her two sons in a storm in crossing the Grampians. VII. Thoughtless Landholders, who spend in riot and wantonness their income at a distance from home, called on to reflect on the fatal consequences of depopulation before it be too late—Others of a different stamp, setting a good example, and acting in conjunction with PARLIAMENT, may retrieve the existing evils—and eventually save our native country from ruin.

THE
GRAMPIANS DESOLATE.

BOOK THIRD.

WHILE some to distant climes are forced to roam,
For fame or fortune others leave their home :
Ambitious thus for riches or for fame,
Domestic sweets they barter for a name !—
O vain delusive grandeur !—what is wealth,
To native home, and peace, and precious health ?
Will all the wealth of either IND' avail,
When youth's enjoyments, strength and health all fail ?
Ah no !—See where yon *modern Gothic* pile,
But lately rear'd—its huge fantastic stile
Bespeaks the owner's poor, perverted taste ;—
The passing stranger smiles to see such waste
Of stone and mortar !—View the pleasure-grounds—
Lo, what a sweep of country marks its bounds !
No skilful hand laid out with tasteful care
The sylvan scene which wears an *orient* air ;

The *would-be Nabob*, self-approving, sees
 All India in the pile, the lawns, the trees,
 He hears the Ganges murmur in the brook,
 The bamboo-grove sigh in the ozier-nook ;
 The peacock's hideous screams he loves to hear,
 It soothes remembrance, as it charms his ear ;
 Not half so sweet the lark's shrill matin-song,
 Nor blackbird's evening-lay the woods among ;
 In truth, he sees no object, hears no sound,
 Unless in each an India-charm be found.—
 'Tis India, orient India, gilds the whole,
 The joys of Hindostan supreme reign in his soul.

Press not the muse his memoirs to disclose,
 Nor ask how many victims, wrung with woes,
 Unmoved the cool oppressor calmly view'd,
 While plans accurst he steadily pursued.—
 Revolving deep in thought, lo, mute she stands,
 Yet tells the tale of woe with speaking hands ;
 With finger press'd to lips she heaves a sigh,
 And points, but looks not to the orient sky.

Ye mild, ye peaceful sons of Brahma's race !
 Why should the children of the GAËL disgrace
 Their name immortal as your deathless sire,
 And urge his coming in his kindling ire !—(1)

II. Eastern and western worlds !—what horrid scenes
 Of rapine, murder—(execrable means !)

Have ye not witness'd, riches to procure
And all the joys the covetous allure !
Did then COLUMBUS brave th' Atlantic main
In quest of worlds remote for sordid gain ?
Was it to conquer and despoil PERU,
PIZZARO led his sanguinary crew ?
Did MEXICO's vast empire lowly bend
To blood-stain'd CORTEZ, treasures thence to send ?
Did GAMA point his prow to eastern climes
To lead forth EUROPE to commit such crimes ?
Was it for gold that ALBUQUERQUE led
His hostile squadrons—and too surely sped
To INDIA's yellow plains—with powerful hand
By conquest's right, ordain'd a distant land,
Supreme disposer of vast India's stores, (2)
And gem'd in orient gold proud Portugal's bright shores ?
“ No ! ” saith the statesman sage, “ 'tis commerce, trade,
Inspired the spirits who discoveries made ;
That ranged from pole to pole through seas unknown,
And made the wealth of distant worlds their own.
“ 'Tis navigation ; boundless commerce, trade,
Procure life's comforts—wealth's voluptuous aid—
Placed thus at ease, man cultivates his mind,
Becomes more civiliz'd, humane, and kind.
Gold calls forth luxury—our wants increase :
Divided labour yields the arts of peace :

Its tokens multiplied procure the means
Of national defence :—hence war's dire scenes !—

“ When public weal on private vice depends,
Corruption thrives, and gains its sordid ends.

“ Hence, 'tis most manifest—*gold is the soul*
Of social order's wisely-plan'd controul !”—(3)

III. When wealth abounds, a nation's sun bright shines,
Reach'd once its zenith—soon it then declines,
And sets in deep-dark night—no more to rise,
No more relume fair Freedom's genial skies,
Till in convulsive throes the nations round
Rous'd from lethargic rest at trumpet's sound ;
The call to vindicate their injur'd rights ;
When man transform'd a hero dauntless fights
In freedom's sacred cause—the foe assails—
Drags down oppression—and at last prevails !—

So when on high the last trump's fearful blast
Awakes the dead, when TIME's brief reign is past :—
Lo ! Heaven's high portals open—forth at once
Ten thousand thousand cherubims advance :
The OMNISCIENT JUDGE amidst the host appears
Descending onward 'mong the nether spheres :
His sapphire throne in orient radiance beams ;
His foot-stool vast a rolling planet seems :
Near earth's remotest verge the mighty throng
In dread deep silence slowly moves along :

Th' archangel sounds—the conscious mountains quake,
 Earth to its centre reels—the dead awake.—
 The trampling multitude amid the gloom
 Await, in high suspense, their awful doom :
 While still small sounds that welcome into bliss
 In holy rapture thrill : High o'er the abyss
 Prepared for damned ghosts, shall tyrants hear
 Their merited award transpierce the ear,
 “ Depart ye cursed—everlasting ire
 Pursue and plunge you into quenchless fire :
 For you the sons of men too long endur'd
 (By gold insnar'd, by luxury allur'd),
 Low slavery's yoke, oppression's galling rod,
 While you, ye scorners, mock'd the ALMIGHTY GOD.
 “ Welcome ye faithful—enter ceaseless joy
 Your just inheritance—henceforth employ
 Existence endless—swell high symphonies
 Through boundless space, and new-created skies.”

III. What time oppression o'er Columbia reign'd,
 Revolt uprear'd his head—while yet enchain'd,
 In giant strength his manacles in twain
 Infuriate snapp'd—and claim'd his rights again !
 Britannia roused to arms indignant flew,
 And in her kindling wrath her children slew.
 —So Medea (monstrous !) bared her murderous arm,
 Imbrued it in her offspring's heart-blood warm,

And from her gory grasp child after child
 She flung, then rais'd the reeking blade, and madly smil'd
 —'Twas when Columbia's sons will'd to be free,
 Astonish'd Europe heard the high decree,
 That Britain hurl'd her thunderbolts afar
 Beyond the Atlantic's bound in hideous war;
 Then forth in hostile train our GAËL were led,
 And in the dubious cause reluctant bled;
 Their kindred meeting in th' ensanguin'd field,
 They fear to conquer, as they scorn to yield—
 When kin meets kindred in rebellious fight,
 O God what carnage!—what a woeful sight!
 How mothers mourn! how orphans!—widows wail!
 Nature appal'd bows down and draws the veil!—

Meanwhile new levies destined to regain,
 By force of arms beyond the western main,
 Britannia's claims, lost empire, homage due
 By means coercive thus her aims pursue,
 —The woody swamps along the Atlantic flood
 The royal army gains, and pants for blood:
 What carnage dreadful in thy name, O GEORGE!
 When "blood enough" the dogs of war did gorge!

Many a warrior guiltless gnaws the ground.—
 And oft, alas! are many to be found
 By stern compulsion soldiers 'mong the files,
 And some the victim of insidious wiles.

Old KENNETH, thus, had basely been betray'd,
 (Against his will a British soldier made),
 To fill the measure of his mortal woes
 Is now led forth against his *kindred* foes !

War's rude emotions soon pervert the mind,
 And all its *direful* duties deep-combined,
 To deeds of horror reconcile the soul ;—
 Man thus transform'd, soon loses mild controul ;
 Whatever service destined to pursue
 He fearless faces like a Roman true !

Adorn'd in all the grace of manly charms
 As form'd by nature—high in feats of arms,
 Young RANALD (Kenneth's son) stood thus confest.
 What time *Revolt* uprear'd his awful crest,
 Our hero flew to arms, and join'd the van,
 To gain distinction—prove himself a man
 Worthy the race of heroes whence he came,
 And stamp immortal honour on his name.
 Th' injuries of his family unredress'd,
 Revenge fix'd empire in his daring breast,
 Wild and impetuous, keen, without controul
 Stirr'd up the mighty workings of his soul.

“ To arms! to arms!” Rebellion gave the word.
 Columbia's heroes wave the sheathless sword.
 In hostile attitude, the gay the grave
 As patriots rush, their freedom thus to save.

A chosen leader forth young Ranald came,
 For vengeance panting, liberty, and fame.
 The post of honour now to him assign'd,
 He guards with steady, cool, determin'd mind.

'Tis night. The vanguard centinels on watch,
 Each on his 'vantage ground oft lists to catch
 The fancied whisper. Now the moon rides high,
 And clear as mid-day seems the cloudless sky.
 As near the confines of a matted wood,
 Beneath an oak the gray-hair'd Kenneth stood,
 Deep lost in thought, he sighs the hours away
 Unmindful of th' approach of dawning day,—
 Joys past come floating on the mental view,
 How sweetly sad—but ah! how painful too—
 Pleased once in humble ease he had a home,
 Nor wanted aught, nor wish had he to roam;
 No. Kenneth ask'd not wealth—his lowly state
 Saved him from envy's greediness or hate—
 His cot, his croft, the hill that rose behind
 And shelter'd all from Winter's stormy wind,
 That yielded pasture for his little store,
 'Twas all his soul desir'd, nor wish'd for more.
 But sad reverse!—no more the cot, the hill,
 Claim any care—and what more precious still
 His soul's lov'd objects—wife and children dear!
 Ah tender retrospect!—the big-swoln tear

Rolls down his cheek—his wife is dead and gone !
 His daughters too—and now his only son
 An exile !—Hark ! behind a rustling noise
 Alarms the pensive warrior—soft a voice
 Whispers the watch-word—quickly Kenneth knows
 The treach'rous sign, and dreads surrounding foes
 In silence stealing on the slumbering host :
 Th' alarm he gives, but still retains his post.
 Headlong a daring foe rush'd on his steel
 At once transfixt—in agony did reel ;—
 Nor groan escap'd him—as he gnaw'd the ground
 Life's purple stream gush'd from the mortal wound,
 He rais'd his head, and fetch'd a deep, deep sigh,
 On Kenneth cast a languid death-fixt eye.
 “ Hadst thou, old man,” he said, “ an only son,
 Long lost to thy embrace—far distant gone—
 Think then, O think, if in the flower of age
 He fell inglorious midst the battle's rage
 Unknown to fame—unheard of among those
 Who hurl dire vengeance on their country's foes,
 How thy fond heart would bleed ?—Thine aged arm
 More fortunate than mine hath wrought this harm :
 Here—take this sword, the gift once of my sire,
 Kenneth his name—now—let me—thus—expire !”
 “ My son my son !” exclaims the maddening foe,
 And aims at his own heart the fatal blow !

More precious far are found our *native sheep*,
 Healthful, and vig'rous,—easier far to keep,
 As food more delicate—their wool soft, fine,
 Fit for the warmest woof of smallest twine ;
 Inured to every change, without disease,
 They bear the Winter's rigour, Spring's keen breeze :
 When Summer sultry grows, by instinct led,
 They gain cool heights to nip the tender blade :
 When cold Autumnal dews through night descend ;
 They seek the shelter'd nook : When signs portend
 The brooding tempest's range—when sleet and snow
 Drive o'er the heath, and fill the vale below,
 They still by instinct, weather well the storm,
 And brave a thousand deaths of various form. (5)

Mid-winter reigns. 'Tis night—the moon serene
 Holds cloudless on her way :—Anon are seen
 White heaving clouds as rapid onward driven
 By gales unheard along the face of heaven.
 —The mountain caverns groan—high howls the wind
 Among the leafless wood. Roe, hart, and hind
 Their shelter'd haunts they look for, but in vain,
 And shuddering gaze o'er all the trackless plain.

Meanwhile the *stalker* wanders through the storm
 Alone from hill to hill—no well known form
 Is seen to guide his steps.—appal'd he shrinks
 From dangers hidden, pits, or awful brinks—

Doubtful he struggles through the dreary waste,
And faint and slow stalks on—now bounds in haste,
Fearful lest night's deep shades fast gathering round
O'ertake his utmost speed. His faithful hound,
Companion of his toil, close by his side,
Forsakes him not whatever may betide—
Tired out at length, and to their fate resign'd,
The hapless pair, now on the snow reclin'd,
Sleep steals apace lethargic o'er his eyes,—
Now in the sleep of death he lowly lies !
His spirit wings the storm—away, away !
It speeds to realms of everlasting day.
His dog howls through the night—but long in vain—
He ne'er his master shall awake again !
And o'er his stiff'ning corse he howls his last :
Their woes have ceased—their anguish keen is past !—

VI. Ah ! many a wanderer through these regions drear,
Caught in the midnight storm, no more appear,
Till Spring's return, when on the dark-brown heath,
Their bones are found beneath the melting wreath. (6)
Many a tale of woe remains unknown,
Save to a mournful few that softly moan,
And feel the soothing joys of grief serene,
In some lone narrow vale, unheard, unseen.

Hark !—'tis the sweetly wild sad song of woe,
That on the gentle breeze steals soft and slow

Adown the glen where hangs yon woody height,
 Beneath which stands a cot half hid from sight ;
 Its owner childless, widow'd, sits alone,
 And often thus she vents her heavy moan,
 While o'er the dreary heath afar, serene,
 She views her native vale but dimly seen.

When half the narrow plain, at early day
 Floats in the rising sun's rich yellow ray ;
 Or when declining light in richer glow
 Gilds all th' aerial hues that gently flow
 Along the distant hills—and twilight nigh
 Steals slowly on—till night ascends the sky
 All star-bestuded—or the pale-faced moon
 Relumes the bending cliff at night's cold noon,
 There sits the matron lonely, steep'd in grief,
 And wails, to give her broken heart relief :
 Relief alas !—to her no joy returns !—
 Oft thro' the livelong dreary night she mourns ;
 And craz'd she often rends the troubled air,
 And smites her heaving breast and tears her hair :
 Oft wildly shrieks, and chides the long delay
 Of those she still believes far, far away—
 Tear not thy hoary tresses—scream not so,
 Distracted mother !—ended is their woe.—

Save on the pair of paradise alone,
 From age to age the star of day ne'er shone

On more content and sweet domestic peace
Than this lorn widow, ere her mate's decease,
Enjoy'd unmingled.—Then indeed began
A train of ills that cease but with life's span.

Already had the sweeping mischief spread
From glen to strath, from hill to mountain-head :
The low of countless herds was heard no more,
Their haunts resound the bleat of fleecy store :
Turn'd out to shift at large the ancient race
Of native tenants, to give others place,
Those sordid aliens, who for greed of gain
Forsook the ranges of the southern plain.

Among the mournful many left to roam,
Our pair and little ones bereft of home,
As humble cottagers erect a shed,
And toil from day to day to gain their bread.
Even in that lowly state, content, and mild,
They labour'd cheerfully—while hope beguil'd
The anxious moments of the mother's care,
And o'er her sleeping boys the secret prayer
In sighs ascended heavenward morn and eve—
Meanwhile their fall they nobly to retrieve,
Strain every nerve.—In vain, alas ! they strive
With patient industry to keep themselves alive.
Along the narrow plain a fever spread ;
The father soon was number'd 'mong the dead :

The widow'd mourner reft of every stay,
 To rear her orphans strove both night and day ;
 Her kindred neighbours mindful of her state
 Feel all the sorrows of her hapless fate,
 And kindly soothe and aid her in distress,
 And as her boys wax strong, her woes wane less ;
 In youthful bloom—they urge the manly toil,
 With skilful hand they cultivate the soil,
 The narrow croft before their mother's door
 Yields the scant comforts of their yearly store.

To see the wonders of the lowland plains,
 (Where, if report speaks true, great are the gains
 The mountain swain acquires, who mows the fields,
 Or grasps the golden sheaves the harvest yields),
 Our GAËL down from the Grampians wont to speed
 To sweep with powerful arm the field or mead,
 And thence returning to their hills again,
 Exulting to their kindred shew'd their gain.

The Summer past,—and Harvest near at hand,
 Our matron's sons both join a reaper-band,
 To fenny LINCOLN sped, where *Ague* reigns :
 They feel around them bound his icy chains,
 His lightnings darting thro' their shuddering frames,
 They feel the rage of hell-tormenting flames.
 Altho' their woes did eloquently plead,
 Repose they found not, till benorth the Tweed. (7)

**Their little all now gone—their strength impair'd,
Home distant far !—and how their mother far'd !
Did rend their hearts—their kindred too
Now outcasts wander, as a vagrant crew !—**

**Their mother bending in the vale of years,
Sits in her lowly cot all bath'd in tears,
For winter winds roar in the desert glen ;
And long she look'd for her two stately men !—**

**But, distance—winter—stare them in the face.
They homeward tend—but move with lingering pace.
Amid the Grampian wilds, weak, faint, forlorn,
Far on the heath they wait return of morn :
And long they look—but ah ! they look in vain,
No peep of dawn to them returns again !
Loud howls the coming blast o'er wastes of snow ;
Down sink our travellers in hopeless woe—
Among the ice-hung cliffs the whirlwind high
In all its fury rages—o'er the sky
Dark clouds in form sublime heave up to sight,
New horrors adding to the noon of night—**

**Ah, little knows their aged mother where
Her sons lie shivering in the piercing air !
Tear not thy hoary tresses—shriek not so
Distracted matron !—ended is their woe !
Thy sons, no more, preventing each desire,
At close of day, shall trim thy evening fire :**

No more "the tale of other times" shall sing,
 Till gloomy Winter brightens into Spring ;
 Thy little farm and cot, and scanty store,
 Their filial duty shall require no more ;
 Midst Winter's storms, Autumnal winds and rain,
 The hill together ne'er shall climb again.
 Ne'er shall they cull along the nameless stream,
 The wild flowers opening to the Spring's mild beam.
 When Summer's length'ning day, o'er mountains spread
 Pours genial warmth on nature's chilly bed,
 No more beyond the midway heights to feed
 The lowing herds to distant glens shall lead.
 —Alas poor widow !—childless too !—forlorn !—
 Bereft of all !—no more at early morn
 Th' accustom'd cake thy willing hands shall knead,
 (A morsel choice) as starting from their bed
 Ere peep of dawn, when all the hamlets still,
 And day gleams faintly on the snow-clad hill,
 To see that all be well, secure from harm
 In sheltered ranges comfortable, warm—
 When weary with the toil, at close of day,
 And homeward bending on their trackless way,
 No more the blazing faggot seen afar,
 Shall strike their eager gaze, a guiding-star :
 In vain, O wretched mother, you prepare
 The frugal meal your sons can never share !

In vain, when young and old collected round,
 Where harmless mirth and simple joys abound,
 While tales of old, or sprightly dance or song,
 Beguile the Winter nights, cold, dark, and long.
 In vain, alas ! with anxious, longing look
 You watch their coming o'er yon ice-bound brook !
 They come no more. Stretch'd lifeless on the heath
 From home afar, their graves the snowy wreath !
 Tear not thy hoary tresses—shriek not so
 Distracted mother !—ended is their woe !
 Poor, childless, widow'd thing ! ye howl in vain,
 Alas ! no joy to you returns again !
 —Once every comfort beam'd around her shed,
 Though now, save hope, are all her comforts fled.
 Placed in the golden mean of rural life,
 How blest her lot when first she smiled the wife,
 The joyous mother, and the mistress mild,
 While sweets domestic every care beguil'd ;
 Till that sad day when warn'd to quit the farm,
 (And all the country round first took th' alarm)
 Then pale-faced poverty, neglect, disgrace,
 With hideous aspect stared her in the face !
 An outcast among thousands doom'd to roam
 The world's wide wilderness thrust from their native home !

VII. Ye gay, voluptuous, affluent, thoughtless few !
 How light ye hold the ills that reach not you !

You heed not what th' industrious poor annoy,
 While in the maddening whirl of frantic joy
 Ye riot wildly!—or, profusely gay,
 In splendour deck'd, ye grace the ball or play,
 The midnight masquerade, that motley scene,
 Where fashion, folly, feeble pride are seen.

Then, timely wise, arrest your wild career,
 To ruin tending fast year after year ;
 Ere shame eventual, poverty, disgrace,
 In hideous aspect stare *you* in the face.—
 Turn then, O turn, ere yet too late, your eyes
 To where the hoary Grampians meet the skies,
 From stern oppression save our sinking GAËL,
 Your bright example will at length prevail !

Yes, yes there still remain a faithful few,
 Their country's pride, and to her interests true,
 Who have not basely bow'd the knee to Baal,
 And will not coolly see their country fall.
 Yes, generous masters !—patriots steady, true !
 Our SENATE wisely trusts in part to you, (8)
 To lead the van in what may justly seem
 The welfare of the poor—and what you deem
 Most apt to expedite the glorious plan,
 Which, once display'd to every thinking man,
 And clearly understood—the common cause
 Will then be sanctioned by our envied laws.

O what a pleasing thought, ye virtuous Great
 While thus still mindful of the humble state
 Of those industrious in the lower toils
 Among the Grampians and our western isles.
 Tired with the ceaseless din, and joys of town,
 While softly you repose on beds of down,
 Think then, O think, when loudly roars the wind
 Of those who face the storm ye leave behind :
 Or while ye glide along in idle ease,
 Safe from the wintry blast or chilly breeze ;
 Or when the board is spread, and sparkling wine
 Yield joys luxuriant to the soul supine,
 Be mindful always of those far away,
 Who for *your* comforts toil from day to day.
 Secure to *them*, in turn, their frugal fare,
 And thus regard them with parental care.
 Existing evils soon will be relieved,
 And long lost blessings quickly be retrieved.
 Thus your example brilliantly will shine,
 Age after age shall hail the blaze divine.
 And Fame on hoary rocks the names shall grave
 Of those who did the Gaël and Grampians save.—
 Conjoin'd then with our SENATE, hand in hand,
 Ye truly Great ! O save our native land !

END OF BOOK THIRD.

ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK.

I. As the shades of night retire, when serenely the dawn of day advances, and the sun, rising in full splendour, excites the powers of vegetation by its genial influence—so, the day-spring of prosperity in the political horizon will relume the GRAMPIANS and HEBRIDES, and dispel the gloom which the desolation of those districts has recently spread; and eventually excite the industry and ingenuity of the inhabitants—by which means, individual benefit will be naturally conjoined with public advantage, and the good of the whole steadily maintained. II. A moderate competence, peace and health, when united by the more exalted pleasures of intellect, constitute the greatest possible blessings allotted to mankind—the culture of the human understanding, the supreme, and most desireable object of sublunary enjoyments. III. The GEORGICS, or Rural Economy of the Grampians and Western Islands—

Choice of live-stock—Spring—Vernal storm—Care of the shepherd before it commences—Calm—Sunset—Lake and mountain scene by moon-light. IV. Summer—Rural affairs—Economy of the Dairy—Choice of pasture. V. The season for selecting the Firstlings of the Flock—Sheep-cure.—Shepherd's dog--Mountain Fox-hunting--Night--Hunter's repose near ancient tomb-stones on an open heath—The Genius of CALEDONIA appears to one of the hunter.—The Vision recites the leading incidents of Scottish history—and characterises the principal objects of the improved state of the mountainous regions of the North—Morning—The hunters renew the chase—Evening—They return home, and spend the night in the joys of the cup.

THE
GRAMPIANS DESOLATE.

BOOK FOURTH.

As mild, serene, and radiant gleams the dawn,
When night's dun shades wake from the dewy lawn,
And heaving up the orient streak'd with red,
The rising day-star from his saffron bed
Disparts th' impurpled curtains fringed with gold,
Anon his peerless splendour to unfold ;—
Lo, in the west, pale amber tints are spread,
In soft refulgence o'er each mountain's head ;
And as sublime ascends full bright and slow
The glorious disk, a correspondent glow
Streams down the cliffy wilds in one broad ray
Till hills and vales float on the flood of day ;
And genial sunshine, quickening all around
The latent vigour of the teemful ground :
So when the day-spring of prosperity
Ascends th' horizon politic on high,

Remotest regions of our Grampians hoar
 Shall be relumed—to beam for evermore.
 The strong and secret springs of action then
 Will urge with energy, bold, thinking men,
 Who know th' exhaustless treasures of the north,
 And with a powerful arm will heave them forth.

II. A well-earn'd competence, and health and
 When intellect's illumined joys increase,
 Thus every sublunary good conjoin'd,
 How truly blest shall be the human kind !

May mind's high movements poise from pole to
 And man the meanest feel he hath a soul !
 Let reason dictate, genius boldly plan
 The good supreme of frail and erring man !
 Then shall true wisdom all his joys increase
 Whose ways are pleasantness, whose patha are pea
 Serene benevolence, and morals pure,
 Warm from the heart, forever shall endure.
 Then, let him reap the harvest of his toil,
 Whether he plough the deep or plough the soil :
 In arts refined, or sciences sublime,
 Should he with ardour keen devote the time.
 The Poet prostrate at fair Nature's shrine,
 The skilful Painter sketch the bold design,
 The sweet Musician sweep the golden lyre
 To sadness soothing—set the soul on fire,—

Or pouring o'er remembrance some soft strain,
 Recal some pleasure past—some pleasing pain :
 Or should the man of thought, revolving deep,
 Heaven in his eye, his wakeful vigils keep
 In noiseless search mid learning's secret store,
 Retire with BACON, or with NEWTON soar :
 When truth and reason hold their mild controul,
 Thus arts and sciences expand the soul ;
 While peace, abundance, sweet contentment, ease,
 Love, and true friendship, all combined to please,
 Shall lead to man's enjoyments GOD hath given,
 While bright-eyed Hope triumphant points to heaven !

III. Sons of the Gaël ! amid your mountains hoar,
 Regard with eager eye your famed *live-store* ;
 For 'tis an arduous task to stock the farm,
 As it involves prosperity or harm :
 Be prudent then—with keen, discerning eye,
 Mark well your *live-stock* beeves, before you buy :
 In nice selection of the store desired,
 Due skill and caution in you are required :
Kintail's fam'd breed, or that of *Sky's* green isle,
 Are deem'd the best—low stature, thick curled pile ;
 Spine long and straight, ribs deep, high-crested, strong ;
 Let those true marks be found your herds among : (1)
 So will they thrive when led to southern *keep*,
 And prove more gainful far than *alien* sheep.

When *March* in vernal mildness beams around,
 And daisies deck the dew-bespangled ground,
 Then softly lead your kine now great with young
 Along the streams with shady heights o'erhung;
 There shelter'd they repose, or graze along,
 Till sun declines the western hills among,
 And soon requiting all the cares bestowed,
 Each fruitful heifer yields her living load;
 The yearning dams around the dairy low
 Impatient waiting—eager to bestow
 Their udders' bland contents on fondlings keen,
 Who bound in joy fantastic o'er the green.
 Meanwhile the *Cow-Boy* toils the calves among,
 And lists delighted to the milk-maid's song,
 More tuneful far than lark at dawn of day,
 Or thrush melodious perch'd on topmost spray:
 The *Maiden* doth a matron's care assume,
 The comely stripling rears to manhood's bloom;
 By mild endearments tries his heart to gain,
 Nor does she heave the tender sigh in vain:
 For love propitious to their mutual vows
 Shall bind the wedlock-garland round their brows.
 A charge more precious will their days employ,
 That tender charge, the source of purest joy,
 Their smiling offspring—which with anxious care
 And mild content, they rear, though frugal be the fare

Fail not, when floods of milk o'erflow the vale,
 To let your firstlings eagerly regale ;
 'Tis thus they thrive and daily grow—ere long
 Mature, well-form'd and sound they're rear'd full strong.

Though *April* suns ascend the hills sublime,
 As yet the infant year in northern clime
 Is cold and cheerless all the lowering night,
 Or hoar frosts crimp the herbage of the height :
 Instinctive shunning every seeming harm,
 The teemful ewe retires to shelter warm.

What time the languid dams their offspring greet,
 The little strangers wistful gaze and bleat,
 Benumb'd and feeble, trembling in the shade
 They helpless lie, to trust their limbs afraid :—

See from yon airy cliff sublime on high
 The eagle comes slow sailing down the sky !
 He ruthless seizes in his iron grasp
 The new-dropt lamb—it heaves the lengthening gasp !
 With deadly aim the watchful shepherd nigh,
 His faithful tube's contents in flame lets fly,
 Down drops the blood-stain'd victor in dismay
 And darts a death-glance on his weltering prey !

So some proud tyrant, in his power elate,
 Grasping in maddening joy an infant state,
 An arm unseen strikes home the mortal blow,
 At once it fells the stern usurper low ?

And rural sounds now fill the narrow vales
 Borne on the balmy breath of vernal gales :
 The choral mingling of melodious sound
 Above, below, from every spot around,
 The airy tribes, the roaming herds and flocks,
 Pour forth their tones from knolls and woody rocks.
 Far to the west, the fine-drawn golden lines
 Now streak the azure vault—the sun declines,
 His yellow radiance streams along yon plain,
 He glorious sinks amid the glowing main.

Veil'd in her airy robe of twilight gray,
 Now softly steals mild Eve at close of day ;
 High on her pendent throne of hoary hue
 She beckons one by one the stars to view.
 Anon in mildest mein, pale-faced and cold,
 The meek-eyed moon appears, her path to hold
 Among reposing clouds of fleecy forms,
 Far, far beyond the sweep of howling storms.
 How still, how calm, how solemn and serene
 The moon-light grandeur of the mountain scene !
 Heath-clad and hoar, half hid in wood and brake,
 The bending hills sublime that bound the lake
 Now cast their sombre shades athwart the wave,
 And add the gloom and stillness of the grave :
 Till o'er the airy peaks the moon rides high
 In radiant halo circling through the sky ;

Each shaggy dell, and dimpling streamlet clear,
 And hoary brow bathed in its beams appear ;
 While o'er the smooth expanse below, each ray
 Of silver radiance, skims in noiseless play.
 How soft and genial breathes the vernal breeze !
 While dew-bespangled herbage, heath, and trees,
 In mildest lustre of pale-yellow light,
 Add to the beauteous charms of balmy night !

So when the storms of vernal years are o'er,
 The meek repentant learns to sin no more ;
 Th' Elysian moon-light of delightful dreams
 Around him sheds its soft, lucific streams.
 Each beaming prospect, beautiful, sublime,
 Opens to the eye serene of manhood's prime ;
 A pleasing languishment pervades the whole,
 The mellow moonshine of the pensive soul.

IV. Now *May* advances o'er the Grampian hills,
 Mild dawns the morn, and eve her dew distills ;
 Green pastures smile, and mountain rills run clear,
 Remotest glens salute the blooming year ;
 A thousand feather'd warblers swell the lay
 Attuned in joy to *Summer's* lengthening day.
 The unfledg'd nestlings of the russet heath
 Look thro' their peep-holes as they chirp beneath ;
 Taught to elude him by maternal care
 They eye the soaring hawk in midway air :

The plummy tribes that haunt the lake's green isle,
 That lave the wing, that skim, or dive the while,
 In joyous gambol, or in quest of prey,
 Each eagerly employs the live-long day.
 Lo where yon hanging mist trails slow along,
 The bounding deer the craggy wilds among,
 Swift as a passing cloud escapes the view,
 Now speed away, and sweep the morning dew.
 Wide o'er the heath, the herds and flocks now stray,
 And firstlings frolicksome are seen at play ;
 The kids fantastic leap—the lambs course round
 In snowy clusters all the daisied ground :
 While o'er the shaggy brow of yon steep hill,
 Along the margin of each tinkling rill,
 The lowing herds, and bleating flocks afar
 Are heard unseen :—While maids alert prepare
 The curdling mass which gentle heat promotes,
 The milky product of reluctant goats.
 Delicious morsel !—deem'd by many a sage
 Of healing virtue when matur'd by age :
 No oily fatness oozes from thy pores ;
 Thine all the essence of the herbage stores :
 As in the churn concreting cream now swells,
 'Tis well if in it lurk no elphin spells ;
 But should the power malignant nestle there,
 How shepherd-boys and dairy-maids do stare !—

From hand to hand the churn-staff oft is ply'd,
 But still defies each ardent effort try'd—
 In dread suspense they strain the live-long day,
 Nor toil, nor prayer can charm the spells away,
 No butter comes—the heaving mass subsides,
 And all the power of human skill derides !—(3)

In choice of pasture-range, ye Grampian swains,
 Discernment nice must guide your utmost pains,
 In order that your fleecy stores may thrive,
 And that your fruitful herds be kept alive
 Through Winter's lengthen'd rigours—well to bear
 The changes casual of the varying air.
 Two-thirds, or more of hill-grass is required,
 From noise and hurry free—serene, retired :
 Where luscious herbage in succession rise
 For all the season's requisite supplies. (4)

By times be provident—save Winter's stores,
 Heath-top, and fragrant hay strew round your doors :
 Or, with the snow-plough skilfully lay bare
 The sward, or heath, that flocks and herds may share :
 Or should your nether-range the turnip rear, (5)
 Bid then defiance to th' inclement year ;
 With frugal care the food delicious deal,
 That each partake alike the precious meal :
 Thus with due management in each affair,
 The store-farm flourishes, and crowns the owner's care.

In genial mildness *June* now smiles around,
 And hill and vale in pastures rich abound :
 Nor yet too warm—while breathes the balmy air,
 The male-lambs to select be now your care,
 Aware, lest sudden change of heat or cold,
 Cut off the tender firstlings of the fold,
 To shelter near the midway gently lead
 The plaintive bleaters, there in quiet to feed.

And now beware of foxes' ruthless fang ;
 Of sheep-curs too, a sly and faithless gang,
 Who steal unheeded up the lonely height
 To riot in the feast of blood the livelong night.
 How much unlike to those, the shepherd's friend,
 A dog of true-breed—faithful to the end,—
 Flies at his master's call—and at command
 Obeys the whistle shrill, or wave-of-hand. (6)

The *Hunter* to the upland wilds is come,
 A welcome guest !—each *bothan* is his home ;
 His hounds and terriers keen, a yelping train,
 The mountain-echoes now salute again. (7)

Far out of view among the airy peaks
 The wily prowler into covert sneaks ;
 The wary cubs alarm'd, instinctive creep
 Hard after, scarcely breathing, silence keep.
 Ere peep of dawn, all ready for the sport,
 Forth from the *airidh* to the wilds resort ;

hounds, and shepherds dogs rove wide,
 knoll to hill, from hill to mountain's side ;
 bath-cock shakes his wing—'tis dawn of day—
 ! the hunt is up !—away—away
 saks full speed away—swift, swift he flies !
 ll of opening hounds ascends the skies ;
 away o'er many a shaggy steep
 ounds, and huntsmen swift as lightning sweep ;
 d the midway far, where cliffs meet sky
 e sly villain doubling oft on high,—
 ealing pack at fault, impatient, keen,
 : o'er the mountain's brow, unheard, unseen ;
 unters follow darting swift along,
 earless bound the craggy wilds among :
 bending heights they far beneath the eye,
 in the vale below the thief descry—
 a ! again the hounds have gain'd the scent !
 eding danger, on their prey intent,
 dash midst cliffy windings, shelving rocks,
 ouze the peaceful herds and roving flocks ;
 imid mountain-hare, the roe, the hind
 from their shelter, secret haunts to find.
 rmless tenants of these mountains wild,
 thirst not for your blood—ye meek ! ye mild !
 crafty neighbour of the cavern-rock
 be blood-thirsty of the harmless flock,

The canine rangers, full of vengeful fire,
 Fain would him worry in instinctive ire.
 Lo, now close in upon his utmost speed
 The sanguine pack to mouth him now proceed,
 Without a groan the hardened culprit dies,
 The hills resound the hunter's joyous cries !
 They pause—and panting dogs stretch'd on the heath
 Repose the while, and soon regain their breath ;
 And on a dark-brown knoll all now recline,
 A homely feast is spread, on which they dine ;
 Heart-cheering whisky, oat-cake, goat's-milk cheese,
 (High cheer that might an ancient hero please !)
 Compose the hearty meal—they rest the while,
 Anon to urge anew the pleasing toil,
 The huntsman gives the word—and up all spring !
 And to their holla mountain-echoes ring—
 The game is up again—full speed they fly—
 Ere night-fall, hunted down, more prowlers die,
 Triumphant home returning from the chase,
 The hunters pass by many a well-known place.
 Yon mouldering ruin far amid the glen,
 Resounded once the mirth of joyous men—
 The hall is roofless—every door broke down,
 Nor heard the voice of bards of fair renown ;
 Their song hath ceased—their heroes long since laid
 In endless silence 'mongst the mighty dead !

Night's dark-grey mists roll down the winding vale,
 Calm is the lake, and hush'd is every gale,
 Deep silence reigns, save that the owls complain
 As hovering o'er the darken'd heath-clad plain.
 The hunters weary, distant far from home,
 Recline to sleep beside the moss-grey tomb,
 Where heroes of the days of former years
 Repose—the once dread breakers of the spears :
 These self-same hills and vales was wont resound,
 As in his strength each hero and his hound
 Peal'd high the mighty holla of the chase—
 Now mute they lie in their appointed place !

Deep midnight darkness wraps the lonely glen,
 And sleep profound has seal'd the eyes of men ;
 The hunter in his dream renews the chase,
 In broken yells the sleeping hounds too trace
 The rous'd-up fox thro' every secret path,
 And mouth the air as kindling in their wrath :
 Dead stillness rests on every mountain round,
 And thick-wove mist spreads o'er the mossy ground ;
 The hunter hears the voice of harps unseen
 Far distant, high in air, the hills between,
 As down the windings of the narrow vale
 It comes in mildness on the dying gale,
 The clouds dispart—the waning moon's pale gleam
 Now faintly trembles on the vale's blue stream ;

The path of ghosts departed beam on high,
 A beauteous female form approaches nigh ;
 Her robe of mist, which flows in ample folds,
 A starry zone around her waist upholds ;
 Her snowy bosom, swan-white neck, dark hair,
 Her lovely face, and noble, graceful air,
 At once proclaim the visitant divine,
 The guardian Genius of the Celtic line ;
 Her fine-form'd fingers sweep the airy strings,
 Deep drinks the hunter's ear, as thus she sings.

“ Thou son of peaceful men ! arise ! draw near !
 The tale of other times regardful hear !
 And learn what woes befel my ancient race —
 What joys eventual shall anon take place,
 When mid my Grampians and my sea-girt isles
 Peace reigns triumphant, and gay plenty smiles ;
 When wise arrangements relative to lands
 Shall be respected, placed in upright hands ;
 And when no more oppression shall prevail,
 In true content will flourish then the GAËL.”

She paused—and from the moon-tipt clouds came down
 The ghosts of ancient heroes of renown,
 The king of woody Morven midst the throng,
 And OSSIAN, beam of battle, soul of song !
 And OSCAR, chief of men, and SELMA's pride,
 The mild MALVINA blooming by his side :

Ten thousand warrior-ghosts are seen on high,
 Whose awful forms bow down the yielding sky,
 Sublimely bending from their airy thrones,
 They list, as CALEDONIA swells her lofty tones.

“ Ye GAËL of elder times ! whose powerful sway
 Made haughty tyrants tremble and obey,
 Your days were cloudless—joy’s benignant smiles
 Beam’d o’er these hills, and sea-surrounded isles,
 The prows of haughty LOCHLIN tried in vain
 Your land-lock’d havens in their pride to gain :
 The *Roman Eagle* soaring high, pounc’d strong,
 His flagging wings were clipp’d these cliffs among ;
 The *Golden Eaglets* of the dark-grey peak
 Defy’d the terrors of his awful beak.—(8)

“ Such were the mighty deeds in times of old,
 Ere ALBION’s foes had by atchievements bold
 The lawless right of ruthless conquest gain’d,
 And in the feudal bonds the GAËL enchain’d.

“ Up rose a race commixt of PICTS and DANES,
 Who dragg’d a length’ning load of hateful chains,
 Green ELIRIN’s sons sigh’d o’er their race laid low, (9)
 Nor dared to raise the spear against the common foe.

“ From woody MORVEN and from SELMA’s hall
 To LORN’s more fertile shore the GAËL did call
 Their kingly chief, and to the strong retreat
 Of famed *Dunstaffnage* moved the royal seat,

And thence to *Scone* did KENNETH bring the *Chair*
 In safety placed the dread *Palladium* there ;
 But ruthless EDWARD seiz'd the precious prize,
 And fixt it on the spot where now it lies. (10)
 That matchless hero, SCOTIA's boastful pride,
 The valiant BRUCE, the Saxon power defy'd ;
 To Freedom's sacred cause he breath'd the vow,
 She bound th' imperial garland round his brow.
 In recent days the race of STUART reign'd,
 A star, though set, its lustre long retain'd,—
 And ALBION thrice imbrued in kindred gore
 Essay'd its former brilliance to restore.—
 Long, long ere this domestic quarrels raged,
 The *Feudal Lords* as *Chiefs* the warfare waged,
 Chief ruin'd Chieftain thus, by murd'rous plans,
 And hence arose *The Conflicts of the Clans*." (11)

Here paused the voice.—The gloomy host uprose
 Indignant—in dark clouds their ranks they close ;
 Now lightnings flash as they ascend on high ;
 And thunders roll around the flaming sky.
 —Again deep silence reigns—a still small sound
 In murmurs most melodious whispers round,
 The tuneful shade the airy harp again
 Awakes, and breathes a soft heart-soothing strain.

“ The day shall come, when savage war shall cease
 No more to rage—when mild benignant peace

hall gladden every hill and vale and isle,
 While love of country, friendship void of guile,
 All hand in hand unite in ardent zeal,
 To guard the comforts of the commonweal,
 And dire Misrule shall never dare again
 The peaceful Caledonians to enchain :
 At day's at hand—behold the welcome dawn !
 And all the cheerless gloom is now withdrawn,
 Mildest lustre beams the rising day ;
 These russet wilds unwonted sweets display,
 These lonely wastes beneath the farmer's care,
 Culture form'd, shall bloom an Eden fair ;
 Now flowers breathe odours o'er the enamel'd plains,
 Nile wooded vales pour out their vocal strains ;
 Above, below, beyond the midway steep,
 The low of herds, the bleat of goats and sheep,
 The shepherd's carrol, and the milkmaid's song
 Sound the winding glens and hills among :
 The joyous hind from cultured heaths inhales
 CALABRIA's fragrance in soft-breathing gales ;
 Nor famed CALABRIA, nor ARCADIA fair,
 All with the smiling GRAMPIANS more compare :
 ARCADIA's beauteous forms around them rise,
 The boast of nature—and the shepherd's prize,
 The high reward of virtue and of love,
 Which rural industry and worth shall prove,

Behold yon shepherd and his blooming maid
 In balmy slumbers on the green sward laid,
 Coeval, and both nurs'd beside the rill
 Whose dulcet murmurs wind around yon hill :
 Nor was the patriarch so supremely bless'd
 When Rachel's snowy bosom first he press'd ;
 Nor thrilling joy the maid of Haran fair
 Felt in return, more than th' enamour'd pair,
 Soft ecstacy shot through their inmost soul,
 They yielded all to mutual love's controul :
 Domestic sweets they prove—their offspring now
 Around them rise, sweet pledges of their vow,
 Their children's children shepherd swains embrace,
 And leave as heritage their *native place* :
 In calm repose, in mild and tranquil joy,
 The aged still without restraint employ
 Life's nearer close in rural industry,
 To leave a spotless name—content to die ;
 While round them flourish every object dear !
 Thus sink to endless rest devoid of fear."

So spake the vision—and withdrew on high,
 The beam of dawn her path along the sky—
 And now the top-cliffs of yon western steep
 Reflective gleam as morn begins to peep,

Adown the mountains pour the glowing rays,
As in the east up-heaves the rising blaze,
Wide o'er the waving heath the sun-beams play,
The hunter's wake—and hail the spreading day :
The chace as homeward bending they renew,
And sweep along the hills all drench'd in dew :
O'er knolls and hills, amongst stupendous rocks,
They hunt the prowlers of the harmless flocks
Till day declines : Along the winding vale
They weary wend : Near home they gladly hail
The *bothan's* curling columns of blue smoke
From blazing peat, or moss-pine, birch, or oak :
For well the hunters know the social board
Is duly spread—with viands rich well stored ;
And though the shell no ruby nectar fills,
Yet *aquavitæ* of the Grampian hills, (12)
That soul-inspiring liquor, pure and bright,
Our joyous hunters quaff, and drink away the night.

END OF BOOK FOURTH.

ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

FIFTH BOOK.

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- I. Mid-Summer—Effects of extreme drought on the face of nature—The Female Florist, and Mountain-Botanist—Medicinal herbs and vegetable dyes, indigenous to the Grampians—Shower, and refreshing appearance of the surrounding country—Labour renewed—Turnip-sowing.*
- II. JULY—Sheep-shearing—Song, in which are introduced some of the historical incidents of the Pastoral Ages.*
- III. AUGUST—Weaning of the Lambs—Characteristic view of the Grampians, Seas, and Western Islands, as seen from the top of BENEVIS, the pinnacle of GREAT BRITAIN.*
- IV. SEPTEMBER—Harvest—Ludicrous description of reaping—Great care required in securing the crop from the heavy rains of the western coast—To be particularly mindful of saving sufficient winter-pasture and fodder for the live-stock—The season of fruit in the straths and glens, and of berries upon the mountains, the latter being the principal food*

of grouse and other heath-game—The breeding-stock separated from the sheep draughted for sale—Management during disease—Rutting time—Smearing of the flock.

V. OCTOBER—Manifest changes, and approach of Winter—The heaths assume their russet aspect, the woods, their variegated hues—The feathered tribes assemble, while some migrate to warmer regions.

VI. NOVEMBER—Its sullen gloom rests on the mountains—Winter—Care of the flock during the tremendous rage of a storm—The weather is calm and serene, and the cattle and Sheep safely housed or in sheltered place—A slight outline of the manners, mode of living, and superstition of the Gaël—with which this division of the subject concludes.

THE
GRAMPIANS DESOLATE

BOOK FIFTH.

HIGH o'er the peaks of ALBION's northern bound,
Supreme in might the sun his strength around
Pours in a living stream of glorious rays,
While nature seems to languish in the blaze.
Mid-Summer's sultry glow pervades the scene,
And drought extreme absorbs the vivid green ;
The powers of vegetation fast decay—
The pastures fail, and flowerets fade away.

See beauteous NOINA wanders o'er yon plain, (1)
In quest of sweets of loveliest bloom in vain ;
No daisy meek of variegated hue
Arrests her mildly-beaming eyes of blue ;
Nor purple violet, pansy, primrose pale,
Nor ruby rose-bud, lily of the vale,
Appear to gem the mead, or sun-burnt lawn
Impearl'd with dew no more at eve or early dawn.

Lo, where young NIEL, the first of graceful men,
 Belov'd of Noina, winds adown the glen,
 The keen herb-searcher of the teemful ground,
 The skilful LEIGH of all the country round ; (2)
 Oft through the steepy wood, the lonely wild,
 Where fragments huge of rock seem strangely piled,
 (The hoary *Cromleac*, or the heroe's tomb), (3)
 From morn till eve the youth delights to roam ;
 Along the winding stream, or lake's green shore,
 With eager eye to cull the healing store ;—
 Thence now returning Noina meets his gaze,
 To whom alone he breathes his tender lays ;
 See how they rush with rapturous embrace,
 While blushes sweet suffuse her lovely face ;
 To shun the solar beam and sultry heat,
 They gain the covert of a cool retreat,
 Where tinkling rills and runnels ripple by,
 Where weeping birches to the breezes sigh,
 Where ring-doves coo, and blackbirds swell their note,
 And lesser songsters strain the tuneful throat ;
 Charm'd by the throstle's sweetly warbled close,
 Where woodbines climb, our rural pair repose.
 Niel from his scrip a liberal handful flings
 On Noina's lap, of *Cor-meilles'* knobby strings ; (4)
 The luscious gift the fair one takes, meanwhile
 Repays the donor with a witching smile ;

And kind discourse with mingling kisses sweet,
 Employ the moments of their soft retreat.
 His herbs of healing virtue Niel displays,
 While Noina pleased, enquires with curious gaze,
 How each specific counteracts disease,
 Promotes recovery, or procures wish'd ease :
 Thus, wild *du-arf-myrtle* of the moorish waste,
 (Of odour fragrant, but of acrid taste),
 Its virtue vermifuge is highly prized,
 Nor bitter seems when skilfully disguised :
 Th' astringent *tormentil* that spreads the heath,
 The caustic *spearwort* of the lake beneath,
 The kindly *groundsel*, meet for healing sores,
 The precious *eye-bright* that lost sight restores,
 The styptic *milfoil*, drastic *clubmoss* wild,
 And *lovage* warm, carminature, yet mild,
 The fragrant *rosewort*, head-ach's sovereign cure,
 The *fox-glove* deadly, yet, specific sure
 In bloated dropsies—sometimes in decline ;
 The *gentian* bitter, yet stomachic fine,
 The nutrient *orchis* of the waste and wood,
 And mountain *burdock*, most salubrious food. (5)

For, should the field, or fruitful fold e'er fail,
 And hideous famine o'er these hills prevail,
 Let not despondency the soul appal,
 For dearth devours not nature's bounties all.—

Go, search the wild, nor from thy purpose swerve,
 Lest thy lov'd friends around thee want, or starve ;
 When murrain rages, or when famine reigns,
 And desolates the hills, or blights the plains,
 Go, cheerly search for herbs—the wood or waste
 Possess abundance,—grateful to the taste,
 Salubrious, nourishing, when dress'd with care—
 By hunger season'd, luscious seems the fare.
 And should thy lot be cast where billows roar,
 Even there, go pick thy food along the shore,
 For man and beast may satisfy their wants,
 So long as sable rocks rear rich sea-plants. (6)
 Thus want appals not—but excites true worth,
 And keen necessity gives bright invention birth.

But other herbs Niel's ample scrip contains
 That give the various woofs their vivid stains,
 That to the fleecy twine impart their dye,
 Harmonious hues that charm at once the eye—
 Thus, *madder's* rubby tints excel the rose,
 And *white-thorn's* sable tinge the clustering sloes ;¹
 While *heath-buds* hues exceed the blossom'd broom,
 The *lichen's* dyes the purple shades assume. (7)

But, hark !—a shower now patters through the glade,
 Our rural lovers in the sylvan shade
 List gladly to the fast-increasing sound
 As rain in torrents slakes the thirsty ground.

The shower has ceased—how fresh the balmy air !
 North from the wood now steal the happy pair,
 The new-laved lawn, as opening to their view
 Seems by enchantment deck'd in verdure new !
 Along the cultur'd strath the stinted blade
 The moisture drinks—the plough and polish'd spade
 The sturdy swains assume—renew the toil,
 Or turnip-seed to pulverize the soil :
 Upon the rows spring fair, the luscious store
 Appears luxuriant, kept for winter hoar
 O feed your lusty beeves and fatt'ning sheep ;
 In sound condition thus live-stock you keep.

Ere *July's* fervid rays pour down their strength,
 Thy sheep's sleek downy vestures grown full length,
 Secure from wild-rose-bush, rank heath, or brake,
 From off the panting throng with care now take ;
 And long ere dawn hie to the upland range,
 Here in the cool of morn, (for destined change
 The fleecy bleaters are to undergo),
 Thou gather calmly,—lead them soft and slow
 Down from the heights—then gently to the *fank*
 Beside the stream that laves yon blooming bank,
 Near to the pool's steep brink decoy the crew ;
 Which stubborn still, in wild suspence they view ;
 With deafening clamour urge them headlong o'er,
 Mazed they plunge, and gain the nether shore :

Escaped, now rustling o'er the pebbled bed
 They bound in haste—along the rising spread
 They slowly wind, and with their length'ning wail,
 In plaintive bleatings load the dying gale.
 While they repose and ruminate the while,
 Share now the morn's repast ere yet begins the toil—

Again the shepherd pipes the signal shrill ;
 Swift as the wind his dog ascends the hill
 To fetch a compass round the fleecy throng,
 And turn each wanderer as he sweeps along ;
 Led to the narrow portal of the pen,
 Confounded by the din of dogs and men,
 Th' astonish'd multitude afraid to stir,
 Lest in the act fresh outrage they incur,
 Move not a hoof—till one bounds o'er the wall,
 The clamour swells—now in they hasten all.

So to the breach the *hope-forlorn* when led,
 In wild amazement view death's gory bed,—
 Devoted few !—how hard the hopeless toil !
 The dire assault !—yet dare ye not recoil !—
 A moment's pause !—and but a moment's pause !—
 High swells the soldier's heart in freedom's cause !
 In darts he midst the cannon's thundering blaze !
 His comrades follow pealing loud huzzas !—

Safe in the stone-built fank the bleaters stand,
 Now pent and crowded ~~see~~, a vanquish'd band !

In turf-seats rang'd the eager shearers wait
Leen for their labour, in their skill elate.
Now bound and prostrate on the lap is placed
The conquered ram indignant and disgraced ;
The patient wedder, and the meek-eyed ewe,
Mute and recumbent yield their fleeces too.

Then, from the shoulder guide thy sounding steel
Around with dext'rous care—nor let them feel
T's cruel point—a scratch, tho' slight it seem,
Proves fatal often in the worst extreme.
But should thy erring hand inflict a wound,
Apply the pine-juice and it heals quite sound.
Mark now with ruby chalk and sable tar
Th' initial signs, ere to the hills afar
They bound denuded of their downy vest,
A lank and awkward throng—each other's jest !
But who can paint the wailing lambkin's gaze,
His new-shorn dam now meeting—in amaze
He scampers off—she follows his retreat,
And calls him back with many a tender bleat.

The toil goes cheerly on the whole day long,
While oft is raised the choral *shearing-song*,
And blythe, the blooming maids, and shepherds gay,
The burthen joining of the tuneful lay :

“ Come shear the downy vesture, sleek and fine ;
“ Here matron—now this golden gift is thine !

Old tales record that somewhere—far away,
 Deep in a wood *The Golden Fleece* once lay ;
 Two brazen-footed bulls, who, breathing flame
 Did in their rage consume who daring came
 To that dread spot—a hideous hydra too .
 The treasure guarding, rear'd his crest to view.
 Thessalian JASON (royal ÆSON's son),
 To *Colchis* sped—*The Golden Fleece* he won.

Come shear the downy vesture, sleek and fine,
 Here matron—take this golden fleece of thine !

“ On *Ida* royal *Priam's* son kept sheep—
 One day reclining on its piny steep
 MINERVA, JUNO, VENUS, all appear'd,
 And on the youthful shepherd fondly leer'd.
 First by the hand Minerva Paris took ;
 Her air divine wore still a prudent look.
 Next Juno mov'd along—her lofty mein
 Confest the wife of JOVE, and heaven's dread queen.
 But Venus fair, dove-eye'd, soft, meek, and mild,
 Of form exquisite, blooming, lovely, smil'd,
 When he beheld her glowing in her charms,
 The royal shepherd's heart beat love's alarms,
 Her matchless beauty did the prize demand—
 He kneel'd, ador'd, and trembling kiss'd her hand !

Come, shear the downy vesture, sleek and fine,
 Here, matron—take this golden gift of thine !

"Even GODS themselves a shepherd's life have led,
 Instructing mortals as their flocks they fed—
 'Twas thus APOLLO, from Olympus driven,
 (In form a man, the radiant son of heaven)
 On Thessaly's famed fields he fed his flocks,
 And strung his lyre amid the woods and rocks :
 Around him throng'd, while listening to his lay,
 The savage herdsmen pleas'd, day after day :
 Of seasons, changes various, toils and ease,
 And all the rural joys that man may please
 He sung—and how to conquer in the race,
 And brave the perils of the arduous chace :
 He humanized them—taught them arts of peace—
 Even gods were jealous of their stores increase.
 Come shear the downy vesture, sleek and fine,
 Here, matron—take this golden gift of thine !
 "Of old, the PATRIARCHS were shepherd swains,
 And fed their flocks on Canaan's flowing plains ;
 LOT, ABRAM, ISAAC, JACOB, shepherd-kings
 (Of whom the royal shepherd DAVID sings)
 All rear'd their herds and flocks in rural state.—
 To Midian MOSES (learned, good as great),
 An outcast wander'd—shepherd he became,
 Yet led forth Israel in JEHOVAH's name
 From Egypt's bondage to the promis'd land,
 And wrought dread wonders with a powerful hand !

From Nebo's top, with Canaan all in view,
He bless'd the smiling land—and calmly then withdrew

Come shear the downy vesture, sleek and fine,

Here, matron—take this golden gift of thine !

“ GREECE and her isles of old were famed for flocks,

ITALIA's sea-laved shores, and thyme-clad rocks,

(When tuneful VIRGIL charm'd the warrior's ear,

And sung the rural labours of the year),

Could boast of flocks and herds a countless throng,

Calabria's hills and Appennines among.

And ancient SPAIN (whence *Scoto-Gael* first came),

Was famous deem'd—and still maintains its fame,

Above *Arcadian*, or *Tarentine*

For sheep of native breed, with fleeces fine.

But when the Western Empire was o'er-run

By Vandal, Goth, and Saracen and Hun,

The fleecy charge and precious milken store

Seem'd swept from off the desolated shore !

Far from the dreary night of Gothic gloom,

Our northern isles did freedom then relume :

Our fore-sires, peaceful, then a shepherd-race,

Did tend their flocks—or rous'd the cheering chase,

These hills and glens and wooded wilds can tell,

How many wolves, and boars, and deer then fell.

Come, shear the downy vesture, sleek, and fine,

Here, matron—take this golden gift of thine !

" In latter days, when clad in steel and gold,
 Each chieftain strutted forth a baron bold,
 Our clans the madness caught—the garnished guise
 The vain affected—shepherds did despise !
 Neglecting rural sports, for conflicts dire,
 And wasted all in feuds the Celtic fire !
 Of flocks and herds a scanty share was then
 Left to the care of " sons of little men."
 But, wiser grown, we thus improve our stores,
 Amidst our hills—along our sea-beat shores.

Come, shear the downy vesture, sleek and fine ;
 Here, matron—all those golden gifts are thine !"
 Thus sung the shearers blythsome, to beguile
 The busy moments of their pleasing toil.

The downy treasure now securely hoard,
 Till rest from other cares shall time afford
 To sort with nicest skill each finer lock,
 The golden produce of the fleecy flock.

Again the *fank* confines the bleating throng,
 Your *breeding-store* select now from among
 The well-form'd firstlings of the woolly race,
 And let thy care conserve them in good case.

III. The *yule* of August o'er, now from their dams, (8)
 Be next your care to wean your kids and lambs :
 And thus relieved, the ewes ascend the heights,
 To feed at large, till Autumn's lengthen'd nights.

Apart the lambkins tend with anxious care
 Thus wean'd :—now banish'd to their herbage fare,
 They rove at large,—and bleat, and wistful gaze
 On where their dams, far distant, heedless graze.

From ALBION's pinnacle, around survey
 Each hill, vale, island, near, or far away :—
 Lo, what a wide expanse,—a prospect grand,
 An eye-range vast, we from this peak command !
 See, to the west, where flash th' Atlantic waves ;
 Or turn thine eye where German ocean laves
 (Roll'd from the Baltic's depths that wildly roar),
 In foaming fury *Scotia's* eastern shore.
 Pause—and stand stedfast—cast a glance around—
 How awful seems the wide horizon's bound !
 The heighth immense of heaven's aerial dome,
 Where suns and planets roll, and comets roam !—
 Come near the brink,—now cast a look below :
 How deep the yawning rift, half fill'd with snow,
 O'erhung by rocks stupendous—where no ray
 Of solar heat can melt the mass away—
 Look to the right—behold beneath the eye
 Three sister lakes that in yon valley lie ; (9)
 A span beyond, the brinny flood is seen
 Smooth as a mirror, lofty hills between,
 Retrace the scene from friths extended wide,
 To where the dread Atlantic heaves his tide,

re,

Lo, at the mountain's base, beneath thy feet
 The sea serenely glides a silvery sheet ;
 See on light airs barks gently steal along
 The far-stretch'd glen the Grampian wilds among,
 Prows that have braved the perils of the main,
 Fraught with the West's and Orient's choicest gain ;
 Thus far, tho' slowly, safely they proceed,
 Anon thro' British seas they homeward speed.

O ALBION ! thou imperial queen of isles !
 Surrounding empires glory in thy smiles !
 Thine arms extend in kindness—peace, and truth
 Will beam around and long preserve thy youth ;
 Thy power supreme, when aided by those charms
 Will love inspire, and hush all false alarms :
 Whilst thou wilt smiles benign on each bestow,
 In mutual friendship will thy lovers glow :
 Whilst *valour, freedom, honour, public zeal,*
 Attend thy nod, and guard thy sacred weal :
 Whilst hawk-eyed *commerce, trade's* first darling child,
 With placid *literature*, and *science* mild ;
 And heaven-born *genius, industry*, quick, keen,
 With *rural* labour dignified in mein,
 Thy brightest ornaments, thy joy, thy pride
 Around thee move, or range on either side,
 Or grace the grandeur of thy mighty train,
 Thou peerless ruler of the boundless main !

What though no vines high o'er thy mountains creep,
 Nor orange groves o'erhang the hoary steep,
 The olive waves not on the russet waste,
 Nor fruits exotic of most luscious taste
 Along the windings of irriguous vales,
 Diffusing odours on the balmy gales ;
 Yet wafted from afar those precious stores,
 At thy command are poured along thy shores ;
 For o'er thy cultur'd fields, and pasture-plains,
 And straths, and narrow glens, and hills,—the swain
 Rear beeves innumerable, feed their countless flocks
 That range the mead, or roam among the rocks,
 That yield the richest food, and raiment warm
 To shield from cold,—and brace a Briton's arm,
 The arm that holds the rein of Neptune's car,
 That hurls in ire the thunderbolts of war ;
 That guides in peace thy prow 'neath distant skies,
 And thence returning bring those vast supplies
 That arts anew create by various toil,
 And barter daily for the fruits of soil.
 Thy matchless skill o'er all the earth prevails,—
 Thy friths and channels swarm with countless sails ;
 Each long canal, and sea-embracing stream,
 Bear on their bosom wares of stamp supreme ;
 Through all th' Emporia of commercial shores
 As gold are prized fair Albion's home-made stores.

Slow heave the vapours up the shouldering steep,
 Sublime as thus we stand—lo, where they sweep
 Their lengthening shades wide o'er the horizon's bound,
 And spread an azure sea of mist around ;
 Lost in an ocean vast, remote and near
 The glens and ridgy wilds no more appear,
 Save where some lofty hills lift up on high
 Their airy summits mid the clearer sky.
 Far to the west, lo, where the azure breaks,
 See streamy Morven's cliffs, and Jura's peaks ;
 See Mull's hoar hills, and those of Urchay's glen,
 Pre-eminent 'mong those see Chruachan Bein,
 Along whose base Loch-awe his billows sweeps
 Or hush'd to calm profound, serenely sleeps.
 See Beinnan bleak, and Buachail-Etibh bare
 O'er dread Glenco in sterile grandeur glare,
 And wilder tooth-like cliffs that yonder rise
 Which tear the clouds when furious storms arise.
 Far, far to southward, dimly to the view
 Benlomond rears his head of azure hue
 And bending o'er his islet-lake elate
 Looks round th' horizon vast, in awful state.
 Behold Bein-Ledi, whence Tieth bursts the bound
 (Translucent stream that laves my native ground !)
 And rolls his rapid waters to the Forth,
 The Thames, slow-winding of the stormy north.

Bein-Loi (whence Tay's first springs proceed) - Bein-Mo~~ore~~
 That tow'rs sublime, and views its farthest shore ;
 Ben-Lawers huge, Sheichallion, and Bein-Gloe
 (The haunts stupendous of red-deer, and roe,)
 Due east are seen. Still more remote discern
 Amid a hundred hills yon azure *cairn*,
 Whence Dee and Don roll down their amber floods
 Thro' Mar's dark forest, and through Morven's woods —
 Lo, where yon *Coire* uprears his conic form,
 (Where dwells the spirit of the northern storm,
 Who oft in moody joy, on rapid wings
 Pours down in fury Spey's collected springs),
 Beyond that bourne, far northward now descrie
 Where clouds disparting trail along the sky,
 Bleak Caithness, Sutherland, and Ross, one wild
 Of sterile mountains in rude grandeur piled ;
 Yet many a shelter'd glen, and cultur'd field
 Rich stores of pasture, herds and flocks there yield.—
 Th' horizon brightens. Albion's roughest bound
 Burst on the view, where brawls the surge around,
 Where whirlpools foam, and wild waves restless roar
 That scoop the caverns of the western shore. (10)

IV. Serene *September* with benignant smiles
 Salutes the harvest of th' Æbudian isles :
 The Grampian glens and straths in yellow hue
 Now often seen drench'd in Autumnal dew

and the farmer's care from early dawn
 e's dun shades descend on hill and lawn.
 peep of day the sturdy mountain swain
 es the reapers of the narrow plain ;
 ipe's shrill chaunter peals aloud th' alarm,
 eems to say, " haste to the field—arm ! arm !"

merry-hearted lad, and cheerful maid
 the signal—grasps the shining blade :
 dless battle rages o'er the field,
 ountless thousands of the foe soon yield;
 to the earth they fall—to rise again ;
 d up the wounded,—and secure the slain !"—

t once more, and form'd in close array
 ace the triumph of some future day),
 nquish'd stand :—Nor is the combat done,
 riously charge full oft ere yet the day be won !

liant leader of the conquering band,
 general-liege, behind them takes his stand ;
 y him struts the bagpipe hero vain,
 ounds a loud, and yet a louder strain :
 ive the pipe due pause—a choral song
 ving to wing now runs the line along.
 nale and female warrior swells on high
 livening lay, as cheerly still they vie:
 are of sudden change, ye prudent swains ;
 the harvest from Autumnal rains ;

Hang up your full-ear'd sheaves with timely care
In sheds made permeant to the circling air. (11)

Meanwhile be careful of the well-saved range
Of winter-pasture, near thy shelter'd grange ;
By sage experience timely thus provide
Sure *wintering* for your store, whate'er betide,—
Hence will your fleecy charge, when storms arise,
And reign supreme o'er hyperborean skies,
Be well supplied, while shelter'd from the blast,
Till genial Spring's return, and Winter's rigour past =

Their mellow riches orchards now disclose,
While ruby rasp, and berries of the rose,
And haws now ripe, blush o'er the braky field,
And hazel-woods their milky kernels yield,
—To Alpine wilds repair—there range the heath,
And cull the clustering berries found beneath.
Here whortles blue and red, of various size,
There mountain-mulberries of different dyes,
Here trails arbutus o'er the mossy ground,
(A beauteous ever-green) and wreathes around ;
There cull the bill-berry of lustre blue,
And spreading cranberry of crimson hue,
With jetty crow-berries your thirst now slake,
But, be aware how much of those you take ;—
As food these Alpine fruits were not design'd
For man,—but for the heath-bred winged kind, (12)

ho, ere the winter scatters round the hills
 a keen, keen frost, that even moorland chills,
 t freely, and become soon plump and strong,
 id thus endure severest seasons long.
 ark then—'tis thus your live-store ought to share,
 id well provide them in Autumnal fare;
 us, in condition prime, for stock, or sale,
 answer either purpose rarely fail.
 'or sale, now, draught those destin'd of your flock,
 erving all you've mark'd for breeding-stock:
 l first, those that in bone and wool excell,
 tt you the weak, or sickly, must expel;
 those you lose, when storms of vernal brood
 tract drear Winter's rigours—want of food
 y bear not for a time—but languish, lie,
 l, heartless, feeble, soon they droop and die.
 ie wise—*stock lightly*—then defy disease,
 l manage all with comfort and with ease:
 , should disorders thin your fleecy store,
 e simple means, your losses to restore;
drugs deal sparingly,—but nurse with care (13)
 rt, those whom the maladies malignant spare.
 Tis thus a skilful *Leech* when pests dire rage,
 th caution due will their worst forms assuage,
 ll promptly use with fortitude the means
 deems most active—yet to nature leans:

And separates the sickly from the sound,
Experience guiding practice,—hence his skill profound.

What time love's mystic power pervades the flocks,
The potent males, among the shaggy rocks
Imperious bounding, in their strength elate
They conscious glory in their altered state,—
Mark nicely then the season meet for love,
Too soon its rites let not the bleaters prove,
Lest premature, the flocks in early spring
The feeble, trembling firstlings forth may bring. (14)

To save the fleecy store the time draws near,
Thus shielding them against the changeful year;
Then, be that needful task perform'd with care,
So that the fleece be faultless, pure and fair;
And thus the golden treasure, downy, fine,
May be unstain'd by *essence of the pine*.
To lave the bleaters in the *petam's* juice,
Some swains suppose the best effects produce;
As salving-mixtures oft the fleece defile,
And tinge the snowy fabric of its pile,
Infused *nicotiana*, well prepared,
To *smearing-salve*, by some, may be preferr'd. (15)

V. *October's* sombre shades now spread around:
A peaceful mildness, calm, serene, profound,
Steals unperceiv'd along the dewy glade;
While all the radiant hues of evening fade.

upland wilds have lost their purple blooms,
 heath its dreary russet now assumes,
 owl's slaughtering tube, with murderous roar,
 vex the mountain-echoes now no more ;
 widow'd heath-cock sounds his evening-call,
 rather in the covey's remnant small,
 sadly hiding 'neath the wing his crest,
 rely with his mourners sinks to rest.
 when rude warfare's rage is hush'd to peace,
 then wails his family's decrease ;
 then round the evening fire all drown'd in tears
 reviews the props of his declining years ;
 the sacred pledges of his earlier joys
 youthful bloom are fallen, his bravest boys
 are press'd untimely honour's gory bed ;
 the mournful sits, and hangs his hoary head—
 though his inmates sink in soft repose,
 length in balmy sleep his aching eye-lids close.
 now changed the face of all the woodland scene !
 hues of heaven's aerial bow are seen
 and o'er the arborets and aged trees
 to brave the blast, or tremble in the breeze,
 save those evergreens that still appear
 dyed in leafy robes the livelong year,
 yew, the holly, and the Scotian pine,
 with the sylvan swains their arms entwine ;

The lowing herds, and bleating flocks at hand,
 Look round in sorrow on the twilight land ;
 Then lead the mournful people soft and slow
 To warm retreats where grateful herbage grow.
 When snows contend with mingling sleet and rain,
 And tempests rage wide o'er the Atlantic main,
 When caves moan to the wind at midnight-hour
 Along the mountains wild, sublime in power
 The spirit of the storm on fiery wings,
 Or shrieks, or howls, or hoops, or madly sings !
 Lays waste the wooded vale with giant stroke,
 Tears up the pine, or snaps the blasted oak ;
 Or rifts in twain the huge impending rock,
 While mountains tremble 'neath the awful shock !
 Amid the rage of elemental strife,
 Nay, at the peril of thy precious life,
 Course round and round the flock—search every where,
 Nor let a hoof escape thy ceaseless care ;
 If haply snows drift into hollows dank,
 And flocks seek shelter near the tempting bank,
 Lose not an instant, sweep them from below,
 And let them face the hail, or drifting snow ;
 They under foot beat down the pelting storm,
 And brave it thus, and meet its fiercest form.
 But, when the storm is past—in silence deep
 The moonlight steals along the snowy steep ;

And all the lustrous orbs that roll on high,
 In diamond brilliance stud the azure sky ;
 And on the bosom of the ice-bound lake,
 The star-rays twinkle, and the moon-beams shake :
 With calm delight then view the winter-scene
 Where nature dwells in solitude serene ;
 How splendid, how sublime—here snow-clad hills,
 On which repose a thousand ice-chain'd rills ;
 There seen arrested in its raging might,
 The torrent slumbers thro' the silent night,
 Yon dread cascade that down the mountain's side
 But lately roll'd its furious foamy tide,
 A wond'rous change exhibits to the gaze
 Of frost-work glittering in the moon's pale rays ;
 From sable rocks those pendant columns vast
 Of fluted icicles, seem thus amass'd,
 To fancy's eye, (wrought by some ice-elves wild),
 A crystal grot fantastically pil'd ;
 Where Finland fays at midnight-hour resort,
 To meet our Grampian fairies in disport,
 There 'mongst pellucid pillars vigils keep,
 Till on their ice-work dawn begins to peep.
 When flocks are shelter'd safe from every harm,
 And kine all fodder'd, bedded clean and warm,
 When younger cattle, houseless still, around,
 The fragrant mouthfuls chew laid on the ground.

When all are safe without—within retire,
 And trim with social glee the evening fire ;
 O what a cheering sight !—around survey
 Each face now brighten'd by the rousing ray ;
 See near the blazing hearth, old, feeble, thin,
 The grandam with her *rock* still tries to spin ;
 On either hand the damsels ply the wheel,
 While with due care the matron turns the reel ;
 And while the lint-wheel's low continued hum
 Is heard, the wool-wheel peals its noisy drum,
 As whirl'd with ease, dexterity, and grace,
 By yon sweet maid of mild bewitching face,
 Whose mellow voice oft swells the choral lay
 (As fly the hours of pleasing toil away),
 Of many a song replete with touching strains
 That thrill the soul, or soothe its love-sick pains,
 Soft as the breathing Spring when vocal gales
 At close of day sigh thro' the wooded vales :
 And varied themes that stir up passions strong,
 Wild as the raving winds that howl the cliffs among !
 The tender tale of woe that melts the heart,
 The songs of war that maddening joys impart,
 The " tale of old " in sweet soul-searching tones
 Now plaintive warbles—soft and low now moans,
 Now shrill, clear, full, and loud and louder swells
 Aloft the music of " the feast of shells." (18)

—So wears away the night. Now swains prepare
The staple viand of their frugal fare ;

Brought forth the mealy roots, each draws his knife,
The brisk attack's begun—a bloodless strife—
Flea'd, scalp'd, and cut up nobly, see they lie
A mangled heap—but not in crimson dye—
The victors, somewhat tired, do not retreat,
For what they've kill'd they mean anon to eat—
Unlike to those who kill for sordid pay,
But eat not of the game they thoughtless slay.

Meanwhile the kind *guidwife* does all herself,
The hearty meal prepares from press, or shelf,
Or from the dairy bears of richest cream
A brimful *bicker*—pours the yellow stream
Into the reeking pot the roots among,
While with a mallet, and an arm full strong
Some lusty swain beats well the mellow mass ;
—'Tis done!—behold it raised a feast for lad or lass !
The sweet repast is o'er, some pleasing tale,
“ A tale of other times ”—of spectres pale,
Of *second sight*—of *elf-shot*—*evil-eye*—
Of *fairies*—*late-wake-feats*—or *Benshi-cry*—
All strictly true—for true to all they seem ;
Excite emotions various as the theme. (19)
The fire neglected—heat and light both fail,
So eagerly each drinks the wond'rous tale ;

Benumb'd with cold, and lost in secret dread,
 All in the dark they grope their way to bed ;
 Now bursts the shriek of fear and wild dismay,
 Some stand aghast, some fall, some run away ;
 The howl swells high of dog, and man, and maid !
 For all seem witch'd, amazed, and sore afraid !
 One gains the door—athwart the footway path
 He sees the fleeting form of some ones *wraith* ;
 And loudly screams, and quaking speechless stands,
 The cold drops wiping with his trembling hands—
 “ A ghost !” he faintly cries—“ behold it there—
 See how it stalks along !—say where !—oh where ?”
 In fault'ring accents ask the tim'rous throng,
 When lo, they one and all now see it stalk along !

Young MALCOLM, bold in manly enterprize,
 His courage summons up—and rubs his eyes,
 At once resolves to meet the awful shade,
 And onward paces dauntless—half afraid
 His keen *claymore* unsheath'd he moves apace
 To meet the ghastly apectre face to face :
 But swift as wind it sweeps along the height,
 A *roe* confest, it strikes the clearer sight :
 O'erjoyed, the smiling group to sweet repose
 Retire, and jest and laugh till sleep their eye-lids close.

ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

SIXTH BOOK.

I. Leisure of rural life during continued frost in the depth of Winter—A ludicrous sketch of a shinny-match, dinner, and dancing, illustrative of the sports, mode of living, and Pastimes of the inhabitants of the Grampians and Western Islands. II. When monopoly shall no longer clog the the honest endeavours of industrious individuals, their laudable exertions may give them a fairer chance of realizing independence and dignified ease—A competence, however, the rational aim of a man of real worth and moderation—That sentiment warmly recommended to the Gaël. III. A STORE-FARM, by way of joint-stock, Preferable, perhaps, to any other mode of arrangement, might answer best throughout the hilly districts of the north and west of Scotland—Specific laws relative thereto, of the utmost importance. IV. Improvements in rural economy suggested; such as watering of land; inclosing for the spontaneous growth of wood—Culture of moss-ground, &c. V. In order to expedite the free and ready communication of every district of the Grampians and Hebrides, inland

navigation earnestly recommended—Episode of MALCOLM and MORNA.—Their children employed in the several departments of useful industry, viz. Store-Farms, Manufactures, and Fisheries, peculiarly adapted to the local advantages of those regions inhabited by the Gael—By means of their Fisheries, the DUTCH rose from small beginnings to wealth, greatness, and national independence. VI. Of the SCOTTISH FISHERIES, particularly those of the western parts—Herring-fishing described—IURRUM, or Choral Oar-Song, in which is introduced a characteristic outline of an intrepid, enterprising Hebridian seaman in a voyage to SCANDINAVIA, and thence home; the subject varying with time and place of his adventures—Virtuous STATESMEN, indefatigable as fishers, brave with equal courage and constancy all manner of difficulty in accomplishing the good of the community at large. VII. The leading maxim of Political Economy—Address to our Representatives in Parliament to take into immediate consideration the desolate state of the Grampians, and adopt such measures as shall in their wisdom appear competent to restrain the rage of the sweeping mischiefs of the Sheep-store system; and speedily restore an equitable order of things relative to the substantial comfort and happiness of the oppressed Gael; as the best means of removing their grievances, and quelling their resentment; of bettering their condition; and rendering them useful, not only in their several departments of necessary labour, ingenuity, and industry; but also serviceable in the ARMY and NAVY, in time of war, or threatened invasion.

THE
GRAMPIANS DESOLATE.

BOOK SIXTH.

SOFT slumbers, balmy sleep, or airy joy
Long winter nights the shepherd's dreams employ.
Pure is the comfort of serene repose,
To him disturb'd not, when his eye-lids close,
With frightful visions that alarm the soul,
And o'er the will usurp a wild controul ;
Refresh'd he opes his eyes, and light of heart,
He leaves his couch, to act his daily part.
And well performs he every rural toil,
While sweets domestic all his care beguile.

Now storms are hush'd, and rest in twilight gloom,
Where polar stars the arctic cliffs relume :
Where Winter hoar hath piled his icy throne,
Transfixt, in silence dread he reigns alone.
While clear the sky, when keen the frost sets in,
Safe all without, as all seem warm within,

The cheerful leisure of the Grampian swain,
 Rewards his toil, and pleasure adds to gain :
 At times he to the snow-clad hills resorts,
 Or, ever active, joins in manly sports ;
 Or bless'd with intellect, and well inclin'd
 To treasure knowledge, and improve the mind,
 (He scorns mispending time in sordid *play*
 Which some their means thus graceless throw away,)
 He aims at pure and more exalted joys,
 And Winter's leisure wisely thus employs,
 In some pursuit congenial to his views,
 Which he with ardour steadily pursues ;
 Nor rural pastimes disregards, nor mirth,
 That brace the nerves and give new pleasures birth :
 When lore and exercise we thus command,
 Sound health and sanity go hand in hand.

Th' appointed day is come—th' eventful day,
 When on the snowy field in firm array,
 Glen meeting glen—(yet not with tempered blades,
 But sapling-oaks cut from the neighbouring glades,)
 Engage with ardour keen—in jovial guise—
 A cask of whisky strong, the victor's prize ! (1)
 'Tis noon—but half the narrow plain is bright,
 The sun just tips the southern hills with light ;
 The mountains gleam that shade the vale below,
 Clear and reflective with incrusting snow.

NOW DERMID, dexterous in manly art,
AND DOUGLAS of the dale, with dauntless heart,
LEAD to the contest fierce their marshall'd ranks ;
TO wield their weapons—namely, *skinny-shanks*.—
AND Dermid dignified in manhood's prime
DRAWS up his warriors—punctual to the time :
LO, Douglas daring scowls with lofty brow,
(**T**O gain the prize who form'd the secret vow)
AS in full march he comes, and eyes askance
THE adverse leader and his troops advance.—

Now front to front the armies in array,
Await the signal to begin the fray ;
HARK !—'tis the signal !—an ear-piercing smack,
Which bending echo peals as briskly back ;
The well-struck ball whirls whizzing thro' the air,
While each keen combatant with eager glare
Is on th' alert to hit it ere it fall,
And to the destin'd goal urge home the ball :
Sheer in the centre of the hostile train,
The orb now rolls along the glittering plain ;
How brisk the onset !—fearless man meets man,
In kindling ire, of old as clan met clan,
Aims at the globe, as swells the bickering din,
Yet hits it not—but hits his neighbour's shin !
Club rings on sapling-oak,—or shin, or thigh,
As in the contest champions keenly vie,

Behold the ball hurled nearly to the gaol ;
 But Dermid deftly strikes it with his pole,
 When back it cleaves the gelid air again,
 And laughs to scorn contending efforts vain.
 The doughty Dermid glorying in his might,
 " Cheer up my lads !—the prize is ours ere night !"
 Exulting cries—his heroes—one and all,
 Charge with redoubled vigour at his call.

As when in ire, contentious kites and crows,
 High poised on wing, from chattering come to blows,
 Sublime they mingling wheel from hill to hill,
 And caw and scream, and whet the beak and bill—
 'Tis horrid uproar all !—while crow meets kite,
 Lo, how they tug and thwack, and peck and smite !

So fiercely in the fray our warriors bang,
 While victory declares for neither gang ;
 And still they urge the dubious orb along,
 Till Sol declines the Atlantic waves among ;
 When with a powerful arm and sapling-oak,
 Lo, Douglas to the goal with giant stroke
 Home sends the ball !—high peals the joyous "*hail* !"
 While Dermid and his heroes gnaw the nail !
 Thus ends the contest—but not so the play,
 Our jovial frolicks close not with the day.

Behold the victor with joy-beaming eyes,
 Triumphant marches with the well-won prize,

in the hall aloft 'tis placed with care,
 that all anon may drink a liberal share.
 Now groans the social board 'neath viands good,
 that Scotian swains deem admirable food !)
 the *sheep-head-broth* just reeking from the pot,
 there a capacious *haggis* hissing hot,
 the fat *kail-brose* a dish beyond compare,
 there *beef* and *greens*, O most delicious fare !
 the smokes a *surloin*, savoury, brown and nice,
 whoso wants an ample, juicy slice ;
 there *venison* (chief of viands) lures the eye,
 which the epicure oft heaves a sigh) ;
 the *mutton* small, rear'd on the mountain-waste,
 tender fibre, and of luscious taste ;
 there *salmon*, of the scaly race the pride,
 fresh, and recent from the water-side.
 O, what a generous feast, salubrious, strong !
 how keenly dash the gladsome guests among
 various dishes !—sated, now they pause,
 to drink a bumper-toast to Freedom's cause—
 long, long, O ALBION, may thy freedom stand,
 protected by the heroes of our native land !"
 The toast thus circulates by " three times three,"
 the hall resounds high mirth and cordial glee. (2)
 Hark !—'tis the merry, dance-inspiring viol !
 how each face beams in a joyous smile.

"Remove the cumb'rous board, and clear the hall !
 Begin the dance !" — is now the general call.
 'Tis done. And pleasing native airs of elder days,
 The violist with peculiar accent plays,
 Respondent too, now join the vocal throng,
 While moves the matron with droll step along.
 Next comes the master and his faithful man,
 And deftly dance it to a storied plan.
 A pair succeeds, and in fantastic bound,
 With answering becks, and bobs, and nods course round —
 And now, in airy movements, graceful, gay,
 Lo, how they trip it to the sweet *Strathspey* !
 And as the violist marks with skill the rhyme,
 With ease and elegance they move in time.
 In nice transitions, as he trills the *reel*,
 See ! with what spirit now they skip and wheel !
 Thus life and joy and rapture rule the throng,
 While harmless mirth inspires the dance and song. (3)
 — 'Tis thus, when Winter drear serenely reigns,
 Our sprightly mountain-nymphs and jovial swains,
 Enjoy heart-easing hours of pure delight,
 The short-liv'd day, and livelong winter-night.

II. When peace o'er all the earth securely reigns,
 And honest industry its wish obtains ;
 When mean monopoly with selfish views,
 No longer shall simplicity abuse ;

hen each starts fair, with keen, firm, upright soul,
 rains every nerve to gain the destin'd goal ;
 hile Fortune blindfold whirls her wheel about,
 all an equal chance is then held out,
 id talents, industry, and prudent care,
 ay then enjoy of wealth a liberal share ;
 The man of worth, still moderate, aspires
 competence, which once obtain'd, retires
 ll pleas'd to see around him others rise
 independent ease, the wish'd for prize !
 d having braved the sea of public life,
 d weather'd all its storms mid ceaseless strife,
 fe moor'd, he from his cabin calmly sees
 ie countless sails that crowd before the breeze—
 om man's meridian onward to old age,
 rener joys declining years engage,
 ll near th' appointed bourne, and hastening fast,
 e, free from pain, now softly breathes his last.
 To earn a competence, ye Grampian swains !
 e all your toils propitious—may your gains
 e measured to the just and true design
 order social, civil, and benign ;
 id as ye congregate along our shores,
 midst our mountains tend the fleecy stores,
 guide the plough, or labours of the loom,
 on the deep the fisher's cares assume,

Be faithful, honest, vigilant, alert,
 A fair example, acting well each part :
 And having earn'd from toil a free release,
 In leisure, soft repose, content, and ease,
 And calm retirement, free from care, or strife,
 You spend the evening of an useful life.

III. And now that justice poizes fair the scales,
 And well-directed industry prevails,
 That individual welfare rests secure
 Upon the basis firm that shall endure,
 Of dearest interests of the public weal,
 Maintain'd inviolate with an upright zeal ; (4)
 Let then, *in common*, free to roam at large,
 Your lowing herds, and fleecy bleating charge
 Be managed wisely with judicious care,
 That each may duly claim th' apportion'd share (5)
 Proportion'd to the increase of the stock,
 The produce of the dairy, field, or flock.

On hill, glen, strath, green isle, or sea-beat shore,
 Be this the system of your *common-store*,
 Of horses few ; of cattle, swine, goats, sheep,
 As many as with safety you may keep.
 Be always mindful, that, to *overstock*,
 Is certain ruin to the herd or flock ;
 Hence, poverty, disease, eventual loss,
 And all the ills that care and toil may cross :

be prudent therefore—keep a watchful eye
 all things that regard thine industry,
 in relaxing, unforeseen events
 rise to just yet unavailing discontents. (6)
 7. Ye shepherd swains who upland regions range,
 rear your stores through all the seasons change,
 and the breeds peculiar to the soil,
 whose the objects of your care and toil.
 And ye, who on the strath have toil enow
 circling year in labours of the plough,
 sue with hearty zeal your arduous moils,
 the cheering hope anxiety beguiles.
 To sweep the scythe, or reap the golden grain,
 to re the winter fodder from the rain,
 the turnip, carrot, parsnip, (luscious fare !)
 to store the protracted hoard with timely care.
 To lead a thousand rills adown the hill,
 to inundate the verdant sward at will ;
 to fertilize, the bleak and sterile waste
 to bloom a garden if laid out with taste.
 Where the moss-mounds dun, now cheerless spread
 ath yon bending mountain's hoary head :
 heath-clad graves of mountain forests vast
 whose leafy glories long ago have past,
 awaiting slowly many a thousand years,
 dormant, nay, tho' dead all may appear,

Yet, roused to culture by a skilful hand,
 Those barren moors soon prove most fertile land,
 Inclose a part, a wood it gaily smiles ;
 Place lime-stone o'er the waste in lowly piles,
 Which, decomposing slowly by the air,
 It changes russet wilds to homefields fair. (7)

If near the sea thy grange and pastures are,
Sea-ware spread o'er thy fields with liberal care,
 And where it is abundant, with due help,
 Convert the precious ware to purest *kelp*.
 Thus every gift of nature turn to use,
 For true economy admits not of misuse.

Those rural labours various to ensure
 Against encroachments that oppress the poor,
 Let plain and simple salutary laws
 Respecting *store-farms*, clear in every clause,
 Be framed, and pass'd—and giving full effect
 By sanction senatorial to protect
 The rights and privileges well defin'd,
 Of rural industry of every kind. (8)

V. And then our intercourse to expedite
 To parts most distant (whence we might invite
 Surrounding nations, and in commerce share
 The envy'd plenty of our staple ware)
 Let the Atlantic and the German main
 Meet hand in hand, and be no longer twain.—

hen from our inland-lakes, and sea-stretch'd arms,
 om glen, hill, mountain, hastening down in swarms
 ur joyous GAËL come with their various stores,
 nd in exchange get those of distant shores. (9)
 So MALCOLM sped at *Inverlocha's* mart ;
 e close of day, when thence he did depart,
 to the hills ascending, on his way
 t beauteous MORNA, blooming, mild and gay,
 ancient race the lovely charmer came,
 e song of former bards of deathless name ;
 valiant race was Malcolm too, but poor,
 t rich in love's inestimable store,
 form most manly, dignified in ease,
 njoin'd with every grace the fair can please,
 mind enrich'd with plain, yet sterling sense,
 honest, feeling heart, of price immense :
 l virtues feminine, angelic grace
 e charms to Morna's form and heavenly face :
 saw—he lov'd—she loved him in return,
 ir souls in mutual flame now equal burn ;
 en hearts unite, soon willing hands are join'd,
 l thus a pair unmingled raptures find ;
 is sweetest bondage, blissful hours employ
 land endearments true-love's promised joy :
 pass'd the swift-wing'd months which our fond pair,
 t stole from busy scenes, of rural care.

And having heard where farms the sea hard by
 On lease were let, of ranges low and high,
 For kine of choicest breed, and native sheep
 To feed along the shore, or climb the steep,
 Where shoals immense float round the neighbouring isles,
 Where jolly seamen brave th' advent'rous toils—
 Now, thither Malcolm and his fair one speed—
 And in their well-form'd plans they soon succeed:
 By turns he guides the plough—ascends the hill,
 And ranks as rustic-chief in rural skill;
 And beauteous Morna, now a mother blest,
 Her smiling darling presses to her breast,
 She finds the lover in the tender friend,
 And feels domestic sweets all other joys transcend!

Thus twice ten summers roll'd serenely on
 Since Morna and her Malcolm were made one,
 Three sons, two lovely daughters grace their board,
 To portion whom of store they can afford
 A liberal share, the produce of the fold,
 Reserving still enow, should they wax old,
 For all the comforts of declining years,
 Secure from indigence and all its fears.

Now Malcolm's sons to manhood nearly grown,
 An useful employ each has of his own;
 One tends the field and fold, one plies the loom,
 The third a fisher, train'd at famed *Lochbroom*.

s each with knowledge industry combines,
 ach in his arduous calling foremost shines,
 nd as beseems them, when their views expand,
 With ease they labour to each other's hand ;
 he fleecy treasure to the loom is sold,
 he woof is soon transmuted into gold ;
 he trim built *buss* deep-laden ploughs the main,
 With staple wares, and soon returns again.
 'was thus BATAVIA's sons in times remote,
 aved the rude billows midst th' immense *live-float*,
 ie *golden mine*, whence all their riches sprung,
 hich braced the sinews of their state, then young.
 us CARTHAGE rose,—and VENICE spread around ;
 id famed DAMSLUYS gain'd from the sea her ground—
 ble examples—worthy of renown !

nation's industry is sure its fairest crown ! (10)

VI. Hebridian mariners ! of time beware,
 ert the well-mann'd *buss* ye now prepare
 ith casks in store, and strong wrought net and line,
 hich dropping deep into the heaving brine,
 on draw, in scaly thousands thus to pack
 ive and flickering on the loaded deck ;
 ien down anew ye plunge the tackle strong,
 id haul a draught miraculous ere long ;
 en with due care hoard up the finny store,
 id hasten homeward laden to the shore :

Thence soon returning to th' advent'rous toil, (11)
 In choral song the tedious time beguile,
 Whilst onward gliding on the buoyant breeze,
 Or dashing dauntless o'er the foaming seas.

Be patient, seamen !—should the accustom'd banks
 Be by the myriads in their roving pranks
 Forsaken for a time—yet soon they'll come
 By instinct led as to a native home. (12)

They come ! they come ! the scaly hordes appear !
 Lo there !—see yonder !—now behold them here !
 As streams th' aurora of the northern pole,
 So, swiftly playful, shoal darts after shoal ;
 While round the windings of the spacious bay,
 Are seen the huge voracious fish of prey ;
 Hush'd are the breezes, and deep stillness all,
 And heard the smallest pebble when let fall ;
 The land-lock'd sea-arm motionless and clear
 Reflects the bending mountains far and near,
 The sun departing from the beaming shore
 In mildest lustre, fading more and more,
 Now faintly lingers on yon mountain's brow,
 Serenely sinking midst his golden glow ;
 The setting-gleam the distant hills between
 Darting, relumes the soft ærial scene
 As night draws on, the shadows long and deep,
 O'er noiseless waves their solemn vigils keep.

either side the curling smoke ascends
 wooded lawns, with rising mist it blends—
 sea-birds wheel in many an airy round,
 thousand echoes to their cries resound.
 and unerring thus their prey pursue
 down they plunge among the scaly crew.
 in their stations moor'd the bay along,
 trim-built busses seem a countless throng.
 the signal's heard—skiffs mann'd push off in swarms,
 ply the sweeping oars with brawny arms ;
 the breeze springs up, and curls the slumb'ring bay,
 the buoyant skiff before it skims away—
 the stern'd bank approaching, all prepare
 to root the train, and heave the tackle there,
 thus accomplish'd, soon the finny hordes
 invade the lab'rynths of the meshy chords—
 the seamen haul the deep-laid snare,
 and pour the draught into their skiff with care.
 thus toil they on, as wears away the night,
 while the full-orb'd moon her streaming light
 do'er the wavy bosom of the bay,
 the billows around salute the dawn of day ;
 the mists ascend the mountain's awful breast,
 which the golden top-cliffs seem to rest,
 thousand rills gush headlong, wild, unseen,
 their dizzy windings thro' the pine-wood green,

Or 'mong the mountain-ash, oak, birch-tree tall,
 Where hazel-groves embower the water-fall—
 The breathing fragrance of the dewy fields
 A feast delicious to the senses yields ;
 Meanwhile the busses deeply laden, veer,
 Slow to the sun-shine beach they now draw near,
 To sounding oars the choral *iurru* swells, (13)
 While echoes join from out their secret cells.

“ Ho roe i loé ! come poize the sweeping oar !

Thus braved our sires the deep, in days of yore !

“ Our rude forefathers gloried in the chace,
 And dangers of the deep they did embrace ;
 They launch'd the skiff, and trusting every wind,
 A star their compass, home they left behind.
 To distant realms before the freshening gale
 O'er foamy tides they hoist the thong-bound sail ;
 While *Lochlin's* sons espy the prow afar,
 They hail the radiant speck, a rising star :
 If peace allured, or war urg'd on our sires,
 Or friend, or foe, their love or courage fires.

Ho roe i loe ! come pull the sounding oar !

So swept our sires the deep, in days of yore !

“ Or when Britannia from her sea-beat isles
 Calls forth her heroes to their warlike toils,
 Rous'd at her mandate Caledonians fly
 To meet her foes, to conquer or to die !

Ho roe i loe ! be valiant evermore !
 Subdue the foe as did our sires of yore !
 When foes lie conquer'd—war's rude rage is still'd,
 And fate's dire fiats awfully fulfill'd,
 Then every warrior-seaman gladly steers
 To meet the object of his hopes and fears.
 Ho, roe, i loe ! the maids whom they adore,
 Prove faithful to their vows forevermore !
 Thus NORMAN, Malcolm's son, who went afar
 To brave the dangers of the distant war,
 Turn'd in gladness to his native place,
 And melt in NORA's rapturous embrace,
 Now sound of limb, health blooming o'er his cheek,
 Meets the beauteous maid all mild and meek,
 In silent rapture each to other flies,
 Their souls dissolve in thrilling extacies !
 Ho roe i loe ! such joys hath love in store !
 Come, pull amain the sounding sweeping oar !
 Friends of their union warmly did approve,
 And soon a smiling pledge did crown their love :
 And now to plough the foamy surge once more,
 He left his Nora, child, and native shore.
 Ho roe i loe ! he braves the ocean's roar !
 Come, pull amain the sounding sweeping oar !
 'Twas midst of Autumn's still and solemn reign,
 When fishers nightly brave the western main,

That Norman bound for SCANDINAVIA's coast,
 Near KILDA's isle on swelling billows tost,
 Descried around him, heaving up to view,
 The brooding storm's wild lour, and glaring hue ;
 To HIRTA's sons a signal is display'd,
 Humane, alert, of perils not afraid
 They hail the strangers—soon with matchless skill
 The bark haul'd to the beach, lay safely on its keel.

Ho roe i loe ! so did their sires of yore !

Who fearless climb'd the rocks and pois'd the oar !
 “ The kindest welcome—all attention due
 Did Norman prove, as did his storm-tost crew ;
 Three days and nights the furious tempest raged,
 The while the strangers gladly were engaged
 In festive dance and song, and homely cheer,
 Till—sad event !—a loss the most severe
 The harmless people doom'd to undergo,
 Befell, and plung'd them into hopeless woe !

Ah ! hoe i loe ! a loss they long deplore !

The wail ascends round Kilda's rocky shore !
 “ High on yon rugged steep's impending brow,
 Swept by the gust down to the gulf below
 To rise no more !—his eyes closed in death's sleep,
 The island's *Chief* floats on the foamy deep !

Ah ! hoe i loe ! Chief of the *thong* and oar !
 Floats on the raging surge to rise no more !

The song of woe swells out in plaintive wail
 And wildly mingling with the howling gale,
 With the mournful widow all condole,
 Soothing sadness pour'd into the soul.

Ah! hoe i loe! Chief of the thong and oar,
 Floats on the raging surge, to rise no more!

Well may you mourn his fall, companions dear!
 His name remembrance fondly shall revere—
 The fearless climber of the frowning rock,
 The skilful farmer,—feeder of your flock,
 The watchful sea-bird fowler,—ah! no more
 Shall dauntless skip yon Soa's clifffy shore!

Ah! hoe i loe! Chief of the thong and oar,
 Floats on the raging surge to rise no more!

The screaming wild-fowl skim the foamy wave,
 The solan-birds wheel o'er his watery grave!
 Thy share of all shall wing the rising blast,
 While others rifle every downy nest,
 Once thou, my soul's delight, art lowly laid,
 Hid from mine eyes, in death's cold, dreary bed!

Ah! hoe i loe! Chief of the thong and oar,
 Sleeps in his narrow bed, to wake no more!

Thy mother wildly tears her hoary hair,
 Thy frantic sister's wailings pierce the air,
 Thy brother's griefs heart-rending doleful swell,
 Thy shrieking babes!—their woes, ah! who can tell!

Ah ! hoc i loe ! Chief of the thong and oar
 Sleeps in his narrow bed, to wake no more !
 “ Mourn on ye friends most dear !—ye much-lov’d **few** !
 Dear, dear to him—as dear he was to you—
 The friend of peaceful men is now laid low !
 Our cause of heavy mourning, hopeless woe ! (14)
 Ah ! hoe i loe ! Chief of the thong and oar,
 Sleeps in his narrow bed to wake no more !
 “ From *Kilda* Norman and his crew depart,
 And leave the friendly natives sad of heart :
 But Norman ploughs the deep on buoyant sail,
 And speeds to distant lands before the gale.
 Ho roe i loe ! he lists to ocean’s roar !
 With joy he speeds to Scandinavia’s shore !
 “ But adverse winds perplex—and faithless tides
 Mislead his devious way, he boldly guides
 The strong-built prow that cuts the whizzing wave,
 For cheering hope attends the truly brave.
 Ho roe i loe ! he hears dread ocean’s roar !
 Infuriate rolling from bleak *Iceland’s* shore !
 “ Again he rides the storm—the deepening gloom
 Heaves all around—no stars the sky relume—
 Before the powerful blast he sweeps along
 The wild terrific watery hills among !
 Ho roe i loe ! he smiles at ocean’s roar !
 With sea-room wide, he fears no dire lee-shore !

The storm is past, the ambient air is clear,
 The Norman ICELAND's dreary coast is near,
 Ere to refit, the haven safely gains—
 Meanwhile explores the hills and dark-green plains.
 Ho roe i loe ! how bleak the dreary shore !
 Of Iceland's lonely isle of mountain's hoar !
 Dread nature's wonders now meet Norman's gaze,
 As Geyzer's boiling chaldron, HECKLA's blaze,
 As far as eye can carry, round and round,
 As piled huge haggard hills, and lava-mound,
 As vast, bleak, rugged region all appears,
 As a smouldering furnace of ten thousand years !
 Ho roe i loe ! how wild the dreary shore !
 Of Iceland's lonely isle of mountains hoar !
 Yet in this isle, so dreary, rude and wild
 A race there dwells, of manners bland and mild,
 And whom of ancestors in days of yore
 As boast, renown'd for skill in letter'd lore,
 When arts and science, lost midst Gothic gloom,
 As climes Elysian sunk into the tomb !
 Ah hoe ! then woe spread o'er the muse's shores !
 They northward fled where Arctic ocean roars !
 As ingenious Icelanders !—ye, frank, and kind !
 As poor in earthly joys, yet rich in mind !
 As cease to your sterile wilds !—your long, long nights !
 As your's the social-bond's most pure delights !

Sweet converse—frugal fare—the dance and song
Your cares beguile—thus winter seems not long ! (15)

Ho roe i loe ! o'er Iceland's friendly shore,

Content and peace shall beam for evermore !

“ To shores NORWEGIAN, Norman boldly steers,

Th' obedient bark to eastward duly veers ;

As onward heaving o'er the rolling tide

On gales that blow from frozen ocean wide,

The seaman views afar without dismay,

Where long and cheerless night usurps the day :

Where dread sea-monsters of the northern main,

Sea-snakes, sea-scorpions, mer-maids, and mer-men,

'Mongst boist'rous billows, Greenland-whales resort,

And huge *Leviathans* 'mongst vast *krakens* sport !

Where whirlpools foam—and *Malestrom's* furious surges

Doth scaly hydras to its vortex urge ;

Yet dauntless Norman ploughs through boundless seas,

And bears away before the fresh'ning breeze.

Ho roe i loe ! the drear *Norwegian* shores,

Midst twilight gloom brave Norman now explores.

“ Ere Norman wist, mid-winter's keen, keen frost

In icy chains bound *Scandinavia's* coast.

His bark transfixt—himself and jovial crew

The joys of mirth and jollity pursue.

Ho roe i loe ! how snug they live ashore !

And oft they swell the table's joyous roar !

" But ah ! poor Nora, anxious, looks afar,
 To watch the coming of her faithful tar !
 In vain she climbs the summit of yon hill,
 The ice-bound bay his prow transfixes still !
 Ah hoe ! ah hoe ! the ocean's distant roar,
 Accordant soothes poor Nora's saddening core !
 " Ye maids of *Lochlin* ! do not him detain !
 Restore my Norman to mine arms again !
 Your beauteous form, your lovely bloom of face,
 Your glowing charms, your witching mein and grace,
 The side-long glance of your love-beaming eyes
 May seize my faithful Norman by surprise—
 But, maids ! beware ! altho' your arms entwine
 My true-love's neck—yet all his soul is mine !
 Return my Norman ! " Nora thus implores,
 As wildly gazing o'er th' Hebridian shores.
 Ah hoe ! ah hoe ! the ocean's distant roar
 Accordant soothes poor Nora's saddening core !
 " Full, fresh, and strong, now blows the vernal breeze,
 And wakes the slumbering shores of northern seas,
 Gales waft anon ten thousand laden prows,
 Amongst the foremost Norman's homeward ploughs.
 Ho roe i loe ! how sweet is ocean's roar,
 When homeward glides his bark the breeze before !
 " Past *Foeroe-isles*, to *Innistore* now near,
 He joyful hails the friendly shore, tho' drear :

And views the spot where low in dust was laid
Once *Albin's* hope, the fair NORWEGIAN MAID.

Ah hoe in woe did Albin long deplore

The royal maid that died in Innistore! (16)
Recalls to mind, how BOTHWELL base, abhorr'd,
(*Thule's* chief, ill-fated MARY's once-lov'd lord)
Assumed the rover on these raging seas;
By GRANGE pursu'd, the faithless BOTHWELL flees.

Ho roe i loe! the rover pois'd the oar!

And dread alarms spread round *Thule's* dreary shore!

"In *Denmark* seiz'd—the tyrant meets his doom,
A dungeon loathsome finds a living tomb;
While o'er him creep envenom'd reptiles vile,
And snaky monsters round and round him coil,
Whose hissings drown his agonizing cries,
Ten thousand deaths the gnashing murderer dies!

Ho roe i loe! he lies besmear'd in gore!

So perish tyrants! as they did of yore! (17)

"Famed HACO, *Lochlin's* haughty warlike king,
(Of whom the *Scalds* of Scandinavia sing)
When all his mighty deeds in arms had pass'd,
In *Kirkwal* languish'd, sunk, and breath'd his last! (18)
Here oft caroused grim ODIN's ruthless race,
And hail'd *Hadninga's* bay, a safety-place;
Here LODBROC fierce sprang from his sea-borne barge,
Hew'd with his sword, and "split the shiver'd targe;"

Purple gore the warrior had his full !
 n quaff'd an ember draught from WALDAVE's scull !
 Ho roe i loe ! then HILDA's joys did roar !
 When *Lochlin's* sons laid waste our western shore ! (19)
 'ow Norman steers thro' *Pentland's* whirling deeps,
 round *Cape-wrath's* dark brow he boldly sweeps,
 es the WRAITH that rules the mingling storm, (20)
 ower tremendous, as of awful form !
 on her rock reclined, she hears afar
 h hellish joy the elements dire war,
 nward brawling loud—and louder still,
 le lightnings livid flash, and thunders peal,
 mighty whirlwinds wildly sweep along
 bleak, bare, rocky shore, and cliffs among !
 To roe i loe ! how fearful ocean's roar ! [shore !
 When storms howl raging round *Cape-wrath's* dread
 ie WRAITH far o'er the flood now darts a glance,
 ile round her cloud-cap'd cliff in vigil-dance,
 fiend-like imps laugh wildly, glad to view
 storm-toss'd bark, and hopeless toil-worn crew ;
 rudder lash'd, and to the waves consign'd,
 s under bare poles scud before the wind !
 / darting swiftly thro' the breakers dire,
 riate foaming mid blue-sparkling fire,
 prow devoted onward shoots amain,
 l dash'd to shivers, strews the foaming main !

Ho roe i loe ! how fearful ocean's roar ! [shore

When raging storms howl round *Cape-wrath's* drear

“ Be patient Nora !—now on fav'ring gales

Thy Norman sweeps—the western isles he hails,

Along their shores his prow's bright sails appear,

He comes ! he comes !—thy faithful Norman's near !

Arrived !—he rushes to her longing arms !

She gives him all her soul and glowing charms !

They strain their darling pledge from breast to breast,

And in soft raptures calmly sink to rest.

Ho roe i loe ! they love still more and more !

So loved their sires in peaceful days of yore !

Thus cheerly carol'd the night-toiling crew,

As onward laden to the shore they drew.

Thus, toil, and rest alternate, fishers know,

(The lot to man awarded here below),

And brave, contented, firm, devoid of fear,

The dangers various of the changeful year.

So patriots toil in senatorial war,

Nor heed how adverse parties harshly jar ;

In view the object dearest to the heart,

With upright zeal they act an arduous part ;

Their country's welfare firmly to preserve,

(True to their trust, and from it scorn to swerve) ;

They persevere, how hard soe'er the task,

Till *justice* grant what *truth* and *fitness* ask.

VII. What constitutes a nation truly great ?

By laws when wisely ruled, a well-poised state
 On *culture* rests : Prop'd by the plough and spade,
 Thus, useful employs, and extensive trade,
 Maintain its commerce ;—that magnific whole
 Remains secured by Freedom's mild controul.

The poor man's riches, consolation, joy,
 Consist in children—whom he may employ
 In various industry : 'Tis thus a state,
 By population is made truly great.

The wealth of nations, their establish'd power,
 Their glory, honour, bulwark and strong tower,
 Rest on man's labour, industry, or art,
 Each individual acting well his part.
 And hence this obvious truth,—*our nation's wealth*
Consists in numbers, sound in mind and health,
Ingenious, active, and whose industry
Pervades our cities, land, and boundless sea. (21)

Ye free-born Senators ! with patriot-eye
 Mark how the Grampians, that far distant lie,
 In silent solitude the shades assume
 Of drear depopulation's hopeless gloom ;
 Where flourish'd thousands erst, whose early days
 Roll'd on contented, till most wretched ways,
 Of *late devised*, obtain, and sad to tell !
 That now lay waste those mountains, and expel

Our hardy race of GAËL, our ARMY's pride,
 Our NAVY's prop—turn'd to the desert wide !
 —Arouse ! ye guardians ! from your slumbers wake !

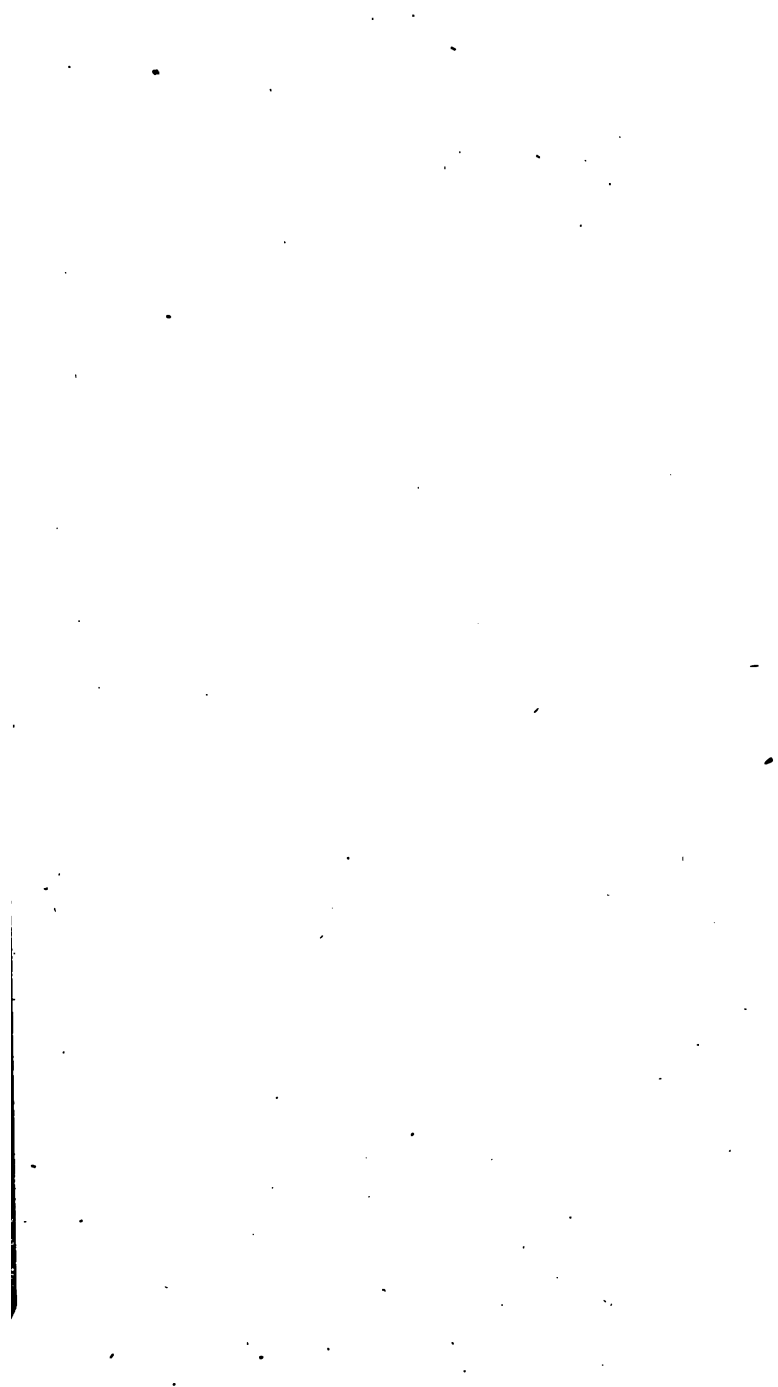
Arrest the evil, lest the STATE it shake
 A death-wound's aim'd !—avert the fatal blow !
 Seize on OPPRESSION !—lay th' OPPRESSOR low !
 Recal the wand'ers to their native home,
 Subdue the *cause* that urges them to roam ;
 Let means to ends be then adjusted well,
 That so th' ingenious aptly may excel ;
 That each engaged in local enterprise
 By virtuous diligence may higher rise ;
 That modest worth, the fruits of honest gain
 In peace and comfort freely may maintain.

Behold the prospect opening to the view !
 How joyous ! how heart-cheering !—muse ! pursue
 In fond idea, pois'd on fancy's wings,
 The fair arrangement of these blessed things !
 Lo *Envy*, *Avarice*, and *Discord* fly
 Howling aloft along the troubled sky,
 Chaced hence by ALBION'S GENIUS in his ire,
 Amidst dark rolling smoke, and heaven's consuming fire !
 The labouring clouds dispart—soar on and see
 The soft, mild dawn of rising liberty !
 The prospect brightens—see wide o'er the strand
 The day-spring darts around the joyous land !

ur hoary Grampians smiling lift their heads,
 and catch th' effulgence northward as it spreads !
 Behold the glorious æra !—now, no more
 all *Emigration* desolate our shore ;
 no more *Depopulation*, worst of ills,
 gloom shall compass round our isles and hills.
 And when protected by *specific laws*,
 mild, and appropriate to the glorious cause,
 men, each content, his property secure,
 freed from *monopoly*—of gain full sure,
 will gladly diligence pursue, thus free,
 in arts mechanic, toils by land and sea.
 round our lakes, along our winding vales,
 Our sea-arms studded o'er with countless sails),
 hamlets, and villages, and towns appear,
 busied in all the labours of the year :
 some tend their herds and flocks—some ply the loom,
 some turn the glebe,—the seaman some assume,
 while some fair science, some the muses woo,
 and some the arts of polish'd life pursue.
 lighten'd more and more, their joys increase,
 they feel the sweets of liberty and peace ;
 the culture of the mind they highly prize,
 and well they know, as in proportion rise
 the pure and intellectual powers of mind,
 towers the happiness of human kind.

As talents, timely diligence, and skill
 (When morals pure pervade the pliant will),
 Surmount all obstacles, to gain regard,
 And claim the tribute of a just reward ;
 Press forward, countrymen !—the prize is yours,
 United energy your aim secures.
 A patriot-band in Britain still remain
 Bent on the means strict justice to maintain.
 The GENERAL GOOD promoted thus will stand
 Firm as BRITANNIA'S fertile sea-girt land ;
 While blest with *Freedom, Competence, and Health,*
 Our *Population, Industry, and Wealth,*
 As in the scale of nations we aspire,
 Shall rouse the world to wonder and admire !—
 And, should the foe defy—then, undismay'd,
 In hostile columns, burnish'd arms array'd,
 Our future heroes, patriots all enroll'd,
 Will leave the loom, the bark, the field, the fold,
 To hurl just vengeance on our country's foes,
 Conquer, or die !—a Briton's envied close !

NOTES.



NOTES,

PLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

BOOK FIRST.

1

reads all the horrors of a living tomb.—P. 6.

ring the confines of the Grampian mountains, er from the south is, at first sight, struck with ry aspect of every thing around him. “There ilence and solitude of inactive indigence and depopulation,” as Johnson elegantly expresses it, ps the emotions of wonder and admiration the y of varied and magnificent prospects, are calcu- excite in the mind of a person, susceptible of the of nature, on a grand scale. It may so happen, silence may be interrupted by a shrill whistle om a distance, immediately succeeded by the of a dog. On turning to whence those sounds , the traveller discerns on the summit of a craggy e between him and the sky, a human figure over, whistling, and waving with his hand, to more minute observation he perceives to be a xigent to his master’s signals, urging with singu-

lar sagacity whither he directs, a few wandering sheep :—a circumstance which cannot fail to mark strongly the desolate appearance of the country to the observant stranger ; and strikingly characteristic of the great evil complained of throughout the present performance.

2

But to encounter poverty and woe.—P. 7.

It is hardly to be conceived with what indifference Highland Chieftains of the present day see the last of their people take their departure for America ; never to return to the spot dear to them by those ties which bind the high and the low, the rich and the poor, to their native country. A solitary instance, however, to the contrary of this strange apathy, on the part of certain *proprietors* of land, has lately come to my knowledge, which, as forming an exception, is worthy of being noted ; were it for no other reason than merely to shew, that some may feel a temporary stirring of conscience, when perhaps too late, for deeds done under impressions of self-interest, prudence, or extreme necessity.

Among the very latest emigrations from the middle districts of the Grampians, were the wretched remains of a certain clan, which from motives of delicacy I forbear to name. The unfortunate emigrants particularly alluded to had been legally warned to remove from the possessions they had inherited from their forefathers, and a few shepherds introduced in their stead, at the usual term of entering on store-farms—when the alternative of wandering about the country without employment, or emigrating to a foreign land, presented. Seduced, poor things,

with the hope of bettering their condition, they chose to join their relations in America : and accordingly, having hired a vessel for that purpose, they were on the eve of departure, when their Chieftain presented himself with his hat in hand, and tears in his eyes, entreating them to return ; and that he would provide them in possessions agreeable to their wishes, in any part of his paternal inheritance they might pitch on—save only those they had just been turned out of. But the refractory emigrants would not listen to their common benefactor and guardian of their ancient rights and privileges !—they returned his loving kindness with taunts, sneers, and reproaches !. He at length left them to pursue their hazardous enterprise ; consoling himself with the idea that he had done all in his power to prevent them from putting their rash design into execution : feeling at the same time the inward satisfaction that, being thus rid of a set of indolent, poor creatures, though connected with them by the courtesy of clanship, his income had increased from nine hundred to six thousand a year, which he now enjoys with little trouble to himself in collecting, and much real comfort in spending :—circumstances which must greatly overbalance, or completely stifle any intrusive qualms that might occasionally haunt his moments of serious reflection, for having been the cause of banishing from their native country so many wretched families, whom he himself was bound in duty to protect, agreeable to ancient usage of that portion of our island, in which peculiar manners and customs prevail.

Within the cultur'd in-field's ancient bound.—P. 8.

PRETTY distinct traces are still observable on the sides of many hills near the banks of a mountain-rivulet, of *in-field* and *out-field*, (terms immediately to be explained, as relative to the former state of rural economy among the *Gaël* :) but the *larach* or site of the huts and houses (a groupe of which formed a hamlet, village, or *baile*) are seldom to be seen, as these have not only been suffered to fall into ruin, but even the stones have been removed in most places, in order to let the grass grow ; which generally is of a rank and succulent quality, and springs earlier in the season than that on the more elevated plats of pasture. The division of *in-field* and *out-field*, is of very remote origin in North Britain. At what time it was introduced into the districts of the Grampians, I am unable with precision to ascertain. As hunting and fishing were not only the amusements, but also the chief employs of the ancient inhabitants ; it is but reasonable to conclude, that agriculture was but little regarded among men, indolent from habit, and active only when war or the chace excited their thirst of distinction, or administered to their immediate wants. Be this as it may, certain it is that husbandry was practised universally throughout the mountainous parts of Scotland, as well as the western islands, many hundred years ago ; and the division of *in-field* and *out-field*, *run-rig*, *rig-and-rennet*, or *rig-and-balk*, was very generally adopted in the social arrangement of rural affairs. As the territory of a Clan (consisting of several lesser tribes, or branches of the same community) was occupied in a manner pecu-

liar to the distribution of lands among hills, narrow valleys, or insulated situations, which from the ruggedness of the particular spot, or sterility of the soil, admitted but of very limited improvement in the mode of culture,—hence their little Sabine farms yielded but small returns for their labour, which was more or less operose as the nature of the territory or district of country was barren or fertile. Now, as the *Tighearna*, *CRAN-FINICH*, or Chief, had under his patriarchal protection, chieftains, and heads of families, and those again still more subordinate adherents of still lower condition, besides mere labourers or herdsmen, the possessions were of consequence subdivided conformable to this order; and accordingly we find that the Laird, Lord, or *Tighearna*, had his place of residence on a bold projecting rock hanging over a sea-arm, or on an islet in a lake; or at the confluence of a river, to which several mountain-streams are tributary; along the banks of which, among the windings of the narrow glens, the houses and huts of the subordinate chieftains, heads of families, lesser branches, poorer relatives, and menial dependents, had their *in-field* and *out-field* possessions; of which traces are still observable where those subdivisions of arable lands took place. Now the farms consisted of three divisions, viz. *in-field*, *out-field*, and *hill-pasture*. The *infield* was so called from the circumstance of its being that division of the arable ground which was inclosed with either a turf, or stone wall, and was kept in constant tillage. The *out-field*, was that division immediately adjoining the former, which was but occasionally ploughed; and, after it afforded a few successive crops, was suffered to acquire a sward spontaneously;

after which it was again tilled, and a few more scanty crops reaped, till it was completely exhausted. This mode of agriculture requires no comment. The third division, namely *hill-pasture*, will furnish subject-matter for a future note, and shall be explained in course. Those two divisions were subdivided into what is termed *run-rig*, *rig-and-rennet*, or *rig-and-balk*, a wretched relic of feudal times, when the conflict of the clans raged throughout the Grampians and western isles. In order that each individual should have an interest in common to stimulate him in the defence of the cause, his possessions lay dispersed here and there among those of his neighbours. And the one *rig* (ridge) running in a direction (generally curvilinear) to that of another, with interstices, consisting of stones heaped up that were gathered year after year when labouring the ground, which was called the *balk*; or, if free from stones, those interstices served for pasture, on which the calves were tethered during Summer and Autumn; and also, (particularly on the borders,) those interstices being always clear of any corn-crop, whenever a marauding party made their appearance, the alarm was given; and each male capable of defending his property *ran up the rig* to oppose them hand to hand.

4

Where stood the smithy, where the hamlet's mill.—P. 8.

The *smithy* and the *mill* are usually the places of rural gossip in almost every part of civilized Europe. Among a people devoted to warfare and toils of the chase, the profession of smith was honourable as necessary. Hence we find in many parts of the north the calling or craft of

smith continuing in the same family for many ages. I myself know a smith who is the fourteenth in a direct descent that succeeded from father to son as hereditary smith in the parish of Callander, Monteith, where, during youth, he wrought at the same anvil which rung to the hammer of thirteen of his forefathers in regular succession, till he emigrated about forty years ago to Edinburgh, where he still lives. All the world has heard of Macnab the smith of Dalnaly in Glenorchy, Argyle-shire, whose ancestors were hereditary blacksmiths, armourers, &c. for four hundred years back. It was of old a perquisite of the smith, to have the head of every cow slaughtered among the clan. And even in the lowlands, the *smiddy* or smith's shop constituted a branch of the *services*, to which tenants were bound to have their implements of husbandry made, horses shod, &c. and has only been abolished very lately in many parts of Scotland. What is called *thirlage* to corn-mills, another species of *service* highly prejudicial to agricultural improvement, is fast on the decline throughout every district where the proprietor is possessed of common sense, and has a due respect for the good of the community at large. At what particular period *corn-mills* were introduced into the *Grampians* and *Hebrides*, I am by no means certain. But, that such, of a very simple construction, were erected in many parts of the highlands, similar to those then in general use throughout the lowlands and islands of *Orkney* and *Zetland*, we have evident proofs. This species of *water-mill* has but one wheel, having its axle fixed to the mill-stones, which move at one and the same instant, when

the water-force is applied, which is at an angle of 45 degrees, and sometimes horizontal. A mill-stone of this description is to be seen at the side of a small brook called *Alt-larcih* at *Fhearsaid*, a part of the Duke of Gordon's property in Lochaber. The person who is said to have erected the mill in this almost inaccessible part of the Grampians, is mentioned in a very ancient popular song, entitled, *Orain na Comhachaig*; which shows that water-mills had been in use among the Gael in very remote times; the precise period, however, is uncertain. But, *querns*, or hand-mills, for the most part, were preferred; and the compulsory resort to water-mills, by that means, eluded. It is curious to reflect on the universal use of the hand-mills in different sections of the globe, and in ages very remote from each other. Thus, for instance, the ancient Egyptians, Jews, Greeks and Romans, as we learn from history, ground their grain with hand-mills: and the inhabitants of Africa, and the Finlanders at this day, make use of the hand-mill, as appears by the latest travellers into the interior of Africa, and others toward the Arctic circle. *Vide* M. Park's travels, Acerbi's, &c. By the ancient law, or "*Statutes of the Gild*" of Scotland, "*It is not leisome to grinne corns at hand-mills, but in time of necessitie.*" Stat. Gild. c. 19. *Vide* REGIAM MAJESTATEM, fol. 143. et index,

5

Or praises challenge by some new-made verse.—P. 8.

The natives of the Grampians and western islands have ever been celebrated for their attachment to song. Martin, in his "*Description of the Western Islands of Scotland,*"^t

notices this circumstance in the words following: "Several of both sexes have a quick vein for poesy, and in their language, (which is very emphatic) they compose rhyme and verse, both which powerfully affect the fancy," p. 198. And I have myself known many individuals of both sexes, very expert at making excellent verses, who were totally illiterate; and two of the best modern poets still living, know not one letter of the alphabet from the other, namely, ALLAN M'DOUGAL, a blind man at Fort William, whose songs were printed in the year 1798; and DUNCAN M'INTYRE, whose songs were first printed in the year 1768, and reprinted in 1790. "*Oran Bein-Dourain*," is perhaps one of the finest pieces of lyric composition to be met with in any language, ancient or modern, for variety and grandeur of local description.

6

And gaze and wonder much, and much admire.—P. 8.

THE avidity with which rustics swallow every species of intelligence, new or uncommon, has long been proverbial: this trait, however, among highlanders, has been on the decline for nearly half a century; and it was so much so in the year 1773, when Dr Johnson visited the Hebrides, that he remarked it as a thing little expected. "I did not meet with the inquisitiveness of which I have read," says he, "and suspect the judgment to have been rashly made." The fact is, their curiosity is still very great; but being more enlightened by being better educated than formerly, they have means of being gratified in what is commendable to know; consequently their curiosity is managed with more circumspection; parti-

cularly before a stranger; and they are too vain to be thought ignorant. At present, however, their means of acquiring useful knowledge, are ample beyond what their southern neighbours have the slightest idea. And the post-offices now established throughout the Grampians, and Western Isles, afford so ready a communication with the whole habitable globe, that the means of intelligence is uninterrupted, and wonderfully expeditious; nay, where even the post-town is at any considerable distance, thinly inhabited as the glens and hills at present are, the people, by a very simple yet ingenious contrivance, make shift to circulate the newspapers as regular as the news-men dispatch them to their customers; and the mode is, the reader in one glen ascends the hill next him, and leaves the paper under a stone, in a place agreed on betwixt the parties; and thus, except in the worst weather, what the great world is busy about, is known in the very wilderness of our empire; and our Grampian politicians are not a whit behind their neighbours in the south, in point of eagerness for information on every topic worthy of rational curiosity, free from that silly inquisitiveness which marks rustic ignorance or boorish importunity for what is new or strange.

7

Where stood the aged OLLAMHAN's hallowed shed.—P. 8.

THE OLLAMHANS, chief bards, or historiographers, or as Martin calls them, *Isdane*, or orators, were, he says, “in high esteem both in these islands and the continent;” (meaning the main land of the western coast) “until these forty years” i. e. about the middle of the

seventeenth century, "they sat always among the nobles and chiefs of families in the *Streak* or circle. Their houses and little villages were sanctuaries as well as churches, and they took place before doctors of physic. The orators," (or *Isdane*) after the *Druids* were extinct, were brought in to preserve the genealogy of families, and to repeat the same at every succession of a chief, they made *epithalamiums* and *panegyrics*, which the poet or bard pronounced." Descrip. West. Isl. Scot. p. 115. "Of what consideration the old BARDS were in the northern parts of Britain," says the Arch-Deacon of Carlisle, "the reader will best learn from the eloquent pen of one of the most famous humanists in Scotland," meaning J. Johnston, author of the "Scottish Heroes," whom he quotes in the original, (*vide* Nicolson's Scot. Hist. Lib. chap. ii. et Johnst. ad Her. Scot. in prefat.) The celebrated *Duan*, or poem in the Gaelic language, preserved since the coronation of Malcolm III. (Macbeth's successor) A. D. 1056, which is said to have been composed by that monarch's *bard* or poet-laureat, is a striking proof of the high estimation that order was held in by our Scottish ancestors (*vide* Pinkerton's Enquiry, Vol. II. p. 321.) In this singular curiosity of antiquity, the royal bard traces the ancestors of Malcolm (*Ceanmore*, Great-head) up to *Albanus* the supposititious possessor of the crown of *Alla* or Scotland. "A great many genealogies" says Nicolson, "and pedigrees of the Scottish kings have been drawn up; among which the most famous (and most common in the libraries of great men) is that which was composed by a highlander of quality, and repeated to ALEXANDER III. at his

"coronation, (A. D. 1249) reckoning the ancestors of
 "that king and his predecessors *ad parentem usq. gentis*
 "Gathelum." (Scot. Hist. Lib. p. 139.) It should
 seem, however, that the honourable distinction bards held
 at court, and among the great, declined apace; their name
 at length became a term of reproach, and the order treated
 not only with contempt, but actually classed with the
 very dregs of society. Thus, for instance, the old Cornish
 word *bardh*, a mimic or jester, or poet, (Welch) and
 bard (Gaelic *albanach*) *bardas*, (Gaelic, *eirinach*) a lam-
 poon or satire,—shews that the fraternity of bards fell
 latterly into disgrace; and accordingly we find them in our
 old acts of Parliament classed as out-laws. "Justice should
 "be done upon maisterfull beggars, and sorners, as vp-
 "on theifes or reavers; feinzed fools, *bairdes*, or rinners
 "about, at last, after sundrie punishments, may be hang-
 "ed." Jac. II. Parl. 6. c. 22. Jac. II. Parl. 11. c. 45.
 Jac. III. Parl. 10. c. 77, "To our father's time," says a
 writer of the seventeenth century, "and ours, something
 "remained, and still does, of this ancient order. And
 "they are called by others, and by themselves, jockies,
 "who go about begging, and use still to recite their slug-
 "gornes of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland,
 "from old experience and observation. Some of them
 "I have discoursed, and found to have reason and dis-
 "cretion. One of them told me there were now twelve
 "of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when
 "they abounded, so as at one time he was one of five
 "that usually met at St Andrews." *Vide* Martin's State
 of the See of St Andrews, sect. 1. p. 3.

8

Save heath-spread ridges in some moss-clad mound.—P. 8.

It is the nature of some soils, when allowed to remain untilled for any length of time, to assume their original vegetation ; hence we find that plats of heath-land, which had been cultivated with care, when suffered to lie in a lea state, are soon covered again with heather. It is observable in many parts of the highest inhabited districts, that ridges covered in this way can be distinctly traced near the summit of many of our most elevated mountains. Some suppose that such appearances of culture are referable to remote times, when, by reason of the valleys being overgrown with wood, which were the haunts of wolves, bears, and enormous snakes, made it necessary for safety to retire to the tops of the hills, and there cultivate those spots, which retain still the appearance of human industry. This conjecture, however plausible it may seem, is liable to many objections.

9

The GAEL be thence outcast as poor exiles.—P. 9.

BEFORE the late alarming emigrations took place from the Grampians and Western islands, the population of those districts was estimated at two hundred thousand : one fourth of which number were supposed capable of bearing arms, or entering the navy as able-bodied seamen. Now, is it a matter of small consideration to a state, to be deprived of the aid of so considerable a portion of the community, in times of an indispensable war, or of threatened invasion ? But this is not the only matter an able Government and prudent Legislature are to keep

steadily an eye on : for the loss, *for ever*, of the ingenuity and industry of those who are ready to leave their mother-country through disgust, on the one hand, or allurements on the other, is that vital wound which is most to be dreaded : and, if a remedy be not speedily found out, and applied with skill and promptitude, must eventually prove fatal to the public weal.

10

To ancient usage, privilege, or right.—P. 11.

THE ancient usage, privilege, or right, of the Gael, which, simply considered, amounts to neither more nor less than inheriting, as they were wont time immemorial, their *Duas, Duchas*, or hereditary possessions in the order already specified, according to their proximity to the Chief, of whom the chieftains, heads of families, or principal tacksmen, sub-tenants, viz. small farmers, crofters, and cottars, held their lands and places of abode. The chieftains and principal tacksmen were in the rank of gentlemen. The sub-tenants, or small farmers, were *half-gentlemen*, (a term very well understood among the higher classes), the crofters and cottars, were what are called, by way of distinction, *commoners*, (another term very well understood among the highland noblesse) on whom devolved the lower employments of the field, fold, oar, &c. Some of the chieftains who had not been provided with free possessions from their chief or common progenitor, were tacksmen, and held in lease a pretty considerable stretch of country, consisting of infield and outfield or arable land, common-moor, and hill-pasture ; and those were let in lease again in smaller lots to sub-

tenants, crofters, and cottagers. The ancient mode of computing the value of such possessions, was very simple and convenient ; which was either in money, or in grain ; in the former case, lands were valued at pennies, half-pennies, farthings, clittings, placks, bodles, &c. ; in the latter case sheaves, half-sheaves, &c. A principal tacksmen possessed lands to the value of from twenty to forty or more pennies, for which he paid a yearly rent during the currency of his tack or lease. Of this extensive portion of land he sub-set a third part, and sometimes two-thirds, to small farmers, crofters, and cottars. Each farmer may possess one sheaf, one and a half, or two sheaves of valued land, or in Scots money, one farthing, one halfpenny, or one penny, according to the specific agreement of parties. A crofter has a small lot of arable ground called a *craft* or croft, on which he has a house or hut, a *kail-yard*, ground for raising as much crop as will keep a cow, which yields him milk and butter to his meal and potatoes. A *cottar* has only a cot or shed of the humblest sort, a kail-yard, and a small piece of ground for potatoes. This then was the order of the subdivision of land, according to ancient usage, privilege, or right, of the several classes of the inhabitants of the Hebrides and Grampian mountains, till within these forty or five-and-forty years ; when those rights were disregarded ; and the *duchas* of the tacksman which had descended from father to son for many generations, as a species of patrimony, sacred as the heritage of the proprietor himself, was entirely abolished. Before this, however, took place, the tacksmen lived comfortably as gentlemen : the sub-tenants, or farmers, lived decently in

their huts, grouped, it is true, with but little regard to cleanliness, or much comfort, forming, as it were, a community, in which their privileges and rights were scrupulously respected and maintained ; and while their livestock grazed in common beyond the head-dykes, and through the upland-pastures in summer and autumn, their arable lands were divided yearly by lot, as already noticed ; and thus the whole demesnes of the chief, or common father, was apportioned, according to the rank or condition of each individual of the miniature commonwealth ;—a mode the most congenial with the patriarchal system ; and the best adapted for a peculiar people, such as the Gael, or inhabitants of the Hebrides and Grampian districts. I am perfectly aware that the usage or privilege, here alluded to, obtained most likely under the feudal system ; and continued till some time after the abolition of hereditary jurisdiction in North Britain, which took place in 1748 ; but if the subdivision of land thus pointed out, was found to answer so well under all the evils of feudal slavery, and the conflicts of the clans ; how much more beneficial would such an arrangement, on an improved plan, operate on the rural establishments of those regions north of the Tweed, which are inaccessible in winter, by reason of heavy falls of snow, lying deep in the passes ; or tempestuous seas, which rage around the insular situations, biding defiance to communication till the rigour of the season be past ; or when occasional frost, or calm weather, suffer travellers to proceed to the place of their destination. Hence, therefore, the propriety of speedily adopting a practicable system, properly adapted to the local habits, customs, and manners peculiar to the inhabitants of those cheerless wilds, and remote islands.

A wretched hovel, share a poor repast.—P. 11.

It is not easy to conceive the manifold miseries to which many of the ejected inhabitants of the Grampians are exposed, when they wander to any of the towns or cities of the low country, without any determinate object in view. A melancholy instance of the truth of this remark, I had an opportunity of witnessing about twenty-two years since; the narration of which will suffice to illustrate the passage of the poem with which the present note is connected. It was in the depth of winter (in the year 1781); a heavy fall of snow had lain long on the ground; the north wind blew keenly, and chilled one almost to death, when Alexander Lawson, a well disposed person (by trade a weaver) came to me and requested my charity for a poor, destitute family, who had taken shelter in a wretched hovel, a few doors from his workshop. My curiosity being excited by the description he gave of their deplorable condition, I accordingly followed him to the spot. We descended a few steps into what had once, perhaps, been a cellar. A small lamp placed in one corner of this hole, for it could not be called a habitable place, gave hardly sufficient light to shew the miserable state of those persons who had taken shelter in it from the inclemency of the storm. In one row, on a bed of straw made on the cold damp floor, were laid three men: their only covering plaids, for they were highlanders, and their dissolution seemed fast approaching. A woman, apparently past the middle period of life, who supported the head of the eldest on her lap, lifted up her eyes, as we entered, looked wistfully at us, and shook her head, but

uttered not a word, nor did a sigh escape her. "Alas! good woman," said I, "have you no one to look after you, in this destitute condition?"—"She can converse in no other save that of her native tongue," said my conductor; and I addressed her in that language; when she instantly raised her eyes, in which a faint gleam of joy seemed for a moment to sparkle. Laying the head of her husband (for such the eldest of the three men was) gently down on the straw, she suddenly sprang up, came forward, seized me by both hands, cast a look upwards, and exclaimed, "O God! whom hast Thou sent to comfort us!" Then looking me stedfastly in the face, she said, "In this wretched condition you thus see me among strangers. My husband, and these my two sons, are fast hastening to their graves. Nine days and nights have their blood boiled in the malignant illness you now see wasting them: It is now almost three days since I tasted the last morsel of bread." She then turned to her dying family, wrung her hands, and remained silent. On turning from this affecting scene, I observed a decent old woman coming forward to enquire for the unhappy sufferers; and, by the interest she seemed to take in their welfare, it led me to hope that, through her kind assistance, I should be enabled to afford them some relief. Having in the mean time ordered them an immediate supply of things absolutely necessary, I made haste to call in medical assistance; but, alas! it was too late; for the fever had already wasted the living energy in them; and, notwithstanding every possible aid that could administer under such unfavourable circumstances as their cases presented, when I called next morning,

"As I found the father and his eldest son in the agonies of death. All was silent. In a few minutes, the young man breathed his last. And now quivering in the pangs of dissolution, the old man lay on his back—his eyes fixed—the death-film covering them, and the dead-rattle, as it is called, indicating the near approach of the end of his earthly troubles. His gaze for a moment seemed to acquire intelligence, and with a keen, piercing look, peculiar to the dying, he calls to his wife to come close to him, and says :—" Companion of my youth and better days, "take this clay-cold hand—it is already dead—and I am "fast a-going." A few more inarticulate sounds issued from his livid lips, and he expired.—" Merciful God ! my "husband !—my child too !" exclaimed the distracted mother, and sunk on the body of her late partner in misery. The shriek of wo transfixt me, and all the man shook to the centre. When I had in some measure recovered from the stupor this awful event had thrown me into, I retired, in order to get them decently buried. To provide for the poor widowed thing and her youngest son, whose case seemed less malignant, came of course to be considered. The favourable symptoms appearing, and the proper means cautiously used, his recovery was soon effected ; which greatly alleviated the grief of his mother, who still continued free of infection, and escaped wonderfully till every apprehension of danger entirely vanished. When a reasonable time had elapsed, I learned the story of this family from the unfortunate widow herself, the particulars of which, so far as I recollect, are nearly the following. There was not a happier pair in the whole parish, (which lay on the banks of the Spey), than the father

and mother of this poor family, till, by reason of the introduction of a new set of tenants from a distant part of the country, the small farmers were ejected ; among whom were the subjects of this simple narrative. To add to their misfortunes, their third son, a lad about fourteen, was affected with a white-swellings (as it is called) in his knee-joint, which prevented him from walking ; and, when the family took their departure for the low-country, the father and his other two sons were obliged to carry this poor lame one on a hand-barrow ; and thus travelled onward till they reached Aberdeen ; where they got him put safely into the hospital of that city : But he was soon after dismissed incurable ; and their little all being nearly spent, they were at a loss what next to do for subsistence. They were advised to travel to Edinburgh, in order to procure medical assistance for the lad ; and get into some way of gaining an honest livelihood somewhere in or near the capital. To Edinburgh, therefore, they directed their course ; and, after a tedious journey of many days, they found themselves within a short distance of the city. But, by this time, the little money they had saved from the sale of their effects, was gone ; and they now were reduced to a state of absolute want. To beg they were ashamed ; but starve they must, in the event they could find no immediate employment. But, from humane and charitably disposed persons they at last were obliged to implore assistance ; and by this means they found their way to Edinburgh ; where, soon after, the unfortunate lad whom they had carried in the way already mentioned from Aberdeen, was admitted a patient into the Royal Infirmary. It was now the beginning of

harvest. The high price of labour in the north of England, compared with that in the south of Scotland, induces many of our highlanders to go thither, in order to earn as much as possibly they can, during the season of reaping in that quarter. This poor family, among other reapers, travelled southward :—but it was a sad journey to them : for being soon seized with fever and ague, thus were they at once plunged into the deepest distress, far from their native home, and without a friend in the world to look after them. Not even suffered to remain any time in one place, they were barbarously hurried from parish to parish, as the custom is, till they reached Edinburgh, where being safely placed in the hospital, they soon recovered. But, on making enquiry after the lad left behind when they went to England, they were informed of his death, which happened a few days before their admission into the Infirmary. They now were dismissed cured ;—but, where to take shelter they knew not ! for they had not a soul in the city to assist them in the smallest matter. Feeble, tottering, and faint with hunger, they wandered about the streets until the evening, when they crept into that wretched hotel, in which I found them, as already stated.

12

Those Trans-Atlantic schemes of which you hear.—P. 13.

It is matter of infinite regret, that those representations respecting the easy purchase of lands in North America, have seduced many, (particularly those who felt the evils of rack-rent from year to year press on them with accu-

mulatéd hardships), to leave their native country, in order to become proprietors in a corner of the United States, where taxes are next to nothing; and where tithes were never heard of; and, above all, where civil and religions liberty are unbounded; and where every man may sit under his own fig-tree, and do "whatsoever seemeth good in his own eyes:"—but let it also be remembered, that America, with all those allurements, is not the place for an emigrant to live in without money—certainly not: and this cannot be better illustrated than by the following extract from a small pamphlet, which now lies before me, printed at Glasgow about thirty years since, entitled, "*Information to Emigrants; being a copy of a letter from a Gentleman in North America; containing a full account of the terms on which settlers may procure lands,*" &c. &c. After enumerating the terms distinctly, which, by the way, are extremely tempting, the author of this tract adds: "It is conceived that these terms will suit many farmers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, who live at rack-rent, and have some small property to lay out for better establishments than they now have in Europe. The European emigrants in America have heretofore generally been very poor persons, who being utterly destitute, were exposed to insuperable difficulties; for though this is allowed to be the best poor man's country in the world, it has very little the advantage of others to such as are so necessitous as to depend upon mere charity. It is to farmers of estates from 100l. to 300l. that this is a situation superior to other countries: these are able

“to purchase much for a little, but none can expect to
“have the lands given to them for nothing.”

13

All interests are subservient to the state.—P. 14.

14

The ties of mutual interest all must bind.—Ib.

15

To all belong the produce of our land.—Ib.

IN a word, these political sentiments appear to me to be self-evident propositions, or axioms which form the basis of sound policy and good government. Wherefore, individual interest ought not to injure the public weal: nor must the welfare of the community at large militate against the rights of any one of its members, so long as that individual supports to the best of his ability that state to which he belongs, in the due administration of justice. Hence, whosoever is guilty of private oppression, is amenable to that *whole* or state which protects him in the comfortable enjoyment of his property: and as the *whole* is equal to all its parts taken collectively; which is not only true in the abstract, but likewise holds good in every well-regulated society, more especially where civilization verges toward refinement; and where agriculture, trade, and commerce, art, and science, mutually depend on each other for their existence, energy, and flourishing condition: hence, therefore, when expediency requires the interference of the Legislature in matters of private grievance, it is justifiable on the sound-

est principles of justice, to rectify whatever may wear an aspect inimical to the interests of the state.

16

Should plunge them into disesteem.—P. 15.

The poor industrious deem nothing more formidable than that contempt which poverty hurries a person into, who once was esteemed for honesty, and punctual attention in all his dealings. And if this principle be not refined or exalted; yet it is one of a very powerful nature, and spurs on to exertion, when others of the active feelings of the human mind are languid, or difficult to be roused into action. But when a virtuous individual finds his utmost diligence and prudence prove fruitless or unsuccessful; what then is left, save hope, to render existence even supportable? Emigration presents
* * * * *

17

To let his land at rack-rent's utmost stretch.—P. 15.

THE barefaced encouragement given to *secret offers* for leases, (witness the advertisements for letting farms, that daily appear in the newspapers), is beyond all the calculations of our forefathers in the progress of corruption; to say nothing of the evils of *rack-rent*, which of itself is a refinement in political economy, or rather a cancer-worm that has wrought into the very vitals of agriculture, the living energy of all industry; of consequence the real wealth, and welfare of the nation.

18

When stores in common shall your wants supply.—P. 15.
See note 5. book sixth.

A kindred people, Celtæ, Clio stiles.—P. 16.

THAT the Welsh, the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, Ireland, the Hebrides, and Grampian mountains, are descendants of the ancient Celtæ, who had emigrated from time to time from the continent of Europe, is agreed on by all our best historians and antiquaries.

Eve's dew-drops bow its head, &c.—P. 10.

THE Gaelic reader is here presented with the original, which I have attempted a translation in English heroic verse. It is one of the few fragments of Ossian that bears every internal evidence of an original, which it is vain to expect a modern composition in the Gaelic language to equal; and I will frankly own, that I had my scruples to conquer before I finally resolved to let the paraphrase remain which appears in the present poem.

AISLING MALA-MHINE.

“ ’S *guth anma mo ruin at’ ann!*

“ O’s *animic gu aisling Mal-mhine thu.*

“ *Fosglaihbh Talla na ’n speur,*

“ *Athraichidh Thoscair na’n cruaidh bheum;*

“ *Fosglaihbh dorsaidh, na’n nial,*

“ *Ta ceimine Mal-mhine gu dian.*

“ *Chualas guth am aisling fein,*

“ *Ta foram mho chleibh gu h ard;*

“ Cuim thainig an osag am’ dhiadh,
 “ O dhubh-shuibhal na linn ud thall ?
 “ Bha do sciath fhuaimneach an gallan an aonuich,
 “ Shuibhail aisling Mal-mhine gu dian :
 “ Ach chunairc i a Run ag aomadh,
 “ ’Sa cheo-earradh ag taomadh mu chliabh :
 “ Bha dearsa na Greine air thaobh ris,
 “ Co boisceil re or na’n daoi.
 “ Is e guth anma mo Ruin at’ ann !
 “ O ’s ainmic gu m’ aisling fein thu.

“ Is comhnuidh dhuit anam Mal-mhine,
 “ A mhic Oisein a’s treine lamh,
 “ Eirigh m’ osna mar re dearsa o’n Ear,
 “ Thaom mo dheoir am measg sileadh na h oiche.
 “ Bhu ghallan aluinn a d’ fhianais mi Oisair,
 “ Le m’ uile gheugaibh uaine am’ thimchioll ;
 “ Ach thainig do bhas-sa mar osaig
 “ O’n fhasach, is dh’aom mi sios :
 “ Thainig Earrach le sileadh nan speur,
 “ Ach ni ’n d’ eirich duill’ uaine dhamh fein.

“ Chunaire oighe mi gu samhach san talla,
 “ Is bhuail iad clairseach na’m fonn :
 “ Bha deoir ag taomadh le gruaidhin Mal-mhine,
 “ Chunairc oigh mi ’s mo thura gu trom.

“ Cuim am bheil thu co tuirseach am fhianais;
 “ A chaomh ainnir aig Luatha’ na’n fruth ?

“ *An robh e sgiamhach mar dhearsa na Greine ;*
 “ *Am bu co thlachd-mhor a shiubhal’s a chruth ?*

“ *’S taitneach t fhonn an chuais Oisein,*
 “ *A Nighean Luatha na’n fruth dian ;*
 “ *Thainig guth na’m Bard nach beo*
 “ *Am measg t aisling air aomadh na’n sliabh ;*
 “ *’Nuair thuit eodal air do shuilibh soirbhe*
 “ *Air chluain Mor-shruth na’n ioma fuaim.*
 “ *’Nuair phill thu flath’ail o’n t seilg,*
 “ *Is grian lo ag scartha’ na beinn.’*
 “ *Chualadh tu guth na’m Bard nach beo ;*
 “ *Is glan faiteal cheoil fein.*

“ *Is caoin faiteal na’m fonn, a Mat-mhìne,*
 “ *Ach claidhidh iad anam gu deoir :*
 “ *Tha solas ann tuireadh le sith,*
 “ *’Nuair dh’aomas cliabh tuirse gu bron.*
 “ *Claidhidh fad thuirse siol do’ruinn,*
 “ *A thla nighean Thoscair na’n cruaidh bhenm ;*
 “ *Is ainmic an laethe o’n neoil :*
 “ *Tuitidh iad mar chuisseig foi ’n Ghrein,*
 “ *’Nuair sheallas e sìos na shoilse,*
 “ *An diaidh d’ an dubh cheathaich siubhal d’ an bheinn,*
 “ *’S a throm cheann foi shileadh na h oi’che.*

22

ruled with tyrannic sway the Grampian hills.—P. 19.

My utmost diligence of research has not been successful, in order to ascertain with any tolerable degree of pre-

cision, the exact period when the Feudal System was engrafted on that of the Patriarchal amongst the Gael of the Grampians and Western Islands. Prior to the reign of Malcolm III., every thing respecting Scottish history seems strangely enveloped in impenetrable obscurity. All we know with certainty, is, that when Macbeth assassinated Duncan the son of Beatrice and Malcolm M'Kenneth, second of that name (A. D. 1039.) the two sons of the murdered king, Malcolm and Donald, the former surnamed *Cean-more*, or great-head, and the latter, *Bane*, or fair, both fled in opposite directions: Malcolm the eldest sought refuge in Cumberland; and Donald the younger passed over to the Hebrides, where he was gladly received by the islanders, and there remained till his brother died. Meanwhile Siward, earl of Northumberland, placed his grandson Malcolm, the Scottish prince, under the protection of Edward the Confessor, at whose court he remained, till Macduff, thane of Fife, headed a formidable faction in favour of the exiled Malcolm, in order to expel the usurper, and restore the lawful heir to the throne of his ancestors. The Scots, aided by the Northumbrians, led on by Malcolm in person, pursued the regicide Macbeth, and soon completed his destruction. After the usurper was slain, Malcolm was crowned at Scone on the 25th April 1057. And as he resided so long in England, and afterward married Margaret the grand-niece of Edward, (and sister of Edgar Ætheling, heir of the Saxon line of English monarchs, who fled for protection to the Scottish court, when William duke of Normandy usurped, or rather seized in right of conquest, the throne)—hence it is reasonable to sup-

ose that Malcolm must have imbibed strong prejudices in favour of English manners, laws, customs, and usages; consequently a gradual change took place in the eastern coast with regard to the arrangement of property, and spread by degrees westward to the foot of the Grampians, thence into the fastnesses, and at length to the shores of the Atlantic. The western islands, however, were as yet independent of the main land, or Scotland properly called, and were nominally in subjection to the sovereigns of Norway. On the death of king Malcolm, (who was slain near Alnwick castle*, where also his eldest son Edward died of his wounds two days thereafter; and the pious Margaret, who lay stretched on her death-bed, only survived to learn the death of her beloved son and royal consort) Donald Bane landed from the Hebrides, and usurped the dignities of the Scottish crown. But Duncan, a natural son of the late king, expelled the usurper, and reigned in his stead. Duncan, however, was murdered, and Donald once more ascended the throne. But he was again expelled by the uncle of the lawful heir, who placed Edgar on the throne, made Donald captive, condemned him to captivity for life, and, with a refinement in cruelty, peculiar to the times, put out his eyes, and left him to languish in a dungeon. After this, the intercourse of the two kingdoms of South and North Britain was friendly and lasting. And the intermarriages of the princes and nobility of either realm, opened an easy way for the establishment of Anglo-Norman and Norman adventurers north of the Tweed. Hence the gradual change with respect to system. And that accelerated the introduction of it into the Gram-

* Nov. 13. 1093.

prians, was the progress of religious houses, which, by acquiring grants of lands from pious individuals, as well as from the Crown, were anxious to have their newly acquired property well secured ; and, for this purpose, it was necessary to have documents for their rights ; hence the origin of charters and written grants of landed property. And the oldest writings now extant, (copies of which are to be found in Anderson's Diplomata), are of the age of Duncan, the bastard son of Malcolm III., who made a grant of lands to the monks of Durham (*vide Diplomata*, N. v.) By this time, (A. D. 1095.) religious establishments had made considerable progress in Scotland. It is a remarkable historical fact, and worthy of particular notice, which Lord Hailes mentions on the authority of Turgot, who wrote the life of Queen Margaret, that the Scottish ecclesiastics did not seem to understand the Saxon tongue at the period alluded to ; but in order to illustrate this, I shall quote the words of Lord Hailes for the reader's satisfaction. " For the reformation of certain erroneous practices which prevailed in the Scottish church, Margaret held frequent conferences with the clergy. The king understood the Gaelic language as well as the Saxon. He willingly performed the office of interpreter between his consort and the Scottish ecclesiastics." (*Vide Ann. Scot. Malcolm III.*) This historical passage puts us in possession of two very curious facts : 1. That the religious establishments, prior to this period, stood greatly in need of reformation. 2. That the ecclesiastics understood not the Saxon ; consequently, were unacquainted with the Scoto-Saxon (a kindred dialect) if it then existed : and that the Gaelic, or Irish, was the court, and most likely the

prevailing language toward the close of the eleventh century. In confirmation of the Gaelic being long after the prevailing language, we find the bishoprics of the Isles, Argyle, Dumblane, Dunkeld, Brechin, Aberdeen, Moray, Ross, and Caithness, which are either wholly situated within the confines of the Grampians, or extend considerably within the boundaries, were the most considerable sees in the northern section of Great Britain, (St Andrews and Glasgow excepted). And we also find many religious houses established among the Grampians and Western isles at a very remote period of our authentic history : for instance the monastery of Loch-Tay in Perthshire, founded in A. D. 1122. Of Sadeal, in Kintyre, Argyleshire, founded in 1164. The Abbey of Beaulieu, in Ross-shire, founded in 1230. The monastery of Ardochattan in Lorn, Argyleshire, founded in 1230. The convent of Dominicans in Inverness, founded in 1233. The abbey of Ferne, in Ross-shire, founded in the reign of Alexander II. (about the middle of the thirteenth century.) Of the monastery of Dornoch in Sutherland-Shire, founded in 1271. Of Strathfillan, in Breadalbane, Perthshire, founded by Robert the Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn (A. D. 1314.) and other religious houses of lesser note, which were established among the Grampian mountains, demonstrate, in the most satisfactory manner, what power the clergy must have had in those interior regions in very remote ages. And being ever attentive to their own interests, they did not fail to reap every advantage which hope, fear, credulity, and good nature, threw in their way, with respect to donations. Hence, we find their cartularies full of grants of

lands and moveables. Their encroachments on the liberty and property of the laity at length grew to so alarming a pitch, as led to a mode of securing the moveables, and landed patrimony of the nobles, against the rapacity of the ecclesiastics; and this was by following the wise example of the clergy themselves, in obtaining charters from the king; by which means their lands were thus secured to them and their successors. Hence, the origin of feudal charters north of the Tweed; ~~which~~ together with the title *Earl* (which succeeded to that of *Thane*) *Baron*, *Knight*, and *Esquire*, and all the train of vassalage and chivalry, in times less remote. Of the secular charters of royal grants, that of *Alano de Lani*, (whose lands lay near Callander in Monteith, Perthshire) is one of the oldest extant: it was granted by Alexander II. in 1227. (See a copy in Appendix fourth, N. 2. Hailes's Annals, Vol. III. 8vo. edit.) And by looking into Nisbet's Heraldry, Douglas's Peerage, Lord Kaimes's British Antiquities, and above all, the writings of the late Lord Hailes, particularly that tract entitled, "The Additional Case of Elizabeth, claiming the title and dignity of the Countess of Sutherland by her Guardians," much curious and useful information may be gleaned with respect to the history of the feudal system, north of the Tweed. "I am of opinion," says Lord Hailes, "that the feudal law was gradually introduced into Scotland, not by the authority of any one monarch, or in the course of a single reign, but by the silent operation of the fears and prejudices of men concurring with the accidental state of the kingdom." And, by examining the history of the northern section of our island, it would ap-

pear that our nobles, in process of time, became too powerful for the sway of our very limited monarchy; for our Scottish kings were in truth no more than the mere chiefs of a number of very turbulent chieftains, as the following historical incident will serve to illustrate. "During one of the truces," says the venerable historian of Scotland, "between the two nations, occasioned rather by their being weary of war than desirous of peace; ROBERT (BRUCE) formed a scheme for checking the growing power and wealth of the nobles. He summoned them to appear, and to shew by what right they held their lands. They assembled accordingly, and the question being put, they started up at once, and drew their swords:—"By these," said they, "we acquired our lands, and ^{we} by these we defend them."—"The king, intimidated by their boldness, prudently dropped the project. But so deeply did they resent this attack upon their order, that, notwithstanding Robert's popular and splendid virtues, it occasioned a dangerous conspiracy against his life." Robertson's Hist of Scot. Book First.

23

And thrice were vanquish'd by their kindred foes.—P. 20.

THESE verses allude to the three fruitless attempts in which the Gael were deeply engaged, to restore the exiled royal family of STUART to the throne of their ancestors.

24

Worthy a hero's garland or his grave.—P. 20.

THE destruction of the Clans was long a favourite spe-

ulation of the firm supporters of the house of Brunswick. And by the intrigues of some of the chieftains themselves, the Gael were greatly disgusted, and in continual apprehension of the annihilation of their power and people;—hence their spirit of revolt, which was powerfully excited when their proffers of obedience, and attachment to GEORGE I. were seemingly neglected. The following letter, (the original of which lies before me) from the Earl of Mar to M'Donell of Keppoch (my son-in-law's great-grandfather) will illustrate this remarkable fact, for which reason it is thus inserted at full length for the satisfaction of the reader.

“ SIR,

Whitehall, October 7th, 1714.

“ THE letter from you and the other gentlemen of the
 “ highlands, with their assurances to the king, came to
 “ my hand the first of this moneth, and the first oppor-
 “ tunity I could find, I waited on his Majesty and laid it
 “ before him. The king was very well pleased with the
 “ duty you show in it to his person and government. I
 “ hope it has taken off any bad impression that was given
 “ him of you, and you will find that he will give his pro-
 “ tection to all his subjects who carry dutifully to him,
 “ and keep them from being oppress'd by any under what
 “ pretext soever.

“ I make no doubt but you will all make a dutiful ad-
 “ dress to his Majesty, to confirme the assurances of your
 “ loyalty to him, which you have given in your letter.
 “ I am very much obliged to you for the confidence you
 “ are pleased to put in me, and as I have ever endeavour'd
 “ to serve all my neighbours of the highlands in general,

“ whenever it lay in my power, so I do assure you I shall
 “ make it my business to deserve the trust you put in me.
 “ By the duty you have upon this occasion shown to the
 “ king, and your confirming it by the loyal address I
 “ presume you will immediately make to his Majesty, I
 “ hope you will procure protection to yourselves against
 “ any who may have designs against you, and quiet and
 “ peace to your country.—I am, Sir, your most obedient
 “ humble servant, MAR.”

The “ Dutiful Address to his Majesty,” alluded to in
 this letter, was made; but a great personage, and highland
 Chief too, took good care it should never meet the eye of
 Majesty. The particulars of this intrigue are already be-
 fore the public. And, what is not a little remarkable,
 the writer of this letter was the very person who headed
 the insurrection which broke out in the year following.
 But the contest was soon decided; for, on the of No-
 vember 1715, when the forces assembled under the com-
 mand of the earl of Mar, and the army of the elector of
 Hanover, then on the British throne, led on by the duke
 of Argyle, met near *Dumblane* on an extensive heath cal-
 led *Sheriff-Muir*, where they fought most bloodily, both
 sides claiming the victory, when, in truth, victory had not
 deigned to visit the field that day! But the Clans were
 discomfited, and their leaders suffered all the consequen-
 ces of defeat and proscription. It will be seen, by the
 “ private correspondence of Dr Francis Atterbury, bishop
 “ of Rochester and his friends, in 1725,” edited by the
 late Lord Hailes, and printed in the year 1768, that the
 exiled chieftains never lost sight of their interests with re-

spect to their territories and followers. And their fears, it should seem, were wrought upon by the exiled king, as one of the sure means of stimulating them to rise and save their ancient race from annihilation. "By the accounts I have received since I wrote you on the 29th of May," (1725) says JAMES, "I perceive the situation of my brave highlanders to be very different from what I apprehended it, since it appears the design not only to disarm them, but to extirpate the whole race. This is what I am sure none of them will ever submit to without resistance, either those in the place, or you on this side of the sea." But it was not till twenty years after that this bold experiment was put to the test; and the civil commotions of the years 1745 and 1746, but too fully displayed the intentions of both parties. The horrors of war were, by a certain duke, carried into the bosom of the Grampians, with so sanguinary an aspect, as to threaten extermination in the literal sense of the word. It were unnecessary as ungracious to dwell on the disarming of the inhabitants of the highlands and western isles. It was deemed expedient, and they quietly submitted. But it was left for that luminary in the political world, the late Lord Chatham, to conciliate the regards of the chieftains and their followers; and to enlist them at once on the side of government, and give full play to their courage in the field, and talents in every department of art and science,

25

In arts refin'd and sciences profound.—P. 21.

WITHOUT reference to any remote period of Scottish

history, many illustrious persons might be mentioned, natives of the Grampians and Western isles, who have flourished in public life, eminently distinguished for talents and virtue.

- “ Yes, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
- “ Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
- “ From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
- “ Thy fond imploring country turns her eyes ;
- “ In thee, with all a mother’s triumph, sees
- “ Her every virtue, every grace combin’d,
- “ Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
- “ Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
- “ Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
- “ Of sulphurous war, on Tenier’s dreadful field.
- “ Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :
- “ For powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
- “ Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
- “ While mix’d in thee, combine the charm of youth,
- “ The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
- “ Thee FORBES too, whom every worth attends,
- “ As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
- “ Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
- “ Thy country feels thro’ her reviving arts,
- “ Plan’d by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform’d ;
- “ And seldom has she known a friend like thee.”

THOMSON.

Thus the inimitable bard of the SEASONS celebrates two of the “ children of the Gael,” who were at once powerful chiefs, and men eminently great on the grand theatre of public affairs. MACLAURIN, the friend of our immor-

tal NEWTON, is another of those illustrious characters of whom honourable mention might be made, was a native of Argyleshire. (The learned reader is referred to Mac-laurin's "Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries," second edition, printed in the year 1750.) On looking into the army or navy list, it will be seen what a prodigious number of the Gaël are high in rank in those departments of the state. And, were delicacy to admit of personal panegyric, some but lately departed, and not a few now living, might, from an abler pen, receive it as justly due to their talents and virtues. Amongst the former, the two M'Phersons stand eminently conspicuous, particularly the translator of the poems of Ossian. Amongst the latter, Doctors Fergusson, Bisset, and Buchanan; the Honourable Archibald M'Donald, Sir William Grant, Messrs Garrow, Macintosh, M'Leod, M'Arthur, M'Pherson, M'Farlane, and many more highly distinguished, at the bar, in the senate, and in the various walks of elegant and useful knowledge, which might do honour to any age or country, who drew their first breath in the midst of the bleak mountains of the North, or Western Islands.

NOTES

ON

BOOK SECOND.

re sure than sped the stalker's deadly aim.—P. 26.

THE deer-stalker is now a character but little known on the rampians. I well remember, when a lad, the great pleasure I felt on being permitted to accompany the stalker on his secret expeditions to the forest of Glenartney, (Dunblairshire) then in the possession of the late General Hamilton, who himself was a keen sportsman. When I obtained the stalker's consent, we generally set out a little before dusk, and hovered at a distance from the forest, waiting the exact spot on which the deer lay down for the night. After it was dark, we stole softly as near them as we were able, and lay on our arms all night without uttering a word. Just as the day dawned, we could distinctly observe them rise and stretch their limbs, which was a signal for us to take aim; and we rarely failed in bringing down the best hart of the whole herd; which we carefully hid, and returned to rest, till the afternoon; and, with proper assistance, we brought home our booty, and feasted on venison while it lasted.

2

He waked the slumbering echoes of each hill.—P. 26.

THIS alludes to the well-known circumstance of the extreme insensibility to danger in spring-time of the heath-cock, when under the influence of that irresistible instinctive desire for the company of his mate ; which I have heard him express with a voice impassioned, peculiar to the season immediately preceding that of incubation. It is one of the mischeivous practices of the present race of shepherds to take advantage of the inattention to safety of this bird, to shoot him : hence, this is one of the principal causes of the scarcity of grouse in the proper season. Moor-burn is another ; and the most wanton, and wicked of all, is that of killing the hen during incubation, breaking her eggs, and destroying her nest. Sheep, too, are great enemies to heath-game, which is seldom abundant, where sheep are in any considerable number.

3

Relies on sound advice—forthwith departs.—P. 29.

THE turn for litigation which the Gael have taken since the introduction of the sheep-store system, is truly astonishing. And the practitioners of the law, more especially writers (attornies) are daily increasing in number, and of these many are natives of the Grampians, who, on their return from Edinburgh, at the close of a summer-session, generally spend some months amongst their friends at home ; during which time they are not entirely idle, for many a case is submitted to their superior judgment ; and they fail not to give such *sound advice*, as shall ultimately prove lucrative in a cause which they

graciously undertake to *manage*: thus the advice asked, and given, proves, not unfrequently, the source of gain on the one hand, and of eventual loss, nay, for the most part, certain ruin on the other; unless indeed some lucky hit happens to turn the balance, and make it rest steadily on the side of justice.

4.

The yearly journey ye were wont to take.—P. 30.

The ancient mode of rural economy with respect to the subdivision of *in-field*, *out-field*, and *hill-pasture*, has already been stated. Some time in May, cattle of every description were wont to be collected, and conveyed from the lower to the higher ranges of pasture, where they were kept during the remainder of summer, and most part of autumn. The charms of novelty gave peculiar delight to the upland occupations of the months that were spent among the mountains, the return from which had also its peculiar pleasures; and these are so happily expressed in the elegant numbers of a sister-poet, that I feel an irresistible desire of gratifying the reader with the following quotation, descriptive of the circumstances alluded to.

“ When round the lonely hamlet’s green domain,
 “ The grass in fresh luxuriance springs again;
 “ When flowery herbage richly clothes the mead,
 “ And corn shot up, supplies the past’ral reed;
 “ Then from the *Summer-sheals* their course they bend,
 “ And with reluctant leisure slow descend.

" How cheap the pleasures of the simple mind !
 " Unknown to joys that fashion calls refin'd :
 " What fine, what slender, and unconscious ties,
 " To hold the kind ingenuous heart, suffice.
 " The wide, wild haunts, where nature lonely reigns,
 " Unwilling they forsake, to seek the plains ;
 " Yet when they see the dear familiar spot,
 " Where each describes his lov'd, his native cot,
 " Well pleas'd they hail the Genius of the plain,
 " And joy to meet their household-gods again :
 " Though penury and ceaseless toil await,
 " They resolutely brave the storms of fate,
 " And see fair Hope's eternal lamp display
 " The gloomy path that leads to endless day."

Mrs GRANT'S Poems, p. 50.

5

Where lonely bothans stud the lively green.—P. 30.

THE verdant spots interspersed among the hills, were generally chosen for erecting the huts booths, or *bothanson*. And such a narrow green plat is called *airidh, summer-sheal*, or *shieling*.

6

Is seen the crested cappercaillzie rare.—P. 32.

THE *capul-coille* (cappercaillzie) or *cock of the wood*, a species of grouse, was once found in abundance among the Grampians, but has entirely disappeared within these forty years. The last *capul-coille* seen in these parts, was that in a pine forest part of the property of Chisholme of that ilk, on the Spey, Inverness-shire, the two legs of which were given to our late professor (for alas ! he is

no more! having died a few days since) of natural history Dr Walker, in whose collection they will be found. This bird, it is believed, was that mentioned by Mr Pennant in his *British Zoology*, (I. 199.) and also by Mr Daniel (Part II. ii. 137.) in his *Rural Sports*. "From Moscow and Petersburgh," says this reverend Author, "they (the wood-grouse or capercailzie) are sent during the cold season as presents to London, their flesh being esteemed a delicacy at our sumptuous tables; and for the most part they arrive in good condition." They are nearly the size and weight of a middling turkey, and frequently weigh from twelve to sixteen pounds. They have now, I am told, become extinct in Ireland, and also in Wales. A clergyman of Edinburgh, I am informed, who spent some years in Scandinavia, is well acquainted with this species of game, and shot many during his residence in the north of Europe. I observe mention made of the cock of the wood, or capercailzie, in a small tract, entitled, "A Description of the County of Angus, translated from the original Latin of Robert Edward, minister of Murroes," (Dundee, printed 1793) drawn up in the year 1678, which proves clearly the great abundance of this bird at that time in those parts of the Grampians belonging to the county of Angus. The male and the female, it should seem, (like the *fashionables* of the present day), live separately, till early in spring, the male, "flushed with the joys of conjugal love, the wood-cock, (*capul-coille*) from the spreading tree, takes his airy flight to the less masculine cover of the heathy plain; with watchful looks he rears his waving crest above the slender branches of the heath; his steps are

“ in search of the coy charmer of his breast, whose half-
 “ inviting distant notes he eagerly pursues with joyful
 “ flight ; with majestic grace he shakes the varying co-
 “ lour of his swelling pride, and solicits the friendly glance
 “ of the female eye, while the spreading wing invites her
 “ to the warm embrace.” “ Fly not the arms of thy
 “ lover,” continues the poet, “ daughter of the heath ;
 “ this is the nuptial season of the feathered tribe : every
 “ tender pair taste the pleasures of love in the surround-
 “ hills. The joys of nature, without interruption, be thy
 “ portion, sprightly daughter of the nimble eye ! thy
 “ grateful lover will remain faithful to the charmer of his
 “ breast ; he will yet provide thee food, and cheer thy
 “ heart with melodious notes * from the distant tree,
 “ when thou spreadest thy motherly wings o’er the ten-
 “ ants of the nest ; and, with the animating kindness of
 “ thy speckled bosom, warm into existence a feeble crew,
 “ the feathered sons of the shell.” (Clerk’s Translation
 of the Caledonian Bards, Vol. I. p. 189, 190.)

6 REPEATED by mistake,

7

They sleepless languish, pent in narrow space.—P. 35.

8

Implore assistance, but implore too late.—P. 36.

THESE notes allude to the miseries which, for want of room and medical assistance, many of the emigrants ex-

* With respect to the “ *melodious notes*” of the cock of the wood, however, the naturalist is greatly at variance with the poet : he, (the capercailzie) places himself on an eminence, or perches on a tree, and calls the female with “ a noise not unlike that of a scythe.” Daniel’s Rural Sports, Vol. II. p. 137.

perienced in their passage to America, proofs for which were first laid before the Highland Society of Scotland, and afterwards communicated to ministry, immediately prior to the bill which was passed (24th June 1803) for restricting emigration to America from Great Britain and Ireland.

9

To sink midst thousands in eternal rest.—P 36.

THE history of the plague holds out an awful lesson of the unavailing efforts of human skill, to counteract its terrible effects in depopulating cities, districts, and considerable sections of the habitable globe : witness the description of pestilence given by various writers ; particularly that mentioned in ancient history, which first appeared in the reign of JUSTITIAN, and raged with unparalleled malignity for fifty years. The great plague which had nearly cut off the greater number of the citizens of London, in the year 1665, during which, in one fortnight, no less than one thousand one hundred and fourteen dead bodies, were thrown into one pit, dug on purpose, of 40 feet in length, by 16 in breadth, and 20 in depth, in the charter-house. And such was the dreadful state of distraction, that several instances are recorded of mothers, in the frenzy of the moment, rushing forth with their infants in their arms to the brink of the common grave, and in the agonies of despair, dropping the darling of their breast, and plunging headlong after it alive into the mass of putrefaction among their dead friends and kindred. (*vide Journal of the Plague in the year 1665.*) The dreadful calamity which made its appearance at Philadelphia in summer 1793, and af-

terwards in different parts of America, and in several of the West India islands, called, by way of distinction, the *yellow-fever*, (the worst species of *ship* or *jail* fever) is fresh in every one's memory. And what our fleets and armies have suffered by this terrible scourge of the human race, need not here be repeated.

10

Retrace their steps, and seek their loathsome jail.—P. 37.

THIS is a well known fact, the particulars respecting which were laid before Government.

11

Will swarm with peaceful and laborious men.—P. 38.

IT seems one of those political first principles, which all acknowledge as incontrovertible, that population is uniformly great, in proportion as the means of subsistence increase. Hence the due culture of the soil yielding the necessary supplies for the immediate wants of nature, the human species multiplies; and, in like manner, domestic animals reared by the earth's produce, increase in number and improve in quality; some of which furnishing materials for raiment, and a more generous kind of food, and others assisting in the more laborious parts of rural economy, prove of the utmost importance in the progress of agricultural improvement, population, and civil refinement. But at any time, should a community become so numerous as to cause a considerable diminution of the ordinary means of subsistence in those districts to which they belong; then, in that case, it may be deemed necessary to remove to other unoccupied spots susceptible of

cultivation ; and by degrees colonize, and improve the lands that lie nearest at hand ; and afterwards the more remote ; till at length the waste lands presenting sufficient encouragement to persons disposed to cultivate and fertilize the soil, many would naturally remove thither, in order to settle thereon, and establish their families by the fruits of their industry. And should even the waste-lands by unwearied perseverance, and well-directed labour, be converted from seemingly barren ground into portions of arable land, or pasture-ranges ; and of consequence, the cultivators increase in population, so as actually to be too numerous for the limits of their possessions ; then indeed, a distant region of the earth may, as a last shift, be resorted to, when allurements are in prospect which in the enjoyment shall make ample amends for the great sacrifice once made, of leaving the mother-country, endeared to individuals by those inexplicable feelings which bind them to the spot of their nativity. But let us bring this view of the subject home to the present question, and consider calmly the existing circumstances with regard to the improvement of *waste-lands*, as one of the great means of preventing emigration to America.

It is well known that vast tracts of waste-land, highly susceptible of improvement, remain in a state of unprofitable sterility in many parts of South Britain and Ireland. Nay, within the confines of the Grampians, to say nothing of the Western Islands, there are stretches of moss-lands, or moor, which, if duly cultivated, would certainly yield corn, green crops, and pasture of the richest quality. For instance, large tracts of moor are to be found in Caithness, Sutherland, and Ross shires ; witness

the Black-island, as it is called, in the latter county opposite Inverness ; besides other immense tracts of waste-lands in the western districts of Inverness-shire, Perthshire, and county of Argyle ; in situations too, very favourable for the raising crops of hemp, a circumstance worthy of notice : as it is alleged that the production of hemp exhausts the richer soils which yield food for man and domestic animals ; of consequence, reclaimed wastes being so much added to the lands already cultivated, the gain is of a two-fold nature ; for corn-bearing land is thus spared from being scourged by hemp-crops, and seemingly barren wilds are made to produce largely a raw commodity, for which immense sums are laid out by government, yearly, for the cordage and sail-cloth of our fleets. But the production of hemp, great as it may be, is not the only consideration within the range of this prospect. Every one knows that reclaimed moss-grounds yield luxuriant crops of corn, turnip, and potatoes, which might be alternated with hemp, or flax, were those products found upon fair trial to answer.

Instead, therefore, of suffering our oppressed Gael to emigrate to America, allure them by every possible encouragement to improve and colonize those vast tracts of waste-lands within the confines of the Grampians, Western Isles, and Orkneys : And should those wastes be duly cultivated and peopled, even beyond the most sanguine hope, are there not immense tracts of moor-land in the counties of Ayr, Dumfries, and Galloway, which might be colonized from the Grampians : And should even those waste lands be improved and peopled to the utmost extent ; are there not abundance of waste-lands in

England and Wales highly susceptible of culture, to which our Gael might be invited, and become useful to themselves, and serviceable to a nation by the increase of their numbers, and diligence of each in some useful department of rural economy, or agricultural improvement.

It is a well known fact, that, though there are forty millions of acres under constant cultivation in Great Britain, yet the yearly produce of those are in truth inadequate to the ordinary supplies of the men and horses of our island. And it is well ascertained also, that there are no less than twenty-two millions three hundred and fifty thousand acres of waste-lands, which neither the spade nor the plough have ever touched, yet highly susceptible of improvement; but being thus suffered to remain in a state of unprofitable sterility, is a national reproach, and a disgrace to this age of agricultural speculation; more especially when it is considered with what success the cultivation of moss-ground has been attended; witness one singular instance, namely the moss of Kincardine, the property of George Drummond Home, Esq., some account of which I gave in my Tour in Scotland, printed in the year 1802. But having been led into some mistakes respecting the real state of improvements of that once dreary waste, I gladly embrace the present occasion of correcting the errors alluded to; and at the same time presenting the reader with an accurate statement of the population, live-stock, grounds cleared, &c. of said moss, which the proprietor himself has politely communicated, in answer to my queries respecting its improved state, transmitted to his brother-in-law, Henry Jardine, Esq, of the Ex-

chequer, by whom it was forwarded to me on the 19th January 1804.

It is sufficiently well known, that the late Henry Home Lord Kames, was the original projector of colonizing and improving that part of his property on the Blair-Drummond estate, called the *Kincardine moss*. In the year 1767, a portion of that moss-ground was let in lease to one person, being the first tenant who boldly ventured on this bleak, inhospitable waste. In the year 1783, the present proprietor entered into possession of the estate in question, when there remained unoccupied about two-thirds of the whole extent of the moss. And following up the steps of his illustrious predecessor, he adopted a more liberal and spirited plan of improvement; the consequence of which is, that one-third of the whole is at this moment reclaimed; and an example thus held out to the island at large, of what perseverance, and well-directed diligence may realize, under circumstances, in aspect, the most cheerless and forbidding. But, in order to satisfy the reader, I shall here quote the words of the communication, as the existing facts respecting the population and improvements will prove the best commentary on a plan, deemed, by some superficial observers, rather visionary; but which time and experience have shewn clearly, that they who viewed it thus at a distance, saw dimly through the hazy medium of prejudice; or with a squint, in which case, things invariably appear double, or distorted.

“ The present state of population, ground cleared, &c.
“ of the Kincardine moss, January 17th 1804.

“ Number of families, 159

“ Ditto, of souls 720

“ Ditto, of Scots acres cleared about 500

“ Ditto, of cows about 159

“ Ditto, of horses about 60

“ Ditto, of carts about 60

“ It need only be mentioned that, were the leases out, every acre cleared would, at this moment, let currently at from 40 to 50 shillings per acre. Meantime the tenants are reaping the fruits of their industry, very justly, by possessing the ground they have cleared, at low rents, upon long leases, (i. e. 57 years) the terms of which are mentioned in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.”

What a striking instance of productive labour ! on a spot, too, which not more than thirty-seven years ago was a state of seemingly hopeless sterility ! 720 souls maintained on the produce of five hundred acres of arable land, besides furnishing subsistence to 159 cows and horses, in an extent in whole of not more than fifteen hundred acres, including moss-grounds as yet untouched the spade or the plough !

Would it not be worthy of a patriotic association, say fifty or an hundred gentlemen of property, to follow a similar line of improvement and population, as that so happily realized on the moss-grounds of Kincardine ? Why, might not such an association, purchase, not only waste-lands, but also considerable tracts of pasture, for the purpose of introducing an improved system of store-farming ; together with an establishment of woollen manufacture, which ought always to be conjoined with the rear-

ing of a fine-wool breed of sheep, such as that peculiar to the Grampians and Western Isles ? Thus population and improvement would go hand in hand, and thus would public advantage, as it ever ought, be conjoined with private benefit, the natural and happy result of virtuous ingenuity, and well-directed industry,—the never-failing source of the WEALTH OF NATIONS.

12

Th' alarming ill—and benefit the whole.—P. 39.

ALTHOUGH I am disposed to give sufficient credit to those who, in the alarm of the moment, from good intentions, urged on the framing and passing of the “act for regulating the vessels carrying passengers from the United Kingdom to his Majesty’s plantations and settlements abroad, or to foreign parts, with respect to the number of such passengers,” (24th June 1803) yet, considering it a bold and *untried* remedy in the cure of a desperate disease, I earnestly wish that the patient may not die of the doctor. But when the subject of emigration is resumed, I trust our senators will not be taken by surprize ; as by that time, perhaps, they will be better informed with respect to the real interests of the nation, as well as the true causes of disgust that gave rise to the late migrations from the Grampians and adjacent isles.

13

On earth’s vast bosom where can such be found.—P. 14.

THE inexhaustible treasures of the mineral kingdom universally dispersed throughout the Hebrides and Grampian hills, have been described by tourists, and naturalists,

professed mineralists, so often, as to render any minute detail in this place altogether superfluous ; I shall therefore refer the reader to B. F. Saint Fond's Travels, (translated by Ross) Aitkin's Tour, Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, Jamieson's Mineralogy of the Scottish Isles, and William's Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom, for particular information respecting the great variety of marbles, porphyry, granite, &c. to be found in those districts.

NOTES

ON

BOOK THIRD.

1

And urge his coming in his kindling ire.—P. 46.

ALLUDING to the descent of the God BRAHMA for the tenth time, in order to destroy all delinquents whose amendment is hopeless, agreeable to one of the dogmas of the Hindoo religion, which in many respects resemble those of the Jewish and Christian creeds, and heathen mythology.

2

Supreme disposer of vast India's stores.—P. 47.

THE discovery of India and America forms one of those epochs in the history of mankind, which give a turn to the intellectual, but more especially to the active feelings of the soul. Any one the least conversant in ancient and modern history is fully aware that the predominant passions of adventurers are, inordinate ambition and an ungovernable degree of avarice ; which certainly debase the mind, and stifle the generous emotions that exalt human nature, and distinguish the individual.

3

— gold is the soul
social order's wisely plan'd controul.—P.

DEVILLE'S "*Fable of the Bees*," will best illustrate the verses I have devoted to this passage. "*Privileges, public benefits*," is the ruling maxim with politicians. Moral philosophers have hitherto inculcated this pernicious sentiment; with the exception of a dignified ecclesiastic still living, whose systematic moral philosophy is deemed by many the height of wisdom: the illustrious moralist alluded to in the poem, that the general well-being of a country, is the condition most favourable to its population. (I shall quote his own words) "that of a laborious people ministering to the demands of an opulent nation." *Vide* PALEY'S *Mor. Phil.* Vol. II. p. 359. Would to heaven! ethics and political economy were not at such variance as at present they are! Are they destined to remain so?

4

— since forty summers since an alien breed.—P. 55.

A part of the present poem was written in August and September 1799 to the young lady (my daughter-in-law) to whom it is addressed, from the wilds of the Grampians, whilst resident in the house of our principal agent, and manager of country affairs, from whom I learned the following circumstances respecting the progress of the sheep-store system, or *alien breed*, in the region of the Grampians and Western Isles. So the person alluded to remembers, when he was a

lad at school, about the beginning of winter 1759, he was employed by one James Yule, a shepherd or store-farmer at Alva near Stirling, to keep a flock of about four hundred *hogs* (lambs of a year old) during that season, on part of the lands of Mr Buchanan of Cambusmore, near Callander in Monteith, at the foot of the Grampians, in the western district of Perthshire. The reason of James Yule making this trial, was, that by thus relieving his winter-pasture of a number of the younger store, those which remained behind had a greater range, and consequently a better chance of more food, when scanty, during the dead of winter, and before the new grass appears in spring-time. Hence the sheep are in tolerable condition, and are less liable to those diseases which so frequently cut off such numbers of the flock. This trial turning out well, induced Yule to repeat the experiment; and others following his example, very soon came to learn the benefit of stocking lightly; or of relieving a pretty numerous store when heavy on the winter-pasture, especially in years of continued storms of snow, or of intense *black frost*. Soon after these attempts to introduce the *alien*, or *black-faced* Linton breed of sheep into the highlands, several shepherds from the hilly districts of south or Scottish border, took large tracts of country for sheep-walks; and among the first who ventured within the confines of the Grampian hills, was one *Lackwyne*, who went to Cowal in Argyleshire. Not long after this adventure, other two of the name of *Murray*, who came somewhere from the border, settled in Glenfallach and Glendochart in Perthshire: and a short time thereafter, one *Lindsay* stocked a considerable

stretch of country near Locheirin-head, in the same county. From these beginnings, then, we date the sheep-store system, which within the last twenty years has spread so rapidly in every direction ; and which at present threatens to extirpate not only the native breeds of sheep and black cattle, but even the ancient race of the G  el, the “ bold peasantry ” of our mountains and western isles—

“ Ill fares the land, to hast’ning ills a prey,
 “ Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
 “ Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
 “ A breath can make them as a breath has made ;
 “ But a bold peasantry, their country’s pride,
 “ When once destroy’d, can never be supplied.”

GOLDSMITH.

5

And brave a thousand deaths of various form.—P. 56.

PERHAPS it is none of the least of the many properties of the *native* breed of sheep of the Grampians, that of their braving the inclemency of the seasons far beyond those of any other sort that has hitherto been introduced by our sheep-store masters. But, in truth, there are other considerations, of more weight, which ought impartially to be examined with regard to the particular breeds of sheep which might be reared in the highlands and adjacent isles ; particularly with respect to the delicacy and richness of flavour of the muscular solid, as an article of food ; and more especially the texture of the wool, the great staple for British manufacture. Now, it

is a well-known fact, that the Linton, or black-faced breed, which were originally introduced into the Grampians, (i. e. after the year 1759), though when compared to the large white-faced or Leicester sheep, afford more delicate muscular solid, yet are in this respect infinitely inferior to the small delicious mutton of the real native breed ; which, like that of the Welch, is little inferior in point of flavour to venison, and as easy of manducation, as the firmest well-fed veal, or the tenderest mountain-lamb, in its proper season. Without doubt, the Linton sheep are hardy, and easily reared in mountainous districts ; but then they are very subject to a loathsome and fatal distemper called *braxy*, which carries off prodigious numbers, and those, too, of the best, to appearance, of the flock. But the native breed seem not liable to that disease, as, previous to the introduction of the Linton breed, I am credibly informed no such disorder as *braxy* was ever heard of in the Grampians or Western Isles. The fleece of the black-faced sort is long, loose, shaggy, and coarse in texture ; of consequence fetches but a low price when sent to market. The native breed, on the contrary, possess fleeces of a texture remarkable for fineness, closeness, and softness to the sense of touch ; and when sent to the market, fetch double, nay treble the sum the merchant allows for the coarse wool. Now, since our native breed (of whatever variety) are hardier, and endure the inclemency of the winter and spring, are of a superior quality of carcase, and are easier fattened, and their fleece of a closer texture, and finer pile ; it is but reasonable to conclude, that we ought to rear those best sorts of our native breed in preference to any alien species or va-

riety whatsoever ; except those indeed that come nearest the native in point of fleece and mutton ; such as the North Wales, the Cheviot, the Galloway, and Zetland breeds, which it is generally believed are pretty nearly allied to those of the western isles, which Donald Monro (whom Buchanan quotes, Book I.) mentions to have seen “ feeding masterless, partayning peculiarly to no “ man ;” about the end of the fifteenth century. And some imagine this breed was introduced by the Danes, when the Hebrides were in their possession. Were I not satisfied in my own mind, that the native breed was preferable to all others, I would strongly recommend, in preference to the *braxy* black-faced Linton breed, those of Cheviot, Ryeland, Southdown, and even the Spanish breed, which on certain altitudes above the level of the sea, and under favourable circumstances, with proper management, might thrive well, and prove a source of private advantage and national wealth. Before dismissing this subject, I shall drop the hint following, and state it by way of query. Might not the Highland Society institute an enquiry respecting the possibility of restoring the ancient breed of sheep ; and, on being fully satisfied with regard to the facts above stated, would it not prove a stimulus to some spirited individuals, were a handsome premium held out, for any one who, in the course of a given time, should produce the greatest number, in the first place, and afterwards of the best quality, of the *native* breed,—the number of such a flock not to be under threescore ? At first the chief attention ought to be directed to the restoration of the true breed ; and afterwards to *draw*, year after year, and thus, better the breed,

till at length it shall be found that the breed is in fact improved in bone and fineness of wool ; and I will be bold to say that our native sheep shall, in point of size, be little, if at all, under those of the *braxy* sort ; and assuredly in point of mutton, and of fleece, far superior and profitable ; add to this the healthiness and hardiness of the former in comparison of the latter, circumstances of great moment in the eye of the store-master. For farther information on this very interesting subject, the reader is referred to the writings of Dr James Anderson, Dr John Smith, Sir John Sinclair's, Statistical Accounts, and the Farmer's Magazine.

6

Their bones are found beneath the melting wreath.—P. 57.

IN thinly inhabited countries, such as the Grampians now present, the greatest danger of travelling, particularly during winter, or early in spring, arises from the want of houses, cottages, or huts, whose inhabitants might occasionally offer shelter for a night to the passing stranger, should he happen to be either benighted or suddenly overtaken by a storm. The melancholy accidents that frequently occur, of persons perishing among the snow, and whose bodies remain covered beneath, till pretty far advanced in spring, seem little regarded ; and though the relatives of the deceased live at a great distance from the spot on which the devoted victim breathed his last, yet, if but the bare skeleton remain (and it often happens that the birds of prey pick the muscles entirely off the bones before they be discovered), the mournful duties of sepulture are religiously performed, by carrying the sad remains

to the hallowed spot where the forefathers of the deceased repose in peace; and I have known instances of bodies so found, carried the distance of thirty or forty miles over the most dreary, bleak, and almost impassable moor to the place of interment.

7

Repose they find not, till beneath the Tweed.—P. 60.

ALLUDING to the inhospitable treatment of unfortunate strangers in hurrying them from hamlet to village, from village to market-town, from town to city, till the persons so treated reach the parish to which they belong; an inhuman practice, which the poor-laws sanction south of the Tweed; consequently is deemed proper, lest the individual should become a burden on the parish, already groaning under a weight of indolent paupers who live at their ease on the industry of the laborious poor, and others who are enormously taxed in order to support an establishment with which the northern section of our island is happily unacquainted. It has often been matter of surprise to me, that some simple plan has never been devised to mitigate the oppressive burden necessarily imposed by the existing laws relative to the *poor-rates*. If the following hints, which I shall give in the form of queries, rouse some ingenious person's attention to this extremely interesting subject, so as to frame a practicable scheme for the industrious poor *maintaining themselves* in old age, sickness, or decayed circumstances, the end will be well served, and highly gratifying to my feelings, in having been instrumental of so great a good to the nation at large,

but more especially to the inhabitants of the southern section of Great Britain.

1. Whether a male, sound in mind and body, of the full age of twenty-one years, married, or unmarried, who being possessed of neither patrimony nor means of living without labour or some honest sort of industry ; and having learned a trade, or being employed honourably by sea-faring persons, or by those who cultivate the soil, rear cattle, &c. may not by law be made to pay one farthing in the shilling of his earning or gain by labour, till he be twenty-eight years of age ; one farthing in the two shillings till he be thirty-five ; one farthing in the three shillings till he be forty-two ; and one farthing in the four shillings till he be forty-nine : After which he shall cease to pay, and be entitled, in the event of sickness, ill-health, or decayed circumstances, to a certain sum weekly for his subsistence ?

2. Whether a female of the age above mentioned, and under similar circumstances, might not be made pay one half of the sums specified, if unmarried, and be entitled to the benefit in like manner as the male ?

3. Whether, in case of a male or female of the above description falling into an ill state of health, imbecility of mind, or decayed circumstances, might not be entitled to receive subsistence money at any period of life, provided such were found deserving of succour from the parish or district in which an individual lived at the time of his or her misfortune ?

4. Whether, in order to prevent imposition with respect to the idle, dissolute, or of rogues and vagabonds, or incorrigible delinquents, it might not be expedient to

me a code of appropriate laws, and appoint a *Committee of Inspection* in each parish, or district, for the purpose of regulating matters relative to the proper objects of the charitable fund thus pointed out ?

5. Whether, instead of work-houses, colleges, &c. for the reception of the poor, it might not be better, upon the whole, to board individuals in the houses of respectable persons of the same rank in life, either in town or country ?

6. Whether a permanent fund might not be established for the relief of the widows and orphans of the industrious poor, by a very moderate poor-rate, say three-pence in the pound of actual rent of lands or of houses ; one half to be paid by the proprietor, and the other half by the tenant for the time being ; and that said fund should be managed by the committee of inspection as mentioned above ?

7. Whether, in cases of idleness, feigned distress, rogue-ry, &c. a bridewell would not be a necessary establishment, in order to reclaim delinquents, or sturdy beggars, and by this means relieve the parish of vagrants, and vagabonds, and cause them maintain themselves by the sweat of their brow, or compulsory diligence ?

8. Whether, if after establishments such as those recommended, sanctioned by law, and wisely governed, the paupers, strictly so called, would be found in a well regulated commonwealth, when thus duly provided for in sickness, decayed circumstances, or old age ; and all this might about by the savings of individual industry, accumulating as a permanent fund for the benefit of the whole : thus annihilating poor rates, and creating a new

source of succour to the indigent, but industrious classes of the nation ?

A thousand objections, I am fully aware, might be started against the scheme thus hinted at ; but if the bare suggestion of it set others a-thinking on some more practicable one, my intention is answered, and the public thereby gainers, which is my utmost wish ; in a word, **LET THE POOR MAINTAIN THEMSELVES.** A proposition in political economy, of too great importance to be treated but as it deserves.

8

Our senate wisely trusts in part to you.—P. 64.

THAT there are Proprietors of the Grampian and western isles, who love their tenantry, and cherish a becoming spirit of improvement, free from that purblind policy of oppressing the poor, is a fact too well known to need illustration in this place. And, it is hoped, when the Legislature shall resume the consideration of the best means to restore the Gael to their native country, or frame laws for the better accommodation of our highland peasantry, and tacksmen of condition, that they who have withstood the temptations of *rack-rent*, and who have never ventured to turn to the wide world the ancient race of tenants, will come forward with becoming dignity, and give every countenance to a well digested scheme, for bettering the condition of the poor, and establishing our peasantry in their former possessions, or in others of equal value, and comfortable accommodation.

NOTES

ON

BOOK FOURTH.

1

Let those true marks be found your herds among.—P. 71.

A Cow, of the Sky or Kintail breed, is a remarkably handsome animal ; it carries its head erect, which gives it a deer-like air, peculiar to the cattle of those districts. Besides a straight, thick back, deep in the rib, elevated head and neck ; small blue or clear yellow horns, tipped with black, and sharp-pointed ; the hide of a dark brown colour, short legs, and large bushy tail,—are marks truly characteristic of a cow, ox, or bull, of the real highland breed of black-cattle.

2

The dreadful screidan rolls its ruin wide.—P. 74.

A *screidan* is that terrible appearance which the sudden bursting forth of the side of a mountain exhibits during a tremendous storm, and leaves a deep chasm, indicative of the fearful convulsion which took place at the moment : Many such gaps may be seen among the Grampians : Their effects are sometimes truly destructive and awful.

3

And all the power of human skill derides.—P. 79.

THE notion of abstracting the butyraceous part of cream by witchcraft, was prevalent not only in the highlands, but also in the lowlands of Scotland, and is glanced at by Allan Ramsay in the Gentle Shepherd,

“*When TIBBY kirk’d (churn’d) and there nae butter came.*”

Chemistry, however, has broke the spell, and the cause why an imperfect concretion of the butyraceous particles takes place in churning, has at length been detected. Cream is a mixture of cheese and butter, which is collected on the surface of the milk; the admission of the common air, from which oxygene is absorbed, in agitating the cream, is necessary to the operation; otherwise the formation of butter does not take place; hence the failure when air is cut off from the mass in the act of churning; which superstition ascribed to supernatural power, or witchcraft.

4

For a’l the season’s requisite supplies.—P. 79.

The choice of pasture-ranges is a first consideration with the store-master, whose live-stock consists of sheep chiefly. The great aim is sufficient extent of high and low pasture; two-thirds, or at least one half, of strong heathy soil, where *cainchean* (*ERIOPHORUM*, Lin.) or moss-crops, or cotton-grass, spring up early in February, and is reckoned excellent food, and is the first which sheep nibble greedily on after the severities of the winter.

This species of grass, when full grown, has a beautiful appearance; the down of its seeds is white as snow, somewhat of a silky texture, but resembling in its general appearance cotton; hence called cotton-grass. When gathered by the country people, they stuff beds with it, and it is little if at all inferior to eider-down in point of softness and elasticity. To *cainchean* succeeds *Cip-chean-dubb* (SCRIPUS. *Lin.*) Deer-hair, or club-rush, and is the choice food of sheep and black cattle, from the beginning of March till pretty far advanced in May; when a great variety of nutritious grasses spring up, which supply the herds and flocks in the higher pasture-ranges till the middle of October; when it is proper to allow them to descend to the lower ranges, except in fine weather, when they may be turned to more elevated situations, in order to save the wintering.

5

Or should your nether range the turnip rear.—P. 79.

THE preservation of live-stock through winter displays the skill of the experienced store-master more than any other part of his arduous task; to this, therefore, his whole attention ought steadily to be directed. In order that the flocks and herds may have a sufficient supply of food, on which their safety, comfort, and good condition, depend; besides what they may be able to procure themselves in mild open weather (which seldom happens, save in very sheltered places, particularly near inlets of the sea, along considerable tracts of sea-shore, or insular situations) it will be prudent, nay necessary, to make as much hay in due season as possible; and where this cannot be

had, *heath-top* hay may answer very well as a substitute. This practice, I find, is followed by the farmers of the higher parts of Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, where they cut off the heath when it is in bloom, about the latter end of July, or beginning of August. During severe snow-storms, the people of that district are sometimes under the necessity of uncovering the heath with spades; in order that their sheep may nibble the tops of it, which frequently is the means of saving hundreds, which for sheer want would otherwise inevitably perish. But if, instead of the tardy and operose mode of uncovering the heath or sward with spades, the snow-plough were used, the operation would not only be more expeditious, but much more effectual. See "Observations on the Advantages that might be derived from the *Snow-Plough*, by the Sheep-Farmers in the Highlands;" by Dr J. Anderson. Report on the Shetland Wool, Appendix, NO. VII. An implement of husbandry similar to the preceding, is that made use of in Norfolk called the *snow-sledge*, for uncovering turnips in the field during deep snows that have lain long on the ground. (See Marshall's Rural Economy of Northfolk, Vol. I. p. 59.) Turnips, above all, ought, if possible, to constitute the staple article of the winter provision of the store-farm. In some parts of the highlands turnips have been introduced, and cultivated with the greatest success: I shall only mention three instances at very considerable distances from each other, in the very bosom of the Grampian mountains, viz. at *Fascally* (the property of Mr Butter) near the pass of Killicrankie; at *Dall* (a farm belonging to the Honourable Baron Norton) in Rannoch; and at *Blarour* (in the possession of

the same gentleman) part of the property of the Duke of Gordon in Lochaber ; at which places turnip crops are reared of the very best quality ; and prove of the greatest advantage in feeding sheep and black-cattle during winter, and severe weather in spring-time.

6

Obeys the whistle shrill, or wave of hand.—P. 80.

THE wonderful sagacity of the shepherd's dog, when well trained, cannot be conceived by any one who has not had an opportunity of witnessing the use he is of in the management of the flock. The shepherd's dog of true breed requires but little trouble in teaching him his duty : a shepherd is generally attended by two dogs, a *rearing-dog* that will cast off, and keep steadily in front of the flock, not permitting a hoof to stir till commanded by his master : and a *gathering-dog*, that will ascend with great celerity the summit of the highest hills, gather in the wanderers to the flock, hunt them away to the flocks, or thence convey them slowly down to the flock or fold as directed ; all which he performs most faithfully, without ever touching the sheep, or annoying them in the smallest degree : The *sheep-cur*, or sheep-biter, is of a very different nature, for though

- “ ————A pattern of fidelity by day ;
 “ By night a *murderer*, (lurking for his prey) ;
 “ And round the pastures or the field will creep,
 “ And coward-like attack the peaceful *sheep* :
 “ Alone the wanton mischief he pursues,
 “ Alone in reeking blood his jaws imbrues ;

" Chacing amain his fright'ned victims round,
 " Till death in wild confusion strews the ground;
 " Then wearied out, to kennel sneaks away,
 " And licks his guilty paws till break of day.
 " The deed discover'd, and the news once spread,
 " Vengeance hangs o'er th' unknown culprit's head.'

BLOOMFIELD.

A shepherd with whom I am acquainted told me lately, that he shot nine dogs of this description in one spring, whilst watching for these blood-thirsty wretches: he was then serving at Bowcastle, an extensive grazing on the eastern shoulder of Benledi, one of the loftiest of the Grampian hills, near Callander in Monteith, a populous village, whence, most likely, the sheep-biters stole forth under night, and committed their depredations.

7

The mountain-echoes now salute again.—P. 80.

A MOUNTAIN fox-hunting differs greatly from the ordinary exertions and pleasures of the chace in situations less elevated, or in an open country where horsemen can follow the pack in the doublings of the game they are in chace of. There are regular fox-hunters in almost every district, that are employed at a yearly allowance, collected as regularly as the minister's stipend.

8

Defy'd the terrors of his awful beak.—P. 85.

THAT the Romans penetrated the Grampians (i. e. the chain of mountains that runs from Lochlomond to Stone-

haven, anciently called *Drum-alban*, and the *Mounth*, comprehending a range of more than a hundred miles in the direction of S. W. N. E.) is sufficiently ascertained from the remains of their encampments in Strath-Allan, Strath-Eirin, and Glen-Lion. Near the confluence of the Tay and water of Lion, at Fortingal, (i. e. the *Fort of Strangers*) the remains of a fort is still visible ; not far from which, it is supposed, the native warriors gave a check to the farther progress of the Romans in that direction, which happened in the sixth year of Julius Agricola's expedition, A. C. 83. This skirmish of the Romans with the Gael continued long a stumbling-block to our British antiquaries, with respect to its being that celebrated by Tacitus, as the decisive battle of Mons Grampius ; and the scene of action was laid in this district of Perthshire, either in Strath-Eirin, or in Strath-Allan. But military men had their doubts ; till at length General Melville, who was led to imagine, from his knowledge of military movements, that the battle of Mons Grampius must have happened in a more likely station ; and reasoning *a priori*, that the Roman general having attempted in vain to penetrate the interior of that lofty range of mountains which rose in his front, he would naturally keep along their base in that direction where they narrowed the country toward the sea : and accordingly, Melville, under this impression, made a tour in the year 1754 through Strathmore ; and was fortunate enough to trace Agricola's march along that great valley ; and he discovered four camps which had been occupied by the Romans and their auxiliaries in their progress northward in order to conquer the Caledonians. The late General

Roy, a man of science, deep research, and military knowledge, who made an accurate survey of the several remains of Roman stations and encampments in our island, following up General Melville's idea and discoveries, the march of Agricola till he was met by Galgacus (*gach*) near URY, about three miles from Stonehaven (*Stein-hive*) in Aberdeenshire, where the Grampian slope toward the sea; the most likely spot for a general to post his army in order to check the farther progress of a powerful enemy; and of all others the most proper where valour, skill, and military discipline united, could avail against equal courage, advantageous position, and strength of numbers: hence ROY concludes, nay demonstrates, as far as the nature of the thing will admit, that the spot near URY, about three miles from Stonehaven, is the place on which the battle of Mons Grampius was fought, proved so fatal to the Caledonian leader and his numerous army; and so glorious to the Romans; on which occasion, if we are to credit the narration of the son-in-law of the conquerer, this celebrated victory was obtained without the loss of Roman blood. (*Vide Tacitus Agricolaë.*) Great as the Romans were, and although they carried their devastations beyond the Murray—yet the ancient Gael, with their allies the Cruithnians, Fichtieans, or Pictis, repelled the foe, and drove his superior force and skill beyond not only the Spey, and Forth, but also out of the Scottish dominions, the Roman Eagle had displayed the terrors of its beak for four hundred and twenty-five years; i. e. from the first landing of Cæsar in Ante C. 55. till the final departure of the Romans A. C. 420.; when the

Britons, harrassed by the Scots and Picts, called in the Saxons to their assistance ; when, agreeable to the uniform custom of successful auxiliaries, they subdued not only their foes, but also their friends ; and (all by way of friendship) kept possession of the reclaimed territories, which many of their descendants retain to this day.

9

Green Eirin's sons sigh'd o'er their race laid low.—P. 85.

THAT the Gael of Eirin, and the Gael of Albin, Albania, or Scotland, were originally one and the same people, all rational antiquaries seem agreed ; but whether Ireland was peopled from Great Britain, or Great Britain from Ireland, is not so clear. Some antiquaries are of opinion that the Gael of Ergyl, Ergeithel, the ancient dominions of the Scots or Gael, were from Ireland : and that about the middle of the ninth century they emigrated into the lands of the Picts, after their having subdued the inhabitants. And that, owing to the Gael thus leaving their original dominions, the Norwegians took possession of Ergyl and the isles, and kept those districts till the year 1266, when the sovereign of Norway resigned his claim to that conquest. (*Vide Macpherson's Geographical Illustrations of Scottish History.*)

10

And fixt it on the spot where now it lies.—P. 86.

It is still a matter of some doubt, whether the stone fixed in the coronation-chair in Westminster abbey, be the same that was carried off by Edward from the palace of Scone. The learned TOLAND, it should seem, viewed

the matter in a different light, as appears from the sub-joined passages. "Nor will I dwell longer here, than
 "our subject requires, on the *Fatal Stone* so called, on
 "which the supreme kings of Ireland used to be inau-
 "gurated in times of heathenism on the hill of* *Tarah*†;

* "*Teambuir*, or in the oblique cases *Teambra*, whence corruptly *Taragh*, or *Tarab*."

† "The true names of this stone are, *Liag-fail*, or *the fatal-stone*, and *Gloch na cineambna*, or *the stone of fortune*: both of them from a persuasion the ancient Irish had, that in what country soever this stone remained, there one of their blood was to reign. But this proved as false as such other prophecies for 300 years, from Edward I. to the reign of James I. in England. The Druidical oracle is in verse, and in these original words:

*Cioniodb scuit saor on fine,
 Man ba breag an Faisdine,
 Mar a bhfuigbid an Lia-fail,
 Dligbid flaitheas do ghabbail.*

Which may be read thus truly, but monkishly translated, in
 HECTOR BORTHUIS:

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
 Invenient lapidem bunc, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

The Lowland Scots have rhymed it thus:

*Except old Saws do feign,
 And wizards wits be blind,
 The Scots in place must reign,
 Where they this stone shall find.*

And

and which being inclosed in a wooden chair, was thought to emit a sound under the rightful candidate (a thing easily managed by the Druids) but to be mute under

and some English poet has thus rendered it :

*Consider, Scot, where'er you find this stone,
If fates fail not, there fixt must be your throne.*

The Irish pretend to have memoirs concerning it for above 500 years : nay Ireland itself is sometimes, from this stone, the poets called *Inis-fail*. But how soon they begun to use or whence they had it, lyes altogether in the dark. What is certain is, that after having long continued at Tarah, it was, for the purpose I have mentioned, sent to FERGUS, the first acknowledged king of Scots ; and that it lay in Argile (the original seat of the Scots in Britain) till, about the year of Christ 842, that KING ALAN II. the son of Alpín, having enlarged his borders by the conquest of the Picts, transferred this stone, for the same purpose as before, to Scone. So great respect is still paid by Christians to a heathen prophecy ! not only false in fact, as I have this moment proved ; but evidently illusory and equivocal, being a thing most difficult to find any prince in Europe, who, some way or other, may not claim kindred of every other human race about him, and consequently be of that blood. This is the case of our present Sovereign King GEORGE, who is indeed descended of the Scottish race, but yet in propriety of speech is not of the Scottish line ; but the first here of the unswerving line, as others begun the British, Saxon, Danish, Saxo-Danish, Norman, Saxo-Norman, and Scottish lines. Yet is not being the sense in which the Irish and Scots understood the oracle, they ought consequently at this very time to look upon it as false and groundless."

“ a man of none or a bad title, that is, one who was *not*
 “ for the turn of those priests. Every one has read *of*
 “ MEMNON’S vocal statue in Egypt. This fatal stone
 “ was superstitiously sent to confirm the Irish colony in
 “ the north of Great Britain, where it continued as the
 “ coronation-seat of the Scottish kings, even since
 “ Christianity ; till, in the year 1300, Edward I. of
 “ England brought it from Scone, placing it under the
 “ coronation-chair at Westminster : and there it still
 “ continues, the ancientest respected monument in the
 “ world ; for though some others may be more ancient
 “ as to duration, yet thus superstitiously regarded they
 “ are not. I had almost forgot to tell you, that it is now
 “ by the vulgar called *Jacob-stone*, as if this had been
 “ Jacob’s pillow at Bethel.”

11

And hence arose the conflicts of the Clans.—P. 86.

SEE “ The History of the Feuds and Conflicts of the
 “ Clans in the Northern Parts of Scotland, and Western
 “ Isles ; from the year 1031 unto 1719.” Glasgow,
 printed in the year 1764.

12

Yet aquavitæ of the Grampian hills.—P. 89.

THE aquavitæ (*uisge-beatha*) or real *highland whisky*,
 is a liquor as superior to the vile stuff of the large distil-
 leries, as champagne is to cyder. The former is distilled
 drop by drop ; the latter is run off with an incredible ra-
 pidity ; the former is the pure essence of fermented bar-
 ley ; the latter, the hasty product of ill-fermented grain
 —so much *liquid fire* of the worst quality.

NOTES

ON

BOOK FIFTH.

1

See beautiful Noina, &c.—P. 93.
 FROM Noinean, a daisy.

2

The skilful LEIGH, &c.—P. 94.

LEIGH, Leech, or physician. I have met with some of the *herb-doctors* (as some call them) of the Grampian mountains, possessed of no small share of practical knowledge in the healing art; and of sufficient modesty and candour to acknowledge their want of science, which they frequently lamented; but for want of opportunity knew not how to acquire. It seems, however, that the works of Greek, Roman, and Arabian physicians were currently known to the practitioners of the Hebrides many ages since: Martin notices this circumstance in his Description of the Western Islands, thus:—"FERGUS
 "BEATON hath the following ancient *Irish* manuscripts
 "in the *Irish* character; to wit, *Avicenna, Averroes,*

“*Joannes de Vigo, Bernardus Gordonus, and several volumes of Hyppocrates.*” (P. 89.)

3

The hoary Cromleac, &c.—P. 94.

CROMLEACH, from *crom*, bending, and *leac*, a broad flat stone; hence, *Cromleac* is said to mean bending-stone, or *bowing-stone*, and supposed of Druidical origin; and it is, by some antiquaries, deemed a kind of altar, at which the worshippers bowed the head, or prostrated themselves in adoration to the gods of the ancient Britons, Irish, and Scoto-Gael. (*Vide* Rowland's *Antiquities of Mona or Isle of Anglesey*, “Second Essay;” Art. “CROMLECHE.” See also, Toland's *History of the Druids*, the Second Letter, Sect. XIV. Vol. I. p. 96. See likewise *Gaelic Antiquities* by Macpherson, and Smith of Campbeltown.) It were endless, as dull, or, to most readers, uninteresting, to enter on the doubts entertained respecting the Druidical remains in Great Britain. It is a well known fact, that in Scandinavia, and Iceland, they have their remains of ancient worship, similar in many respects to those of Great Britain, Ireland, Mona, Man, and others of the western isles; as also in Orkney, Shetland, and Foeroe islands, which anciently were subject to the northern princes. (*Vide* *Northern Antiquities*, or Mallet's *Introduction a l'Histoire de Denmark*, &c., translated by Dr Percy, Bishop of Dromore.) In truth it is no easy matter to separate the prejudices of men in favour of a particular hypothesis, and the leading facts that are brought as it were to prop the supposititious system, which each zealously supports with imposing

argument: Thus, for example: The circles, obelisks, and cromleacs, referred to times of Druidical worship, are considered by CHARLTON as of Danish origin; and by the celebrated architect INIGO JONES as works of the ancient Romans, when our islhnd was a province of Rome. (*Vide* CHARLTON's "*Stone-hedge restored to the Danes*:" and also, INIGO JONES's "*Stone-hedge restored to the Romans*.)"

4

On Noina's lap, of Cor-meilles' knobby strings.—P. 94.

COR-MEILLE (*orobus tuberosus*. Lin.) cormyle, or wood-pease, is very universally indigenous to woods, heaths, and elevated ranges of pasture; the roots run horizontally near the surface, and consist of slender tough fibres, of a dark-brown, or blackish colour, swelling into many knobs or tubercles, of various size. The natives collect the roots of the cor-meille in considerable quantity, dry and chew them, as a great delicacy; their taste resembles that of liquorice, but it is neither so luscious, nor so juicy.

5

And mountain bur-dock, &c—P. 95.

As I have specified a few of the simples of the *Materia Medica* of our self-taught physicians, I shall notice them in order.

P. 95. l. 7. DWARF MYRTLE (*Myrica*. Lin.) or Dutch myrtle, gole, goule, sweet willow, gaul, or what the Gael call *roid*, grows in bogs, and heathy wastes throughout the Hebrides and Grampians, in great abun-

dance. This shrub seldom grows above two or at most three feet high. I have seen specimens, however, upwards of four feet : its leaves resemble those of the myrtle, and it buds in a similar manner at the extremities of its slender twigs : the catkins are of an oval form, of a bright brownish colour, and are often covered with resinous particles of a glittering appearance, as if sprinkled with gold-filings, its seed-envelope, or pericarpium, is a berry of leather-like consistence. The leaves are of very fragrant ardour, but of a very bitter taste ; an infusion of them is often made, which is reckoned salutary in worm cases, and taken frequently with considerable advantage. This plant was formerly used instead of hops in brewing ale and small beer. In *Sweden*, the inhabitants use it to dye yarn of a yellow colour.

P. 95. l. 11. *TORMENTIL* (*tormentilla*. Lin.) sept-foil, or what the highlanders call *bar-braonan-nan-con*, is found in profusion among the sterile wastes of the Grampians and heaths of the Western Isles. It is perennial and flowers in summer ; it grows upright ; its stalks are slender, its leaves oblong and indented toward the extremity ; the smaller branches bear on the tops a small flower of a yellow colour, which fades and falls off when the seeds appear, and soon ripen. The root of the tormentil is the part used both in medicine and the arts. It is generally thick, knobby, and crooked, covered with a blackish skin, but reddish when taken off ; the juice, which is of the same tinge, is of an astringent nature, and contains the tanning principle, equal in quality to that of the oak-bark. The islanders of the *Æbudæ* and *Orkneys*

use it greatly in the process of tanning their leather. The root of this plant still retains a place in our *Materia Medica*, and is deemed an astringent of considerable efficacy in cases of diarrhea and dysentery. The German physicians were wont to use tormentilla with bitters as a substitute for bark in the cure of intermittants, small-pox, and other diseases of debility. It is given in decoction, and gives out its astringent particles very readily to spirit of wine, and even pure water.

P. 95. l. 12. SPEARWORT (*ranunculus flammula*. Lin.) or lesser water crow-foot, known to the natives of the Grampians and Isles by the name *Glais-leun*, *agus*, *an Lus-mor*; this is an aquatic, and grows on the sides of lakes, lesser collections of water, and moist grounds: It flowers also in summer. Its stalks are procumbent at the base, but branch erectly; its leaves are of a spear-like or rather elliptical form, but narrow, and of a thick firm, smooth texture, but vary in appearance, according to local circumstances; the flower is small, and of a yellow colour. The taste of this plant (roots and leaves) is very acrid; the highlanders bruise it and apply it thus externally by way of blister, and it is found one of the most caustic vesicatories known, cantharis not excepted.

P. 95. l. 13. GROUNDSEL (*senecio vulgaris*. Lin.) or as it is called in Gaelic, *am bualan*, is a very common annual in dry waste places. It is an annual, but of short duration, for it springs, flourishes, seeds, fades, and dies, in little more than thirteen weeks. The stalks of the groundsel seldom exceed twelve inches in height, are

erect, branched, and thick, and full of sap ; the leaves are of a vivid green, oblong and narrow, covered on the under side with a whitish down, subdivided into serated sections, and are broadest at their base or junction with the branches, at the summits of which the flowers, of a fine yellow colour, grow in clusters ; the seeds are small, of an egg-like shape, furrowed, and furnished with downy wings, which bear them to a distance when separated from the parent plant. The leaves of the groundsel was formerly used as a mild emetic, or nauseating dose ; the Gael use it still externally as a refrigerant, and it is innocent enough in that way.

P. 95. l. 14. EYE-BRIGHT (euphrasia officinalis. Lin.) or as the highlanders call it, *rein-an-ruisg*. It is an annual, and flowers in summer, and even autumn ; it abounds in barren, dry places, and is a low plant, seldom exceeding six inches in height ; it grows erect, and branched ; its leaves are oval, small, and serated, towards the extremities of the stalks appear the flowers, of a delicate white, beautifully streaked internally with purple and yellow ; its seeds come forth at the capsula, and are of a whitish cast. This plant, among the older physicians, was deemed a never-failing remedy for impaired vision, and for sore eyes an absolute specific. Alas ! that there were not a hundred others of the like efficacy ! The highlanders still use it, and prepare an infusion of the leaves in milk, which with a feather is laid gently on the patient's eye-lids ; if he recovers, the credit of the doctor is thereby enhanced ; and if not, how can the doctor

help it ? an *evil-eye* hath the greater power—consequently, human skill is inefficacious.

P. 95. l. 15. MILFOIL (achillæa millifolium. Lin.) or *yarrow*, called by the Gael, *lus chosgadh-na fola, agus a'chaithir-thal-mhain*. It is a perennial plant, and grows plentifully in arid pastures, and by way-sides. The milfoil is in flower the most of summer; its stalk is about twelve inches high, erect and branching; the leaves are long, narrow, stiff, and smooth; the flowers appear in form of an umbel on the pinnacle of the stalk, are slender and multiform, of a pale yellow, or of an orange cast, inclining to red; the seed is small, oblong, and sometimes crooked, or compressed. It is still used by our herb-doctors as a styptic, in hemorrhage, or to dry up wounds. The followers of Sthal were in the habit of prescribing the leaves of the yarrow in cases of diarrhœa, and hypochondria.

P. 95. l. 15. CLUBMOSS (lycopodium selago. Lin.) or fir-club-moss, called by our highlanders, *carbhadh-an-sesbh*. It is an alpine plant, and found in abundance on the tops of the mountains. It is of a low, trailing growth; its branches divided in pairs from two to six inches in height; its leaves are imbricated, stiff, and lanceolate; it emits a fine yellow powder from its capsules, or seed-cells, which, according to the sexual system of Linnæus, are supposed to belong to the male. An infusion of this herb is one of the most drastic emetics and cathartics known. The highlanders still use it; but an over-dose is extremely deliterious, and often proves fatal.

P. 95. l. 16. LOVAGE (ligusticum Scoticum) or Scot-
tish parsley, called siunas by the Gael. It is a tall ele-
 gant umbelliferous plant, very common throughout the
 Grampian hills, Western Islands, and almost every part
 of North Britain. It requires no description. It is re-
 coned carminative, particularly in female complaints;
 its taste is warm, and resembles that of angelica, but not
 so delicate in point of flavour.

P. 95. l. 17. ROSEWORT (rhodiola rosea. Lin.) or
rose-root, lus-nan-laogh, as the Gael call it, grows on
 the almost bare pinnacles of our highest hills. It flou-
 rishes in the latter end of spring, or beginning of sum-
 mer. Its stalk is erect, and without branches; its leaves
 are serated; at the top of the stalk the flowers come forth
 in umbels, and are small, and of a yellow colour. The
 roots of this alpine plant, when recent, has little or no
 smell; but when kept for any length of time, and pro-
 perly dried, its odour becomes exceedingly pleasant, and
 very similar to that of roses; hence its name *rosewort*.
 A poultice of the fresh roots of this herb, when applied to
 the temples, is said to give speedy relief in cases of severe
 head-ach; it is also used as a cataplasm to ulcers of an
 obstinate nature; but with what success, in either case,
 I am unable to say.

P. 95. l. 18. FOX-GLOVE (digitalis purpurea. Lin.)
or purple fox-glove, called by the Gael, meuran sith. I
 have frequently witnessed the happy effects of this me-
 dicine in almost hopeless cases of dropsy, particularly,
 when the extremities were greatly disended with the

morbid fluid, attended with the usual symptoms, difficulty of breathing, and insatiable thirst.

' Bolster'd with down, amid a thousand wants,
 ' Pale dropsy rears his bloated form, and pants ;
 " —Quench me, ye cool pellucid rills !" he cries,
 ' Wets his parch'd tongue, and rolls his hollow eyes,
 ' —Divine *HYGEIA*, from the bending sky
 ' Descending, listens to his piercing cry,
 ' Assumes bright *DIGITALIS*' dress and air,
 ' Her ruby cheek, white neck, and raven hair ;
 ' *Four* youths protect her from the circling throng,
 ' And like the nymph the goddess steps along.
 ' O'er him she waves her serpent-wreathed wand,
 ' Cheers with her voice, and raises with her hand,
 ' Warms with re-kindling bloom his visage wan,
 ' And charms the shapeless monster into man.'

DARWIN.

The late Dr Erasmus Darwin, so dear to science and the Muses, did in the year 1780 communicate to the public the result of some experiments (made by his lamented son Charles) on mucilaginous and purulent matter, in which a theory of the effects of fox-glove is attempted with singular ingenuity. The use of this plant, in pulmonary consumption, was brought into notice by the same illustrious character in the year 1785 (*vide* Medical Transactions, Vol. III.) the late Dr Withering, and likewise Sir George Baker, gave ample testimony of its efficacy in different diseases, particularly with respect to its powerful sedative qualities. I have known it reduce.

the beat of the heart and arteries from 120 to 43 in a minute; and I have heard of a still lower reduction. I understand that my fellow-student Doctor Richard Fowler, has been very successful in prescribing *digitalis purpurea* in pulmonary complaints: plasters of the leaves of *digitalis* applied warm to parts affected, give immediate relief. Fox-glove is a very beautiful plant; it delights in arid soils, and grows on the sides of hills, in woods, or on heath-clad wastes. The leaves of this valuable plant are lanceform; its stalk erect and unbranched, from which, on one side, impend its thimble-like flowers, of a purple colour, prettily spotted within. When cultivated in the garden, the flowers of fox-glove assume various colours, and some are of a pure white; it is biennial, and flowers in summer and great part of autumn.

P. 95. l. 20. GENTIAN (*gentiana campestris*. Lin.) or bearded gentian, called in Gaelic, *lus-a'-chrubain*. This plant is found on elevated grounds in most districts of the Grampians. Its stalk is unbranched and jointed, from which issue in pairs oblong pointed leaves, from the bosom of which the flowers come forth, sometimes white, sometimes of a pale yellow, and sometimes of a purple colour; it is perennial, and blooms in summer. The root is the part used, and is deemed one of the best stomachics known; in truth the various species of gentian are not only freely used in medical prescription, but the brewer and wine-merchant are most familiar with its good qualities.

P. 95. l. 21. ORCHIS (*orchis maculata*. Lin.) Bal-

erry, or female-handed orchis, by the highlanders called *urach bhallach*. It grows in great abundance on moors and hilly pastures. The various species of the orchis are so well known as to require no description in this place. It is from the roots of that ~~variety~~ ^{species} of the orchis called *sale-fool-stone*, *long purple*, or *dead-men's-fingers*, that the *salep* or *saleb* of shops is made. This substance is deemed highly nourishing and salutary as an article of food for persons of debilitated habits, or weak powers of digestion. This species of the orchis is found most frequently in woods, or on sheltered spots.

P. 95. l. 22. BURDOCK (*arctium lappa*. Lin.) called by our highlanders *suircean suirich*, *mac-an-dogha*. The burdock is so universally known as to render description unnecessary. It is an esculent, and nutritious vegetable, and in times of general scarcity might serve very well as an excellent species of food. Burdock was at one time very freely used in medical prescription. It is at present, however, much neglected. But, as already intimated, this vegetable might certainly be brought into general use, when other more generous articles of food are scanty, especially in times of severe scarcity. It is truly astonishing what miseries people will suffer while famine stares them in the face; when in truth, were they to look about them, and make use of this plant, for example, and many others besides, such as the orchis-root, sorrel, mallows, fern-roots, &c. the wants of nature might thus be applied.

6

So long as sable rocks rear rich sea-plants.—P. 96.
It would far exceed the limits prescribed to these short

notices, to enumerate even the different species of *algae* found on the shores of the main-land, and those of the islands of North Britain : for a particular account, therefore, of these, I must refer the botanical reader to that excellent work, *Lightfoot's Flora Scotica* ; in which much valuable information is to be found respecting the plants of this section of our island, particularly those indigenous to the Hebrides and Grampian hills. The eatable sorts of sea-plants are dulse (*fucus palmatus*), pepper-dulse, (*fucus pinnatifidus*) badderlocks, (*fucus esculentus*) and many others. Cattle are very fond of sea-ware, and feed on it with great avidity.

7

The lichen's dyes, &c.—P. 96.

AMONG other vegetable substances used by the Gael in their art of dying, are the two species of the lichen kind called CORCAR, (*lichen tartareus*) large yellow-saucer'd dyer's lichen ; and CROTAL (*lichen omphalodes*) cork or arcell, dark purple dyer's lichen. There are various other plants used for that purpose, such as *madder*, *white-thorn*, *heath-buds*, &c. by means of which they dye their tartan plaids, hose, and other articles of apparel.

8

The YULE of August o'er, &c.—103.

“~~The~~ first of August, or *Lammas-day*.” Bailey's Dict. fol. “The time of *Christmas*.” Johnson's Dict. fol. See a curious dissertation on the true *origin* of this festival, in Brand's observations on Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*. Observ. on chap. xiii.

Three sister-lakes that in yon valley lie.—P. 104.

NAMELY, Loch-Lochy, Loch-Oich, and Loch-Ness, the latter of which is the largest lake in Britain, Loch-lomond excepted. The river Lochy issues from the first, and falls into Locheil (anciently Lochaber) an arm of the Atlantic ocean at Fort-William, about two miles beyond the ruins of Inverlochy-castle, once a fortlet of some strength, and which, according to tradition, was a royal residence in very remote ages. The middle lake, Oich, is the least of the three; on its north margin are the ruins of the castlet Invergarry. The river Oich runs about the distance of two short miles, and falls into Loch-Ness at Fort-Augustus. From this latter lake issues the river Ness, and after a run little more than six miles, falls into the Moray-Frith, an arm of the German sea at Inverness, the capital of Inverness-shire, a sherifffdom, at one time, the largest in Great Britain. The bed of those three lakes, and the rivers that join them with the Eastern and Western oceans, is called the GREAT GLEN OF SCOTLAND, and is, from sea-arm to sea-arm, about sixty miles in extent. Loch-Lochy, being 14 miles in length, Loch-Oich, 6, and Loch-Ness, 24—in all 44 miles of still, deep water, besides the waters *Ness*, *Oich*, and *Lochy*, which are rapid in their courses, we have thus a chain of lakes and rivers, bedded in this vast valley, admirably calculated for inland navigation; which art, and comparatively considered, small expence, might render fit for even frigates, East and West Indiamen, to pass from sea to sea, in their outward or homeward-bound passage; but of this, however, more hereafter.

That scoop the caverns of the western shore.—P. 108.

It is a well-known fact that, in the physical structure of the terraqueous globe, in general those parts which face the setting sun are the most elevated or mountainous; and this is remarkably the case with respect to the western shores of Great Britain, the pinnacle of which is *Benevis* *, the highest mountain in the whole island. From the summit of this lofty eminence, the spectator can distinctly discern the German sea on the one hand, and the Atlantic ocean on the other, a vast eye-range of at least two hundred miles. And from the same station, many of the principal lakes, and most of the highest mountains of the several districts of the Grampians, are plainly seen, far and near, in the grand circle or natural horizon, commanded from the spot on which we thus stand. Three of those lakes, namely, Loch-Lochy, Loch-Oich, and Loch-Ness, are already mentioned, which are seen looking toward the north; and turning to the east, Loch-Traig, Loch-Ossian, Loch-Lagan, and Loch-Rannoch, come into view, with their towering mountains that bound them. In the same direction, the highest hills of Braidalbane in Perthshire present, the chief of which are Shichallion, Bein-Gloe, Ben-Loi, Bein-More, Bein-Lawers, Bein-Vourlich, Bein-Ledi, and other mountains of lesser note. Turning to the south-west, Benlomond is faintly discerned; still more to westward, the mountains that frown in sterile magnificence over the dreary pass from the Black-Mount to Lochaber,

* Benevis is 4370 feet above the level of the sea, which washes its base at Fort William.

Glencoe, appear naked and bleak. Due west, the sublime hills of Glenurchay are seen afar; and still more remote, the hills of Jura, Mull, and Morven, are veiled in those delicate tints of azure that aerial perspective throws over distance when the atmosphere is unclouded and serene. Tracing the prospect in nearly the same westerly direction, but still nearer to the spot on which we stand, that enormous mass of lofty mountains, by way of distinction, called the *rough-bounds*, heaves on the astonished sight. Beyond this chaos of rugged precipices, narrow vallies, lakes and inlets of the Atlantic, the Isle of Sky, and the greater number of the Hebrides, are situated; but, by reason of the hills being higher than any of the islands, they are thus hid from the sight. Looking toward the north, and north-east, the mountainous parts of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, are distinctly within view. Due-east, the hills of Inverness, Murray, Banff, and Aderdeen shires, arrest the eye; the principal of which are, Cairn-gorm, and Coire-ghearich; the former remarkable for its rock-chrystal, called *Cairn-gorums*; and the latter being the most dangerous pass into the Great Glen, or middle district of the Grampians, through which the Caledonian canal is about to be constructed.

11

In sheds made permeable to the circling air.—P. 110.

In situations where rain falls in torrents for many weeks almost without ceasing, the necessity of providing against the inconveniencies of climate, naturally suggests one obvious mode, and that is, sheds made permeable at all times to a thorough circulation of air; hence,

in most places wattled-barns of a rude construction are in general use along the west coast, for the reception of hay and corn-crops. The Duke of Argyle's barns, constructed on purpose to preserve the crops from the effects of rain, are certainly the most magnificent of the sort alluded to, in this section of Great Britain.

12

*As food these Alpine fruits were not design'd
For man—but for the heath-bred winged kind.*—P. 110.

ONE ought to be very cautious how he indulges in eating any considerable quantity of moor-berries, more especially crow-berries, as they are apt to induce affections of the stomach, and intestinal canal.

The black-berries, heath, crow, or crane-berries, (*empe-trum nigrum*. Lin.) or *fiantaga*, *dearca-fithich*, *preas-nam-fiantag*, are very abundant throughout the Grampians in almost every variety of soil and situation: These require no particular description, being familiar to every one. Others of the moor-berries, such as red whortle-berries (*lus-nam-broileag*) crane-berries, (*muileag*) bill-berries (*lus-nan-dearc*) and greater bill-berries (*dearca roide*) were formerly abundant; but since the sheep-system so universally prevailed, those various species of alpine berries have greatly decayed; and in many districts totally disappeared. And I am sorry to observe, that what I have called the "mountain-mulberries," cloud-berries (*lus-nan-eighreag*) or knout-berries, have within my own remembrance become extremely rare; indeed so much so, that for these last five years I have hardly been able to gather a handful at a time. This plant is truly

alpine, seldom if ever found below the midway eminences. "This plant," says *Lightfoot*, (viz. *rubus chamaemorus*) "is *diœcious* above ground, but, according to a "curious observation of Dr *SOLANDER*, the roots of the "male and female unite together under the earth, so as "to render the plant truly *monœcious*." (*Flora Scotica*, *monœc* Vol. I. p. 266.) The berry itself has much the appearance, and nearly the size of a mulberry; and when fully ripe, is pellucid, and of a delicate red colour on one side, and shading into an orange or pale yellow on the other.

13

In drugs deal sparingly—but nurse with care.—P. 111.

I AM satisfied in my own mind, from what I have learned from experience and observation, and the conversation of herdsmen, shepherds, and storemasters of sound judgment and knowledge in live-stock, that "*doctoring-up*," (to use a homely phrase) sheep, or black-cattle, is a pretty sure way of getting rid of the diseased, and of injuring others that might soon recover of the herds or flock. Doubtless, there are some maladies incident to live-stock, which are within the reach of ordinary remedies; but, healthful ranges of pasture, sufficient room, care and attention during the critical changes, particularly lambing-time, cutting, or castrating the males, weaning the young, proper management immediately prior to, and during the rutting season; together with sufficient provender, and sheltered ranges for winter, and the earlier part of spring, are the principal safeguards, or preventatives, so to express it, of disease; consequently drugs will be easily dispensed with; or, if at all used, will be dealt out with a

sparing hand. Let it not be understood, however, that I am an enemy to all attempts in healing diseased quadrupeds of the domestic sorts ; I am only hinting at the indiscriminate use of medicines, and unskilful modes of operation, which injure the flocks and herds more, than leaving the cure, in a great measure, to its natural course. Nay, it is no contradiction when I say, that many of those diseases that afflict cattle, are frequently cured by art ; by which means many are saved that otherwise would perish by being any time neglected. But still, I say, very great caution is necessary ; and when skill is wanting, better leave the issue to nature. I observe, in the “ Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland,” some judicious observations by my friend *Mr Macnab of Inishewan*, concerning “ the economy of black-cattle farms under a breeding-stock.” Vol. II. p. 204. And also some interesting observations on the same subject by Mr Stewart, chamberlain to the Duke of Argyle in Kintyre. Ibid. p. 212. And those observations, I can freely say, are worthy the consideration of every one interested in the management of live-stock or store-farm.

14

The feeble, trembling firstlings forth may bring.—P. 112.

IT is of infinite moment to hit the time with nicety, when the males are in season for the sexual intercourse with the females of the flock. About the middle of October, bring down the whole flock to the lower ranges of pasture, which ought if possible to consist of short, thick, rich grass, and the more mixt with daisies, and natural

clover, so much the better. Keep them in the lower grounds, except in fine mild sun-shine weather, when they may ascend occasionally the heights. Separate the rams from the ewes ; and keep them carefully apart on the very richest of the grazings till about the middle of November, or perhaps a week later : then suffer them to associate with the ewes, and leave them to pursue the bent of instinct, till they separate of their own accord, which generally happens at the end of five or six weeks from the time they were permitted to associate, when the males retire, and naturally resort to the range where they fed previous to their visit to the females of the flock. The careful shepherd will not fail to keep a continual eye on the ewes ; as they are very prone to wander, and by this means very frequently miss meeting the rams in rutting-time. When matters are thus well ordered, the ewes may reasonably be expected to drop their lambs in due season, which usually happens about the end of March or beginning of April. I have heard much of a ram-park, or tup-inclosure. I am convinced, however, that unless such a park be very extensive, it were better, upon the whole, to keep the males in such a pasture-range as that already described, in order that each may feed as much at large as possible. Sheep feed very constantly ; and require the most profound quiet and uninterrupted repose, in all their haunts and habitudes.

15

To smearing salve by some may be preferr'd—P. 112.

It is believed, and I think with good reason, that mearring sheep, which as DYER elegantly expresses it,

“ ————— The mark dilates,
 “ Enters the flake depreciated, defil’d,
 “ Unfit for beauteous tint.”

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will soon be discontinued amongst intelligent and experienced shepherds. Were the native breed of sheep but once restored and propagated, it is pretty certain that salving, or smearing, would be found unnecessary, consequently laid aside ; or, if any operation of that sort be found needful, in order to kill vermin, the juice, or extract of tobacco, (*pettam*, vel *nicotiana*), mixed with stale urine, is found to answer that particular purpose very well. Sixteen pounds of tobacco-extract, with a proportionate quantity of urine, will wash five score of sheep ; by this means the purpose is sufficiently answered, and the fleeces are free from filthy smearing-salve, that greatly defiles and consequently depreciates the wool. The smearing, or washing with tobacco-juice, is generally performed sometime before the rutting-season ; or perhaps it is better to do so immediately after you have draughted, separated, and sold off those destined for the sheep-drover.

The marks of a proper ram, are, a long, straight back, and pretty broad at shoulders, short neck, and rough face : short legs, round and thick in the body ; his tail long and bushy :—The marks of a proper ewe are nearly the same of the ram of the same breed. Rams may serve the flock from one till four years old ; they thus may be kept three seasons, and no more ; change, and observe the same economy in this matter.

16

The lofty ash, whose leaf buds last in spring.—P. 114.

THE ASH, (*Fraxinus excelsior*. Lin.) called in Gaelic, *fraxin mionston*, is so well known a tree as to render description unnecessary; its leaves come forth the latest, and fall the earliest of any of the forest trees indigenous to this island. "This tree," (the ash) says Evelyn, "with us is reputed male and female, the one affecting the higher grounds, and the other the plains, and rising many times to a prodigious stature, so as in forty years from the key, an ash hath been sold for thirty pounds sterling. And I have been credibly informed," continues this ingenious writer and accomplished gentleman, "that one person hath planted so much of this one sort of timber in his life-time, as hath been valued worth fifty thousand pounds to be bought;" a vast sum in those days, i. e. about a hundred and forty years since. "These are pretty encouragements," adds our author, "for a small and pleasant industry." (*Vide* Evelyn's *Sylva*, or a Discourse on Forest Trees; with Hunter's notes, York, printed in the year 1776, 4to.; the first edition was printed in the year 1664, folio.) The other trees specified in the passage that gives origin to this note, are all indigenous to the Grampians, and are so well known as to need no description in this place.

17

The crow of sable hood and mantle grey.

Caws lonely on the hill at close of day.—P. 115.

THE HOODED CROW, or *feanag*, (Gaelic) "continues in Scotland the whole year; the only species in the is-

“lands, and great part of the highlands”; keeps in pairs,
 “except for some time after the breeding season, is most
 “affectionate to its mate: one that had been shot was
 “hung by the legs on a tree, not remote from the nest;
 “its companion, after a short absence, returned, and
 “perched over the dead body, observed it attentively, as
 “if expecting its revival; at length in a windy day, the
 “corps being put in motion, and sometimes swung quite
 “horizontally, the surviving bird, deceived by the mo-
 “tion, descended to it, kept fluttering by it for a consi-
 “derable time, endeavouring to assist in its release, utter-
 “ing a melancholy scream; till finding all its attempts
 “in vain, at length retired, without ever returning to its
 “usual haunts.” Penn. Brit. Zool.

18

*Now shrill, clear, full, and loud and louder swells
 Aloft the music of the feast of shells.*—P. 118.

It would far exceed the limits necessarily prescribed to these notes, to enter into a full description of the music and poetry peculiar to the Gael; and as I have elsewhere communicated my thoughts on this subject at considerable length, particularly in a preliminary discourse to my “*Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland*,” (Edinburgh, printed in the year 1798,) I beg leave to refer the reader, curious on this head, to what I have there stated.

19

Excite emotions various as the theme.—P. 110.

COLLINS’s celebrated ode on the superstitions of the highlands, displays some fine characteristic sketches,

boldly yet delicately touched by the magic pencil of a master; and had he lived to fill up his admirable outline with due breadth of light and shade, what a noble piece would not the poetical world have been enriched with!

" Omnes eodem : omnium

" Versatur urna serius ocius

" Sors exitura, —————

HORACE.

The lot, alas! of poor Collins came forth at an early period of life indeed. The late Dr Samuel Johnson, the learned biographer of Collins, it is well known, was in no small degree credulous in the superstitions of the vulgar; and, as if fate had decreed that a mind, capacious as Johnson's, should contain, among great riches of intellect, some particles of lesser value, in order, as it were, to preserve that equality, even in mental wealth, perhaps necessary to the good of society, which otherwise might become more intolerable than the casual disparity among mankind that usually accompanies the goods of fortune, or adventitious titles. The apologists of Johnson's seeming weakness, have laboured hard to account for his belief in what is usually called "*The Second Sight*," (or fore-sight rather) a peculiar faculty, or class of association of ideas, by which some individuals are said to foresee an event about to take place; that actually is passing; or that in a very short interval of time shall surely happen. But, it should be remembered, that, when a person once admits a thing possible, its probability is easily admissible; and that what happened once, may happen *once more*; nay may happen more than once again,—

may, in truth, happen frequently. Now Dr Samuel Johnson was a sincere believer in the authenticity of that sacred volume which contains the early history of mankind, the rule of human conduct, and the dogmas of our most holy religion; in which inspired writings he found various relations of dreams or visions of the night, apparitions, and many remarkable passages respecting the prophets, seers, saints, evil-spirits, devils, witches, &c. by no means to be called in question by sceptics, who are generally the most credulous of men in things that tend to establish their own principles. Dr Johnson was not to barter his soul's salvation in doubting aught that was written for our instruction by the inspired penman; and he was aware that what happened once, might happen again; and what might again happen at any one time, for ought he knew to the contrary, might exist at that very moment; and in the particular instance alluded to, namely, "*The Second Sight*," he had had the testimony, as he himself affirms, of a cloud of witnesses, who declared unto him the things they had seen and heard respecting this wonderful faculty of certain individuals then living. And the result of his enquiries he sums up in a few words: "I never could advance my curiosity," says he, "to conviction; but came away at last only willing to believe." And in a preceding paragraph, he says, "where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony." (Vide "*A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*.") For a particular account of *second sight*, *elf-shot*, *evil-eye*,

as, *late-wake-feats*, *Benshi-cry*, &c., I must refer the reader to the writings of *Johnson*, *Pennant*, *Martin*, *Edwards*, *Bourne*, and others who have expressly treated these curious remains of vulgar superstition. See also the superstitious rites of the Lowland Scots poetically described by *Ramsay*, *Burns*, and others, with great spirit and effect.

NOTES

ON

BOOK SIXTH.

I

A cask of whisky strong, the victor's prize.—P. 124.

THE rural sports and pastimes of the Gael are fast hastening into disuetude. Of the very few of those gymnastic exercises that still remain, wrestling, putting the stone, and shinny, or shinty, (*creatan*) are practised occasionally. The latter exercise, of which I have attempted a description, is by far the most active and arduous of our rural pastimes. *Shinny* is a game performed with a wooden ball, and sticks or clubs crooked at one of the extremities, for the purpose of hitting the ball with more address and certainty: There may be as many of a side as can conveniently be collected from the neighbouring glens; and the prize was wont to be a cask of *highland whisky*; which when won by either side, was liberally shared, till the last drop was drank by the contenders. This diversion, however, has within these last twenty years been left to school-boys or others of the same age; and is as much in vogue in the lowland districts, as with-

the boundaries of the Grampian hills. *Raffles*, or
 otting-matches, are now the favourite sports of the
 landers, which serve generally as preludes to serious
 king: And I am sorry to say that many have fallen
 habits most unworthy of their character for sobriety,
 particularly, since the innocent mirth and rural fes-
 of former times have so much declined; the young
 , too, have become greatly attached to card-playing;
 cumstance the more to be lamented, as it not only
 times their winter-evenings leisure, but also fosters
 it of low avarice, so incompatible with those virtues
 ought ever to adorn our peasantry, and such as are
 ged in the humble, yet honourable employments of
 eld and fold, throughout the empire.

2

hall resounds high mirth and cordial glee.—P. 127.

THOUGH I have specified some of the dishes peculiar
 highland feast, yet some, or rather the whole, are
 non to every part of Scotland, and to many parts, I
 old, of the north of England.

3

the harmless mirth inspires the dance and song.—P. 128.

I HAVE prepared for this note some curious particulars
 cting our highland dances, which I trust will not
 altogether uninteresting to the generality of my
 rs. And in order to illustrate this part of our sub-
 with some effect, it may be here proper to give a very
 sketch of the agreeable and universal exercise of
 ng, from pretty remote ages to the present day; and

in different sections of the habitable globe. Music, and dancing, it is reasonable to suppose, must have existed in the rudest and most remote ages, or rather, most likely, coeval with society itself. In proof of this supposition, all our circumnavigators tell us, that music and dancing are common to the natives of America and the South-sea islands ; many nations among whom excel in dancing in a wonderful degree. To say nothing of the ancient Assyrians, Persians, and Egyptians, with respect to dancing, which doubtless was one of their favourite exercises, in all probability coeval with those vast empires, it will answer the present purpose to touch briefly on the practice of dancing among the ancient Jews, Greeks, and Romans. We learn from the sacred historian, that " when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, that the women came out of the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music." (1 Samuel, chap. xviii. v. 6.) And we find that after David had ascended the throne, when he went with all his people " from Baale to Judah, to bring from thence the ark of God," that " David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir-wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and cornets, and on eymbals ; and David danced before the Lord with all his might ;" but it should seem, however, that this capering before the Lord gave mighty offence to David's spouse Michal, the daughter of the late king Saul, for it is written, " and as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looking through a window,

"saw king David leaping and dancing before the Lord ;
 "and she despised him in her heart." And she thus
 addressed her lord and master : " How glorious was the
 " king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day
 " in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of
 " the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself !"
 (2 Samuel, chap. vi. v. v. 14 and 20.) We also read in
 the sacred volume, that many ages after, when " the
 " sceptre had departed from Judah," and the Romans
 were in possession of Palestine, dancing was one of the
 chief amusements of that eventful period. " And when
 " the day was come," says St Mark in his Gospel, " that
 " Herod, on his birth-day, made a supper to his Lords,
 " high captains, and chief estates of Galilee. And when
 " the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced,
 " and pleased Herod, and them that sat with him, the
 " king said unto the damsel, ask of me whatever thou
 " wilt, and I will give it thee. And he sware unto her,
 " whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee,
 " unto the half of my kingdom. And she went forth
 " and said unto her mother, What shall I ask ? And she
 " said, the head of John the Baptist." A most extra-
 ordinary demand, truly ! and although the king was ve-
 ry loth to comply, and, as the sacred penman says, " was
 " exceeding sorry ; yet for his oath's sake, and for their
 " sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her.
 " And immediately the king sent an executioner, and
 " commanded his head to be brought. And he went and
 " beheaded him in prison, and brought his head in a
 " charger, and gave it to the damsel ; and the damsel
 " gave it to her mother. (St Mark, chap. vi. v. 21. to

29.) We learn from ancient history, that the games and festivals of the Greeks were uniformly graced with dances composed in honour of their object of adoration, or peculiar rites and ceremonies ; nay dancing was a favourite exercise of their deities themselves ; hence one of Apollo's titles is '*Orchiestes, the dancer*, as Pindar, Homer, and others, celebrate in their lyric compositions. The Thracians had their war-dances, as the savages of America and other remote parts of the habitable globe have at this day. But although dancing was deemed worthy of countenance among persons of wisdom and honour in Greece, yet, when Cicero flourished, wanton and indecent dances were so much in fashion, that he decrys the art with his usual eloquence. "*Nemo fere saltat sobrius,*" says the orator, "*nisi forte insanit ; neque in solitudine, neque in convivio honesto. In tempestivum convivium, amœni loci, multarum deliciarum comes est extrema, salvatio.*" (Orat. pro Muræna.) But Rome, in her days of glory and decline, carried the passion for dramatic dancing to a pitch hardly exceeded by that of the present theatrical rage for the like entertainment, introduced in the Italian opera. It was toward the close of the fifteenth century, that this species of drama was first introduced at modern Rome in the pontificate of Sixtus IV. From Rome it spread gradually throughout the neighbouring provinces, states and empires, till at length it reached England ; and has for nearly a century past been the favourite amusement of those who can relish all that music, poetry and painting—grace, elegance, and grandeur of movement,—together with all that the fascinating expression of the human countenance,—can

to convey. Notwithstanding the prevalence of the
in Europe, we still find that national dances retain
among the pastimes and pleasures of the vulgar,
st, in defiance of refinement, and all its bewitching
of allurements. Thus for example, in Spain, the
tingo, and *Les Folles d' Espagne*, are still per-
formed with castinets. In PORTUGAL they have similar
ones. In FRANCE the *contre-dances*. In FLANDERS
number of droll dances,—witness the paintings of the
rs. In NAPLES, they still preserve a number of
rural dances of a grotesque character. In FLORENCE
have similar dances of a rural cast. In VENICE,
have a favourite dance called *Furlanda*. The pea-
ople of TIROL and of the GRISONS, still preserve several
dances. The GERMANS have their *Waltz*, and *Alle-
e*. The *Hungarians*, *Poles*, *Russians*, *Cossacs*, *Tar-
Persians*, *Chinese*, *Indians*, *Arabians*, *Egyptians*,
numerous nations of AFRICA and AMERICA, have
every day their national dances, which they preserve with
much care as they do many of their religious rites and
ceremonies. And to bring the matter home to our own
islands, have not the inhabitants of *Cornwall* and *Wales*,
those of the eastern shores, their peculiar dances? the
hornpipe of the ENGLISH, the *Scottish-measure* of the
Highlanders, the *Reel* of the *Highlanders*, and the *Jig* of the
are still preserved, and danced with that life and
peculiar to each nation or province to which those
dances belong. But, as the SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS are
acknowledged by all to excel in those steps and figures
Reels and *Strathspeys*, which they still exhibit with
vivacity, firmness, grace, and agility, for which they

are noted, I shall mention some particulars relative to those ; and shall also notice some others that are alluded to in the passage of the poem which gave origin to the present note.

———— And curious native airs of elder days
The violist with peculiar accent plays,
Respondent too, now join the vocal throng,
While moves the matron with droll step along.

The variety of dances that in former times made part of the amusements or mirthful exercises of the Gael, may be divided into four classes. 1. Dances of one performer. 2. Dances of two. 3. Dances of three or more. 4. Dances of character or dramatic cast.

Class 1. A dance performed by one person, is, strictly considered, a sort of character, of consequence, in some measure dramatic. If a female, the character assumed is *a' Cailleach*, or old wife ; and the person who dances is dressed in a very grotesque stile, having a huge bunch of keys hanging by her apron-string, and a staff to support her, for she affects to be very stiff, and lame of one leg. When the tune strikes up, she appears hardly able to hobble on the floor ; by degrees, however, she gets on a bit, and as she begins to warm, she feels new animation, and capers away at a great rate, striking her pockets, and making her keys rattle ; then affecting great importance as keeper of the good things of the store-room, *ambry*, and dairy. Meanwhile some of the company present join the person who plays the tune, and sing words suitable to the character the dancer assumes—generally some

nonsense of a comic cast with which the matron, or *Cailleach* seems wonderfully delighted. The names of the tunes and words that I have heard played and sung to this dance, are: *A' Sean Rong mhor*, *Cailleach an Durdan*, *Cailleach a' Stopan-falaimeh*, and several others that I do not at present recollect. If it be a male dance, the individual personifies some droll character, and is fantastically dressed for the occasion; or perhaps assumes the appearance of a rustic, or day-labourer; thus, for example, the dance called *a' Chraig Leith*, is danced by one man with a *slaughter-spade*, who sings at the same time, telling how he fared after his day's *darg*, or labour.—Is this the same sort of dance mentioned in "*The Complaynt of Scotland*," called "*the speyde?*" *An Dubh-luidnach*, is a grotesque dance performed by one person. *Gille Calhum da' pheigin*, is generally danced by one man, who performs it with great address over a naked broad-sword laid on the floor; this dance is sometimes danced by two, three, or four men, but when so done they do not reel, but only change places. *A' Cuthaich chaoil dubh*, is a kind of wild fantastic dance that requires great strength and agility to go through the various steps and movements, and is danced by one man. *Fear Druim a Chairi*, is also danced by one male only.

Class 2. Dances of two, or *twa-some* dances, as they are called by the lowlanders. These dances are performed generally by a male and female, and have a remarkably agreeable effect when done with spirit and grace; the couple are of the same age, and generally youthful; the tunes played during the dance are various, and changed at pleasure.

Class 3. Are reels and Strathspeys, and are so well known as to need no particular description. There is scarcely a *scientific* professor of dancing, that does not teach *Scotch* reels and Strathspeys with as much ease as cotillions or country-dances; but a living poetess, who has resided in Strathspey for the greater part of her life past, expresses archly her opinion of the fashionable aping "with air constrained, the rural balls!"

"The nymph that wont to trace the source of *Tay*,
 "Or lead the sprightly dance by rapid *Spey*,
 "With conscious triumph smiles aside to see,
 "This 'faint reflection of the rural glee';
 "Short pleasure languid imitation feels,
 "While polish'd courtiers pant in active reels."

MRS GRANT.

Class 4. Are of a dramatic cast, as already stated, such as *Damhsa nam Boc* (dance of the he-goats.) This dance is performed by three men, who reel fantastically, leap, bound and bleat as he-goats do; and stooping on all fours, they jump alternately over each other, causing by this means much merriment and laughter. *Fidh an Gumn*, (weave the gown) is generally danced by three persons, who *set* and *reel*, but who instead of doing so in the ordinary manner, keep invariably their faces one way. *Damhsa an Chleoca*, (the cloak-dance) is performed by one person (supposed to be a young gentleman who is returned from his travels abroad) attended by his manservant. The young laird comes in, as if newly arrived, looks round the company with seeming wonder, and af-

ter rambling through the apartment while the tune is playing, he all at once stops, throws off his mantle, plaid, or cloak, and away his staff, affecting at the same time considerable emotion ; his servant, who is by, picks up the cloak and staff, and puts on the one, and places the other in his hand, endeavouring at the same time to quiet his master, who seems to be pacified, and foots it away again to the same tune, till he tires, and throws away his mantle and staff again ; which his man takes up, and presents them as before ; repeating the same several times, till at last the servant recollecting that he has a letter, he pulls it out of his pocket, and offers it to his young master, who says he is unable to read, owing to a phlegmon on his posteriors, which marvelously affects his eye-sight ! and that * * * *. *Crait an Dreathan (the uren's croft)* is danced by one man, who personifies a farmer. The character comes into the hall, and begins with telling the story of his difficulties in labouring the farm of *Crait an Dreathan* ; he then stops short and desires the piper or fidler to play up the tune peculiar to the dance ; and then he dances the tune once over, and stops to relate more of the particulars of his story ; then renews the dance and so on. But in order to gratify the reader's curiosity, I shall here present him with the words of this comic performance in the original, and subjoin a literal translation, in order that those who are unacquainted with the Gaelic, may form a clear notion of some of our national dances which are daily becoming obsolete, and will, in a very short time, be altogether unknown among the Gael, who are either driven from their possessions, by a change of system, or are changing with the varying hour, and will,

ere long, most likely cease to be a peculiar people, and sink to rise no more. But to return to our comic dance. The farmer of the *wren's-croft* comes in, and says :

CRAIT AN DREATHAN. THE WREN'S CROFT.

1

*Bha mise roimh so mo thuan-
ach, an Crait an Dreathan: a-
gus ma bha, ma' ta bha i dui-
leach treabha'. Bha i ga fa-
dhaich balcaoh, clochack, car-
nach, claon-foidach, ach du-
leach treabha mar bha i, threabh
mise i.*

Seid suas !

2

*An deigh sin thainig buidh-
eann mhor, mhor saighsadoirin
feabh na duicha, agus thug iad
leabha mi, agus cha do stad iad
leam riabh, gus an d' thainig
iad cean Bhothel-brig.*

Seid suas !

3

*Ach an uair a biodh cach ri
saighdearach, bhidhinsa anns na
peasachan.*

Seid suas !

1

I was formerly the farm-
er of the Wren's Croft;
and if I was, indeed it
was very difficult to la-
bour; it was wild, *balky*,
stony, *cairney*, and the
furrow ill to clear; yet
difficult as it was, I la-
boured it.

Blow up ! *

2

After that there came a
great company of soldiers
to the country, and they
forced me to join them;
and they never halted till
they brought me to *Both-
well-brig*.

Blow up !

3

But when therest would
be soldiering, I would be
always found among the
pease.

Blow up !

* Here he dances the tune once over.

4

*Bha mi laeth' mach spaisdeir-
each, agus thachair truir bhain-
tighearnan orm, and thug mi
treis do dhithis dibh, agus
suadha an treas te a ton re cnoc.*

Seid suas !

4

I was one day out stroll-
ing, and I met three la-
dies ; I pleased two of
them, and I let the third
* * * *

Blow up !

5

*'Nuair cha cach thun a bhlaire,
theasamh mi fhein ann a' croabh
mhor sgithich a chunnaig mi
thall, agus tharuing mi mho
chlaidhiomh, agus rinn mi mar
sud, agus mar sud*.*

Seid suas !

5

When the rest went to
the battle, I myself stood in
a large thorn tree I saw o-
ver the way ; and I drew
my broad-sword, and I
laid about me thus, thus,
and so, so.

Blow up !

6

*'Nuair thainig me da-thigh,
rinn Fionghol Donn agam fhein
an Cath-ta so damh† ; agus
chuir i an deargan' cridhghairm,
agus an gorm an' crithe'n uaine,
agus cearsle dhuibh na cheann
deire, agus chaithe mi mar sud
fhein e.*

Seid suas !

6

When I came home, my
own brunette Flora made
this tartan here ; and she
put the red into the heart
of the blue, and the blue
into the heart of the green,
and a clue of black at the
end, and I wear it as you
now see.

Blow up !

* Here he draws his sword or stick commonly, and strikes at the legs and
shoulders of the company.

* Here he displays his plaid, hose, &c.

7
*An deigh sin, bha Crait an
 Dreathan abaigh; agus bhuain
 mi i; agus bha cearamh eorna
 inn te, agus rinn mi cearamh
 brudhaist dheth, agus ma bha
 mi luidheach, bha; 's mar robh,
 leig dha;—cha robh tulle agam
 re faighinn.*

7
 After that the *Wren's*
Croft was ripe; and I
 cut down the crop; and
 I had a quarter of barley
 on it; of which I made a
 quarter of brose; and if
 I was satisfied—well—if
 I were not—I had no
 more to get.

Seid suas!

Blow up!

The imperative "*seid suas*," (blow up) is addressed to the musical performer, who is frequently a *bag-piper*, but oftener, (especially in the *Braes of Athole*) a fidler, who generally plays his native airs with peculiar expression and effect; witness *Niel Gow*, to whose performance every one delights to dance, that has the good fortune to be of the party where he is invited to be presiding minstrel for the night.

The *violin*, as well as the *highland-bagpipe*, as it is improperly called, are, comparatively speaking, but of recent introduction among the Gael. For the harp is the true instrument of *Gaelic song*, which we had of old in common with our brethren the Gael of Ireland, among whom the *great bagpipe* was never known. It often struck me, that neither Macpherson's *Ossian*, nor the fragments which I have so frequently heard sung and rehearsed, make any mention at all of that noisy instrument the *bag-pipe*; but of the harp uniformly; and it is certain that the melodies which I have heard sung to the

songs of Ossian in the original, are by no means such as could be adapted to the bagpipe, but are perfectly fitted for the harp; and are of a character peculiarly plaintive, sometimes irregularly wild, yet still preserving a just and measured rythmus, very unlike the bagpipe pieces, or the melodies of modern invention. This circumstance may startle some of the unbelievers in the authenticity of Ossian; but what is here stated is truth; and I believe my veracity was never called in question by any one. I had often heard it said, that the great bagpipe, noisy, harsh, dissonant, and unfit for accompanying the voice of the bard, supplanted in latter ages the harp, which lives only in our fragments of ancient poetry, now hastening into total neglect. It has been supposed, and I think with good reason, that the pipe is of Scandinavian importation; and might have been brought either by the Norwegians, or Danes into the Western Islands, (or *Sudr-eyiar* as they called them) sometime after the year 900. Now what confirms in my mind the certainty of the *large bagpipe* being of Scandinavian origin, is, that in STRUT'S "*Sports and Pastimes of the English*," chap. v. there is the representation of a sword-dance, and therein is represented a figure playing on the *bagpipe*, precisely similar to that which our modern highland pipers play on, at that grand annual exhibition of ancient music in Edinburgh, under the auspices of the Highland Society of Scotland. And in addition to this singular fact, I shall mention another equally strong as the former, and it is, that I have in my possession an original engraving by ALBERT DURER, of a figure playing on what is called the *great highland bagpipe*, which figure has what is called a highlandman's

purse on, and a dirk by his side, the very accompaniments of a full dressed piper, the pride and glory of our highland chieftains at this day*! Now as the ANGLO-SAXONS had their pipers, and the FLEMINGS also their pipers, who played on a bagpipe exactly similar to that played on by our highland pipers;—pray, Whether did the Anglo-Saxons, and Flemings, borrow that *instrument of music* from the highlanders; or the highlanders from the Flemings and Anglo-Saxons?

4

Maintained inviolate with an upright zeal.—P. 130.

WHEN civil and political liberty preserve steadily the balance of public welfare; then the fruits or produce of well-directed industry are guaranteed by the prudent administration of mild, salutary laws, and each individual may then rest assured of quietly enjoying the conveniences and comforts that his agricultural, or mercantile speculations were reasonably calculated to place within his reach; and thus will be maintained inviolate the lawful property of private persons, and at the same time, the commercial prosperity of the community at large will be supported with that upright zeal, which is truly characteristic of good government, and a wise just code of laws, the spirit of which gives vital energy to a sound constitution.

* I shall present this etching to the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, in whose possession it will hereafter be found, in order that any one desirous to see it, may be thus satisfied concerning the truth of the fact.

That each may duly claim the apportioned share.—P. 130.

I COME now to submit to the reader's consideration, what I flatter myself will be found a practicable scheme for bettering the condition of small-farmers, and preserving the population suitable to the means of subsistence throughout the district of the Grampians and Western Isles. And I conceive the best means of doing so, is, by encouraging small farmers, and others of better condition, to associate in limited numbers, and invest their capital in a *STORE-FARM* by way of *joint-stock*; the plan, and particulars respecting which, may be furnished from what I have actually put in practice, on a small scale, with the happiest effect, and manifest advantage to all concerned. But in order that my plan of *joint-stock* may be clearly understood; and the benefits resulting therefrom distinctly apprehended, as not only practicable, but actually existing at this moment; and which may be adopted universally in similar situations, and under similar circumstances, with substantial profit to the proprietor, as well as convenience and comfort to the tenant; I shall briefly state the leading facts, and particulars concerning the scheme in question.

During the absence of my son-in-law Captain Alexander M'Donell, 2d battalion Royals, when serving abroad with his regiment from the year 1791 to 1799, it fell of course to my share to take the management of our family affairs in Lochaber; and chiefly, a pretty considerable live-stock concern, consisting mostly of sheep and black-cattle, which were kept on the upland pastures on the side of Lochtraig, a part of the exten-

sive Highland property of his Grace the Duke of Gordon in that district of the Grampians. On the lower and consequently the best part of said possessions, are the farms of *Clianaig*, *Monessi*, *Achnacoichean*, and *Inverlair*, the summer-grazing of which we furnish on ranges immediately adjoining our own, which are about a day's journey among the mountains from *Glenspear*, where these farms are situated. Now, the sub-tenants of these farms are thirty-eight in number, most of whom are married, and have each a numerous offspring all healthy and thriving; they are *Roman Catholics* for the most part, but have the advantage of an excellent parochial school, a liberal-minded parish minister, and a worthy priest, who is not more attentive to their religious tenets than to their moral conduct, and they are, on the whole, decent and correct. The small farms and their possessors were, and still are, in a great measure, arranged agreeable to the ancient *usage*, *privilege*, and *right of inheritance*, among the Gael, as already explained (See Note 10. Book First, p. 168. of the present piece.) And when I took the management entirely into my own hands, in the year 1794, although the lands were, prior to that period, let remarkably low, yet the mode of farming was wretched in the extreme; consequently the farmers were very poor, and the payment of their rents a thing next to impossible. Their *infield* and *outfield* patches of arable land were yearly scratched with a thing somewhat shaped like a plough; the seed scattered on the surface, and harrowed in with a few sticks pinned together with wooden pins*, (the teeth also made of

* These harrows were tied to the tails of the horses!—I had often heard of such a thing, but I believed it improbable; “seeing,” however, “is believing”—the fact is certain.

wood) ; and things were left in this state till the beginning of Autumn, when the women, children, and herdsmen, returned from the summer pastures among the hills—to reap—what?—little more perhaps than a scanty crop of straw, with as much corn, when threshed out, as scarcely was equal to the quantity sown a few months before, and sometimes, indeed, not quite so much ! Their houses, according to the fashion of their forefathers, were built of turf, usually cut from the best sward of the whole farm, being the firmest, consequently the best, for that purpose. The farmers, if they deserved that title, saved little or no manure for dressing their lands ; but when they required any dung for potatoes, or for barley,—down with one end of the house, which had been well smoked, and being ready to crumble to pieces, it was most excellent manure, and near at hand for the exigency of the moment !—Nay, will it be believed ?—the vigilant, industrious farmer, his *guide-wife*, and *bairns*, would occupy one end of the house, while the other was pulled down for the purpose above stated, till *Fear-an-tigh* (the guide-man) should find sufficient leisure to cut turf—from the best spot of the whole farm, and build a *new house* ! In the midst of this wretched management, however, some of those small farmers had realized property ; and those who had done so, contrived to cheat those who had none, year after year, of their share of the farm, by keeping a greater number of sheep, cows, and particularly horses, than their neighbours ; consequently, while the idle, thoughtless, tenant was unable to pay his rent, even with the assistance of his children (who generally make it a point to aid their parents in distress, decayed circumstances, declining

years, or extreme old age), was unable, I say, to scrape together that yearly sum exacted in name of rent—while the richer had it always ready on the day, which he punctually paid; not, however, without reminding me, that, if he had his poor neighbour's proportion of lands, he could pay more rent, and would do so cheerfully, nay, give a *grassum* (a fine) down, provided he should get possession at the next term of Whitsunday—six months from the time then specified. I listened as if I listened not—but pondered these things in my mind; not without much indignation and sorrow at the miserable state of the poorer, and rapacious disposition of the more wealthy, of those farmers who possessed the four farms in question. Still, the question recurred,—what was to be done in a case so hopeless as the present? I had engaged at Whitsunday 1794, the person already mentioned (p. 209.) namely Alexander Macnab, to superintend the management of our affairs in Brae-Lochaber. Macnab, (who had been bred a shepherd and herdsman from his earliest years, had been well educated for his condition of life, is a shrewd, sensible, honest man, well acquainted with country men, and skilful in rural economy), was the person of all others the most proper for a reformation of this nature; and to him, therefore, I applied for advice how to act in the affair thus stated,—a task that seemed so insurmountable, at least ungracious in its aspect, and doubtful in its issue. “What is to be done, then,” said I to Macnab in this business! “Sir,” he replied, “you must do one of two things: either you must turn off the poorer tenants, and let the richer have their portions of the lands and stock thereon, by which means the rents will be duly

“ paid ; or, you must eject the whole, take the farms into
 “ your own hands, and stock them *anew* with a *good sound*
 “ *stock* ; and then either let me manage all, (with assistants)
 “ or let it in lease to one reputable tacksman, who will pay
 “ a surplus rent regularly without any farther trouble ; and
 “ by this means you will be clear of a set of poor, needy,
 “ indolent men, who either know not, or will not attend
 “ to their own interest.” “ Good God !” exclaimed I,
 “ what ! turn to the wide world the race of present tenants,
 “ who have, according to the ancient usage, privilege, and
 “ right, of the Gael, as good a title to these possessions as
 “ our family have !—no, no, let us try them another
 “ year ;” which accordingly was done, and the result
 turned out worse than ever. Macnab smiled at my tender-heartedness, and sneered at my simplicity. Meanwhile, however, we were not altogether idle. I gave peremptory orders, that whoever should cut turf for building a new house, should be certainly ejected at Whitsunday 1795. And a small premium was offered to the first who should build a house of stone in the spring of that year ; and lay up as much manure as should serve for *his potatoes and barley* : We had the satisfaction to see our reformation succeed in those three essential points ; matters of no small moment in the beginning of our plan. To make better farming utensils, particularly ploughs and harrows, and to plough with two instead of four horses ; and also to tie the harrows to the necks, instead of the tails of their horses, were the next objects of reform in our rural economy. But these were points extremely difficult to be accomplished ; *ejection*, or *favour*, were always the words ; these wrought wonders ; still, however, the

men were very idly inclined, and left the greater part of the labour to the women, who did it cheerfully ; for they always alleged that too severe labour did much harm to the make, vigour, and constitution, of their lords and masters, and consequently spoiled the breed. It was uniformly the custom of the men to work with their plaids on. They were now persuaded to lay these aside ; and they soon found out that they could work much easier without, than with them. This was another point gained : Macnab, who is my relation, and has known me from infancy, hinted one day, that he had known by experience that a small rise in rent frequently quickened the exertions of individuals, who otherwise were rather less inclined to industry, when they found both ends meet (as the saying is), and slip easily through life,—yet remain poor till the last. I own I was a little alarmed at his manner of speech ; but I had been greatly commending those invaluable little essays of the immortal Franklin ; and my friend did not lose an opportunity of reminding me of the economic lessons of the American BACON. “What would “you think,” said Macnab, “of raising the rents to about one-fourth more than they are at present ?”—“What, sir !” ruin the tenants by a *rack-rent* !—are you “in your sober senses ?—“Perfectly so,” was his reply, “but hear me,” rejoined he, and I heard him patiently to the end ; in fine, his scheme of raising the rent was so plausible, and so consistent with truth, and just observation, that we fairly put the scheme to the test of experiment in the year 1796. And in 1797, a farther rise was exacted, at which they murmured much, and threatened to leave their possessions in disgust, which alarmed me the less,

as the price of cattle was on the rise, and I knew they could easily pay the rent stipulated, with a considerable clear profit after all. Still the notion of a *joint-stock* was running in my mind ; and I proposed to Macnab to see what he could do to forward this favourite scheme for bettering the condition of the poorer, and to bring the richer nearer to a level on two of the farms mentioned. The two pitched upon, were *Clianaig* and *Monessi*, on which are fifteen small farmers. Prodigious opposition and cabal were at length subdued. The property, or live-stock of each was brought to equal numbers of the same kinds : *hill-horses*, of which there happened to be by far too many, were reduced in number, and sheep and black cattle of the best breeds were got in their stead ; by which means each farmer had share and share alike of live-stock, and a similar division of the produce of the lands in tillage was observed. And when our own sales were made at the usual term, which is generally at the June market at Fort William or Gordonsburgh, their live-stock were at the same time disposed of ; and the same drovers who purchased the cattle belonging to us, bought also those belonging to the two farms in question, and thus enabled them to pay their rent on the term-day, without the smallest trouble ; which circumstance gave great satisfaction to all parties. Still, however, they did not relish the change of system ; and the rest of their neighbours, who had not yet submitted to this mode of uniformity of goods and gear, agreeable to rural economy, sneered at their simplicity :—they also were invited in turn to unite in the community of the *joint-stock* system, but they flew one and all in the face of it ; and gave it a

most firm and decided opposition. *Ejection* was the word: they did not mind it: I was inwardly troubled; but what is once begun, when substantially *good*, ought steadily to be persisted in; and I had resolved—it must, and shall be done,—and it was done. The farm of *Achnacoichan* accommodates eleven tenants, and their individual stock was changed for the better; each tenant to have an equal number of cows, sheep, and horses; and their mode of subdivision, labour, &c. the same as the former. *Inverlair* farm accommodates twelve tenants; and their *joint-stock* is precisely on the same footing as the three preceding. So that since the year 1798, these four farms are managed in the manner of *joint-stock*, which I am far from holding up as a model; but cannot help recommending it to the consideration of reputable tacksmen, thoughtful landholders, and patriotic members of the British Senate, as it appears to me, from the trial made previous to the year 1799, and since that period, under circumstances, too, verging toward the oppressive system of *rack-rent*,—that the *population* and *means* of subsistence in the very wilderness of Lochaber, do actually exist, and may still be preserved by wise, and prudent management. —But to go on with the statement:—In the beginning of the year 1799, my son-in-law obtained leave of absence from his regiment, then in Portugal, and on his return home, when I laid before him my little scheme of rural economy, and reform respecting our subtenants, he was perfectly satisfied with all that had been done. As the term of his lease from the Duke of Gordon was about to expire, he wrote to his Grace, reminding him of old times; (for the Keappoch family were vassals of the family of Gordon

for many centuries), and requesting a renewal of his lease, but without putting Keappoch on the same footing as the general run of tacksmen in that part of the country. His Grace was pleased to answer Captain M'Donell's letter in the handsomest manner; and in one paragraph expresses himself thus: "I continue disposed to mark my regard for your family, by a degree of favour which no common tenant could expect: and as you express a wish that Mr Tod * should arrange the business between us, I shall meet your ideas, by directing him to report candidly what rent can be afforded, after allowing to you an adequate pledge of the continuance of my friendship to your family." The prosperous condition of our sub-tenants had been marked by the neighbouring tacksmen and wealthy shepherds with an evil eye. The start in the price of live-stock which had taken place during the late war, was favourable to the speculations of the store-farmer; monopoly of lands, or range of pasture, constitutes their devotion; and fanaticism of this sort is the worst of all extravagant enthusiasm; for it is a sweeping evil that levels to the dust productive labour, and depopulates whole districts at once. *Secret* offers were given in, amounting to *four times* the former rent of my friend's possessions; but the noble proprietor, true to his promise, with a princely munificence, says in his second letter, dated London, May 15th 1799, which now lies before me, that he might let the possessions for *four times* the former rent, but that he did not mean to put him on the footing of ordinary tenants; and therefore he was willing to

* The Duke's factor, a gentleman of high respectability.

let him continue to hold the possessions for *one-fourth* less than what was actually offered. Keppoch, amazed at the prodigious rise, even after the liberal abatement made by the Duke of Gordon, was at first greatly at a loss what to do. He was a soldier, and had served seven years abroad during the hottest of the war, consequently but little versed in rural affairs ; and I own I was in the utmost perplexity how to advise in a matter of such extreme delicacy as the present. For such a sacrifice of income on the part of the Duke of Gordon, was a matter of too much moment to throw away thoughtlessly ; and to oppress the poor sub-tenants, already sufficiently burthened with their share of rents ; or to eject and turn them at once to the wide world, and take their farms into his own hands, and lay the whole under sheep,—were trying circumstances truly, and required some deliberation, before any one step could be taken with safety or advantage. But what was then to be done ? To turn off his sub-tenants was a thing he would give no quarter to ; and to be the cause of oppression, seemed to him the most ungracious alternative, nay, a positive evil, and he would have nothing to do with it. The interest of the proprietor, the interest of the sub-tenants, and the interest of his own family, were all before him. “ Apprise the tenants,” said I to him, “ of the delicate predicament in which you now stand—you are their chieftain ; some of them fought by the side of your grandfather Keppoch who fell on Cul-loden-moor ; and several of them fought with your father on that day when our immortal WOLFE fell on the plains of Quebec—try what they will do of their own accord ; they have not seen you since you came of age—

“ they are best judges of their own condition—leave the
 “ affair to their own management, and wait patiently
 “ the event,” and he did so. Their answer was, “ That
 “ they would support their chieftain to the last shilling—
 “ by all means to keep the possessions, and that they
 “ would cheerfully do their utmost to pay their share,
 “ and relieve him of the burthen by their honest gains,
 “ with as much as they could conveniently spare.” On
 receiving this proof of their attachment, my son-in-law
 closed with the Duke of Gordon ; and our worthy sub-
 tenants have hitherto paid punctually their proportion
 of rent, notwithstanding its absolutely verging on that
 hateful and alarming evil, *rack-rent* ; owing, no doubt,
 in part, to the high price of sheep and black-cattle
 since 1799 ; but chiefly owing to the *joint-stock* store-
 farm system, which I most earnestly press on all con-
 cerned,—they are thus able to support their families, and
 over and above, from a correct statement which lies now
 before me, of their yearly rent, interest of live-stock, and
 necessary expences, profit and loss, one year with ano-
 ther, each small farmer has a clear profit of between three
 and four pounds sterling, which serves to educate and
 clothe his children, who are thus enabled to set out in
 life in a decent, respectable stile, suitable to their humble
 condition. Thus then we see the possibility, nay, the
 practicability, of preserving the population of the Gram-
 pians and Western Isles, exactly proportionate to the
 means of subsistence. And if the instance which I have
 at some length laid before the reader, has succeeded un-
 der very unfavourable circumstances, how much reason
 is there to expect, that when *joint-stock* store-farms are

established on a liberal footing, that such will most effectually put a stop to the alarming evils of emigration, and the sweeping mischiefs of the sheep-system ?

Before I bring this note to a close, I shall state briefly some of the leading circumstances respecting a similar order of independent peasantry that still exist in *Norway*, concerning which some slight mention is made in *Cox's Travels* in Poland, Russia, &c., and are also noticed by Malthus in his valuable Essay on the Principles of Population, (Book II. chap. i. 4to edit.) But as I have been favoured, through the politeness of Mr Boyd of Leith, with a communication on the subject from his friend Mr Hedigaard, a native of Norway, I am glad to have it thus in my power to state some particulars concerning this class of cultivators not generally known. Among the mountains of Norway are a set of small farmers called *bonders* or highlanders, "whose persons," I quote Mr Hedigaard's own words, "are in general of a middle size, but hardy and active. They dress themselves not otherwise in winter than in summer, that is very thinly ; they are accustomed to cold and heat, which have no hurtful influence on their strong bodies. The country people of Norway are universally attached to freedom. They will submit to no oppression ; however they are good-natured, and willing to do every thing, even though it should hurt themselves, when they imagine they act from their own will. They are at all times good humoured, generous, and hospitable." And this description agrees perfectly with that given by Mr Cox. "The Norwegian peasants," says that intelligent writer, "possess much spirit and fire in their manner, are frank

“ and undaunted, yet not insolent, never fawning on
 “ their superiors, yet paying respect to those above them.
 “ Their principal mode of salutation is by offering the
 “ hand; and when we gave or paid them a trifle, instead
 “ of returning thanks by words or by a bow, they shook
 “ hands with great frankness and cordiality. Many of
 “ the peasants derive their lineage from ancient nobles,
 “ and some even from the royal line; they greatly pride
 “ themselves on this supposed descent, and are careful
 “ not to give their children in marriage but to their equals
 “ in birth and blood.” (Cox’s Travels in Pol. Russ. &c.)
 The land in the point of Norway that I come from,” says
 Mr Hedigaard, “ consists of small estates, belonging to
 the farmers called bonders or boors. The estate supports
 “ from two to fifteen or twenty cows, and from five to
 “ thirty goats, with one to four horses. A farmer has
 “ one, two, or three workmen on his property, who get
 “ payment for their work, besides enjoying their posses-
 “ sions * for which they pay no rent †. The owners of
 “ the land work along with their men, and with the ser-
 “ vants which they keep in their own houses for annual
 “ reward, and are chiefly employed in cutting down trees,
 “ the principal produce, for the lands do not yield grain
 “ sufficient for the family; indeed the land is so rocky as
 “ to render tillage impossible, except in small spots. All
 “ farmers are workmen; there are no noblemen. They are
 “ all equal in rank, only one may have more or less pro-
 “ perty than another, and of course more or less need to

* That is “ a hut, and a small piece of ground for raising corn and po-
 “ tatoes.”

† Every one of them has a wife.

“work themselves.” The *bonders*, or small farmers (who are also their own masters) of Norway, exhibit a state of property, rights, and privileges, truly primitive, patriarchal, and independent ;—an enobled peasantry is, indeed, one of the greatest wonders of the north of Europe, and of the age we live in. What a happy state of society, could such be realized in the more southern empires of Christendom !—but I much fear it is a thing at an indefinite distance, owing to the present state of property and established order in these sections of the civilized continent, or islands of the British empire.

6

Give rise to just, yet unavailing discontents.—P. 131.

WITH regard to several kinds of the live-stock of the store-farm, strictly so called, a few of the leading maxims shall be noticed on the present occasion.

- “Of horses few, of cattle, swine, goats, sheep,
- “As many as with safety you may keep.
- “Be always mindful, that to over-stock
- “Is certain ruin,” &c.

“*Of horses few.*” To multiply horses was strictly for bidden the children of Israel. But he,” (the king) “shall not multiply horses to himself, nor cause the people to return to Egypt to the end that he should multiply horses.” (Deuteronomy, chap. xvii. v. 16.) In treating of the causes of the scarcity of corn, a sensible writer (and reputable farmer, Mr William Mackie of Ormiston in East Lothian) states with great accuracy, as one

of the chief, " immense numbers of horses now trained
 " for war, or luxury, or kept for the more necessary pur-
 " pose of carrying on the largely extended commerce of this
 " country. It would require," says Mr Mackie, " near
 " twelve millions of *fertile* acres, in a high state of cul-
 " tivation, to support the population of Great Britain.
 " But it is more than probable that it actually requires
 " 24 millions of acres, of the average quality of arable
 " land ; and allowing 5 horses to every hundred acres in
 " cultivation, that gives of

" Horses used in agriculture	1,200,000
" Ditto, kept for pleasure, which pay tax . .	214,000
" Ditto, supposed not entered	50,000
" Do. cavalry, including levies of all descriptions	30,000
" Ditto, posting horses, mail, and hackney-	
" coaches, colts, and fillies, not taxed	250,000
" Ditto, employed in the carriage of rude ma-	
" terials and manufactured commodities	256,000

" Total, 2,000,000

" Supposing each horse, on an average, to be fed 200
 " days in the stable, at 20 pounds hay and $\frac{1}{4}$ pecks Scotch
 " per day, equal to 4000 lbs. of hay, and $56\frac{1}{4}$ Winches-
 " ter bushels in 200 days, but with extra feeding, sup-
 " pose
 " 60 bushels the produce of 1 fertile acre
 " 4000 pounds of hay, or $35\frac{1}{4}$ cwt. the
 " produce of 1 fertile acre

“ At pasture, 165 days, when he eats the

“ grass of 1 fertile acre

“ A horse therefore consumes the produce of 3 fertile acres;
 “ and 2 millions of horses will require 6 millions of fer-
 “ tile acres to maintain them. Upon this calculation,
 “ Great Britain will consume on horses, annually, 15
 “ millions of quarters of grain, of which about a million
 “ is now imported from foreign nations, besides the
 “ produce of 4 millions of acres of fertile land in hay and
 “ pasture.” (*Dirom's Enquiry into the Corn Laws*,
 p. 251.)

What a striking fact !—even after making considerable abatements with regard to Welch, Galloway, and high-land ponies, colts and fillies, that feed throughout the year in hilly pastures, consequently consume no artificial grass, hay, or corn ; yet after all deductions, the number of highly fed horses kept for pleasure or shew, is truly great as it is alarming.

“ *Of horses few, of cattle, swine, goats, sheep,*

“ *As many as with safety you may keep.*

With respect to the best mode of proportioning the live-stock of a store-farm, there are various opinions. The manner of stocking, and mode of management, will doubtless greatly depend on situation, and unforseen local circumstances, unnecessary to touch on in this place. I shall however state the proportion which our joint-stock tenants at present observe in the farm of *Inverlair*, one of those formerly mentioned. On this farm there are twelve tenants. They keep five hundred and fifty sheep ;

seventy-two head of black cattle, and twelve horses. I consider this farm the most exposed to losses during the winter, and even part of spring ; consequently, the tenants must rear more black cattle in proportion to the number of sheep ; hence it may be considered a safe rule, and may apply pretty generally, that the more exposed the situation to severe storms, the fewer ought the number of sheep to be. On the other farms (which are also joint-stock) I find the number of sheep to be in the ratio of two head of black cattle to one score of sheep, and I take it to be that best adapted, on the whole, to our Grampian districts of hill-grazings, and low pastures. And where there is little reason to apprehend damage to growing wood or plantations, goats form a valuable part of live-stock ; and swine also, of what is called the *Chinese breed*, will be found very profitable, especially to a poor family, to whom a breed-sow will prove little or no trouble or expence in keeping, and very considerable benefit for winter-store, or animal food during summer and harvest—seasons of scarcity among the Grampians, when bread-corn and potatoes happen to be nearly consumed.

7

It changes russet wilds to home-fields fair.—P. 132.

FOR a particular detail of the mode of improving moss-ground, watering pasture, and meadow-ground, planting and raising timber, and other matters intimately connected with the rural economy of the Hebrides and Grampian hills, I must refer my reader to Sinclair's Statistical Accounts : the two volumes lately published of the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society : an

“ Essay on the state of growing timber, with a plan for its increase, equal to its demand: “Girven’s Address to the Landholders, Factors, and Tenantry of the Highlands of Scotland,” (in which he lays down a practicable plan for planting willows, &c. for hoops; a speculation, by the way, of an excellent nature, and which certainly promises success and great advantage)—“ An Account of the Improvement of Moss, &c. in a Letter to a Friend,”—by one of the Senators of the College of Justice;—which small tract is very valuable, as it contains *multum in parvo*. See also the *Farmer’s Magazine*, in which are several interesting papers concerning the improvement of moss-grounds, &c.

8

Of rural industry of every kind.—P. 132.

THE framing and passing an act for the better regulating the terms and duration of leases, relative to those districts of the Grampians and Western Isles, would doubtless be an innovation in the agricultural system of the northern section of Great Britain. But such a *necessary* measure, how alarming soever (on the first blush of the business, to use a parliamentary phrase), to certain proprietors,—still, on the broad basis of political economy, it should seem no less, wise, fit, and just, than *necessary* for the well-being of the empire at large.

What I would propose, as a step preparatory to a bill of this nature, is : 1. That a *census* be taken of the number of inhabitants *actually existing* at this moment within the boundaries of the Grampians, and in the Western Isles.
2. The number of *real* landholders, principal tacksmen,

sub-tenants, &c. 3. The number of square acres of arable, pasture, and waste-lands, comprehending the whole surface of these districts. 4. The *real* numbers of live-stock of all sorts, (together with their actual value in money) on hill or valley throughout the Hebrides and Highlands of Scotland.

When this is done, let there be a select committee appointed to make enquiry respecting the real moveable property (i. e. live-stock.) The current prices ;—the grazing and wintering per head ; rate of the shepherd's and herdsmen's wages, meal, and number of their own live-stock, &c. The height above the level of the sea of each district, and low and high pastures, and arable grounds thereto belonging ; the present valued and actual rent of each ; the probabilities of profit and loss for a term of years—not less than nineteen ; in a word, all contingencies relative to store-farms, the rural economy of our northern mountains and adjacent isles.

After these particulars were as accurately ascertained as the nature of things would admit ; the next object that presses on the attention, is, the framing of an *Act for the better regulating the terms and duration of leases within the boundaries of the Grampians and Western Islands*. The principle or spirit of which, is, to prevent unnecessary and alarming migration of the inhabitants ; restore the population, and preserve it steadily in equipoise with the due means of subsistence ; maintain the rural economy of these districts ; and by wise and appropriate laws for preventing on the one hand monopoly and oppression ; and on the other, idleness or ill-directed industry.

Merely to drop a few hints respecting said act of Parliament, I shall only mention, that in order to preserve a just balance between landlord and tenant, with regard to the fair rent of the smallest portion of land, let there be appointed a grand-jury, and a petty jury *, for setting the real, just rent, of every parish, or subdivision of a parish, throughout the Grampians and Western Isles. This will be naturally regulated by current prices, nature of soil, extent of farms, number of live-stock of different kinds, mode of management, &c. These particulars will be properly ordered, according to local circumstances, nearness or distance from market, &c. It is almost unnecessary for me to say that by such a system the proprietor would have full value for his land, and the tenant would likewise have every reasonable hope realised in the event, if he but manages with due skill, forethought, and prudence.

Having heard very favourable reports concerning the terms and duration of leases, improved mode of agriculture and rural economy introduced by Walter Campbell of Shawfield, Esq. into his extensive property of the island of *Isla*, I waited on his eldest son Colonel John Campbell of the Argyleshire militia, a few days ago, in order to know some of the leading particulars respecting the actual state of affairs in that island ; and he with that suavity of manners peculiar to a liberal mind, engaged to procure me accurate information, and requested me to state succinctly such queries, as went directly to the

* Consisting of the most respectable landlords, and reputable tenants, summoned by the sheriff of the county, at least nine months previous to a general lease of lands of any particular district or parish.

points in question ; which I accordingly did : and the Colonel handing my queries to his brother Robert Campbell, Esq. advocate, he immediately forwarded them to his father, who, in course of post, returned answers, in a letter to his son, dated "Woodhall, 15th February 1804," excerpts from which I shall lay before the reader. "It is impossible," says Shawfield, "that I can with perfect accuracy answer off hand the queries you put, but the following are probably not far from the truth.

"As to *Query First*,—The population of the island is betwixt ten and twelve thousand souls. The lands are all under lease ; the duration of the shortest nineteen years, many of them above it. They are all prohibited to sublet, but it is not understood that *this prohibition* prevents them letting crofts and cows grass to workmen, or even detached pieces of moor-land as a convenience to industrious tradesmen, to whom leases may be granted for any period short of that granted to the principal tacksman, who remains bound for the full rent. I cannot say the exact number of principal tacksmen, but the rents they pay are from four hundred to ten pounds a-year.

"As to *Query Second*.—They are by their leases bound to labour their farms consistent with the principles of good husbandry ;—to bring under culture each year a certain number of acres moss or moor, according to the extent or nature of their farms ; and as to cattle of different kinds, each farm is *soumed*, and beyond that number they are not allowed to stock or keep : What lands are taken from them for the purposes of planta-

“ tions, minerals, or manures, are to be valued by arbiters mutually chosen.

“ The *Third Query* answered in the foregoing one.

“ As to *Query Fourth*.—The rivers and bays for salmon fishing, are generally in the proprietor’s occupation, but occasionally let to north country or other good fishermen for the season. There are three salmon cutts upon different rivers, upon the plan of the salmon cutts on the rivers in the north of Ireland.

“ The sea bays for white fishing are numerous, where many of the inhabitants occasionally fish for home consumption; but in the two villages of Bowmore and Portnahaven, it is carried on to more extent; from the last mentioned, besides supplying their inland neighbours, there is a considerable quantity of salt fish exported.”

From this off-hand sketch of the present state of the island of *Isla*, thus given by the proprietor himself, the enlightened reader will be at no loss to pronounce the condition of its numerous inhabitants, so far as it depends on the landlord, comfortable indeed; and I cannot help observing, that, the rural economy adopted in *Isla* is a model, in many respects, for proprietors and tenants, governed by circumstances peculiar to insular situations.

9

And in exchange get those of distant shores.—P. 133.

THE incalculable advantages of inland navigation, or canal-system, to the northern parts of our island, stands in need of no illustration whatever. Volumes have been written on the subject, and our southern neighbours have

not only read, but have entered most liberally into the speculations of the *Crinan* and *Caledonian Canals*; the former of which, I am sorry to understand, has greatly disappointed the reasonable expectations of the proprietors. I was ignorant of this unfortunate fact, till my friend Doctor Kenneth Macleay of Oban, made it known to me in answer to queries concerning the present state of rural economy, fisheries, &c. in that district of Argyleshire in which he practises. I shall quote the words of his interesting communication. "Little or no good has yet arisen from the Crinan canal. The execution of it seems to have been ill-conducted, as the locks and banks are often giving way; besides, it is not capable of admitting vessels of the size for which it was originally meant: for the locks, by some egregious mistake, will not receive a vessel which the depth of water can float. The dues are considered too high, and most vessels prefer going round the Mull of Kintyre. Sanguine hopes of its turning out well are not entertained."

This account, I must confess, is somewhat chilling; but I am informed by a person connected with, and deeply interested in the speculation, that had another plan, which he shewed me, been adopted, and carried on, it would have cost much less money, and would have answered every reasonable purpose much better;—the interference of several of the Argyleshire proprietors of land, is said to have greatly frustrated the original intention. But as government have so liberally contributed towards the construction of the Caledonian canal, it is hoped care will be taken, that no private consideration

shall, in any manner, militate against the general utility of so magnificent a structure. To this undertaking, however, save the survey made of its line and extent, and boring where the basons are to be formed, very little hitherto has been done; but it is hoped the same public spirited individuals*, who came forward and gave the measure that support which the magnitude of the object stood in need of, will still persevere until the grand work be completed, and the great end, in a natural point of view, fully accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned. Respecting the subject of the inland navigation of the Grampian districts, see the reports of Watt, and Telfer, the writings of Knox, and Anderson; Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, (particularly Vol. xxi.), the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland, and Mr Arthur's Financial and Political Facts (fourth edition 1803.)

10

A nation's industry is sure its fairest crown.—P. 135.

It is not a little remarkable, that most of the great *emporiums* of antiquity, as well as several of the capitals of the present day, were founded by obscure fishermen, whose enterprizing posterity established empires by the fruits of their industry—that diadem, as formed by the united efforts of the people, which unquestionably they have ever at their own disposal; consequently will guard it with their fortunes and lives.

11

Thence soon returning to th' advent'rous toil.—P. 136.

THE dispatch with which the Dutch (certainly the first

* Particularly Hawkins Brown, Esq. and — Hobhouse, Esq.

fishers in the world) discharge their cargoes,—when refitted, return, and resume their station on the fishing-banks, is worthy of our imitation, and if possible we ought to out-do them in this as we excel them in naval tactics.

12

By instinct led as to a native home.—P. 136.

THE natural, commercial, and economical history of the *herring*, has been ably treated by the late reverend Dr Walker, professor of natural history in the university of Edinburgh; by the reverend James Headrick; Mr John Mackenzie of Edinburgh; and Cosmo Gordon, Esq. of the custom-house, London; as also, by Dr James Anderson; the late Mr John Knox; the late Mr George Pitcairne; and Mr John Girven, (deceased) a very zealous and intelligent writer on the herring fishery. The instinct that seems to excite the shoals of herring to return, as some allege, to the haunts of their nativity, where they remain during what is called the fishing season, is very singular: but I must refer my reader to the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland, wherein he will find ample and most interesting information, concerning this invaluable branch of British *productive labour*, that *golden mine*, as the Batavians were wont in their proclamations for the encouragement of their fisheries (on our shores too!) to call out inexhaustible treasures of the herring-shoals. (See also Grosset's Hints on the sundry Fisheries of Ireland. White's Observations on the Scottish Fisheries. Buchanan's General View of the Fishery of Great Britain; and many valuable and important observations in M^r Arthur's Financial and Political Facts, chap. v. fourth edition 1803.)

But, let it not, however, be said hereafter by some keen satyrist, that "A few years ago, the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street, it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burthen of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; and we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected." Let us wait but a few years longer," continues this celebrated writer, "and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery*." But these, after all, are but new words to the old tune, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?"—to which may be answered in the words of the same preacher: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest. I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all. For man also knoweth not his time; as the fishes that are taken in an evil net," &c. †. But let us provide good nets, and trim-built busses, with every thing requisite for our labours in our inexhaustible treasures of

* *Vide* Goldsmith's *Essays*, *Ess.* viii.

† *Ecclesiastes*, chap. i. v. 2. chap. ix. v. 10.

the herring and white fisheries ; and when our hearts are steadily set on doing *with all our might* whatsoever man can do, and putting always our trust in that Providence which giveth not the race to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but will bless, with a tenfold blessing, the laudable endeavours of those who double their diligence in all that is comely, just, and righteous, in things temporal as well as sacred.

13

To sounding oars the choral iurram swells.—P. 138.

WE learn from ancient history that, among the Greeks, the oar-song, called, *ιγλαρος*, or *το τριεικον μιλος*, was sung to the lyre by a musician, whose duty it was to cheer the rowers by his powers of song, when by reason of long continued exertion their spirits flagged, and their bodies became weary and faint with labour, and also to direct the rowers to keep the *rythmus* or time exactly, to which custom the Roman poet thus alludes.

“ ————— *Mediæ stat margine puppis,*
 “ *Qui voce alternos nautarum temperet ictus,*
 “ *Et remis dictet sonitum, pariterque relatis*
 “ *Ad numerum plaudat resonantia cœrula tonsis.*

SILIUS ITALICUS, Lib. vi.

The *iurrams* or oar-songs of our Hebridian mariners, however, are always sung by one, who is joined by the rest of the rowers in chorus. In general, when the Gael are weary, or begin to flag at any sort of labour, a *lun-neag* or song and chorus is called for, and it is truly sur-

prising with what animation they renew their employment when the *lunneag* strikes up.

14

The cause of heavy mourning, hopeless wd.—P. 142.

EVERY thing that regards the history of St Kilda, or *Hirta*, is interesting to the philosophic enquirer who wishes to contemplate a state of society innocent as ignorant of the ways of the great world. To several individuals, with whom I have conversed, and who visited *Hirta* lately, its inhabitants appeared to answer pretty nearly the descriptions which Martin, and after him Macaulay, give of this lonely isle, the next land to which on the west is that of America. "The inhabitants of *Hirta*," says Martin, "are about two hundred in number, and are well proportioned, and speak the *Irish*" (*erse*, or Gaelic "*albanach*") "only their habit is much like that used in the adjacent isles: They are very exact in their properties, and divide both the fishing, as well as the fowling rocks, with as great niceness as they do their corn and grass: they have but one boat in the isle, and every man hath a share in it, proportionably to the acres of ground for which they pay rent. They are stout rowers, and will tug at the oar without intermission. When they sail, they take no compass, but take their measures from the sun, moon, or stars; and they rely much on the course of the various flocks of sea-fowl; and this last is their surest directory. This little commonwealth hath two ropes of about twenty-four fathoms length each, for climbing the rocks, which they do by turns; the ropes are secured all round with

"cows hides salted for the use, and which preserve them
 "from being cut by the edge of the rocks. By the
 "assistance of these ropes, they procure a great many
 "eggs and fowls. I have seen them," continues Martin,
 "bring home in a morning twenty-nine large baskets
 "all full of eggs; the least of the baskets contained four
 "hundred big eggs, and the rest eight hundred and above
 "of the lesser eggs. They had with them at the same
 "time about two thousand sea-fowl, and some fish, to-
 "gether with some limpets called *patella*, the biggest I
 "ever saw. These poor people do sometimes fall down
 "as they climb the rocks, and perish; their wives on
 "such occasions make doleful songs, which they call la-
 "mentations. The chief topics are their courage, their
 "dexterity in climbing, and the great affection which
 "they shewed to their wives and children." (*Vide Mar-*
tin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland.)
 The address with which they haul vessels of considerable
 burthen beyond the reach of the waves, is astonishing:
 Macaulay, who made a voyage to St Kilda in June 1758,
 notices this circumstance in the following passage: "All
 "the strength of this art was with the greater alacrity
 "tried upon this occasion, and with a success beyond
 "any thing I could have expected. Without giving
 "time to any one of us to jump into the water, the St
 "Kildians hoisted up, almost in a moment, our little
 "vessel, ourselves, and all the luggage that belonged to
 "us, to a dry part of the strand."

15

Your cares beguile—thus winter seems not long.—P. 144.

THE history of Iceland holds up to view a series of the

most interesting particulars, respecting the affairs of man associated under circumstances the most hostile to his convenience and comforts, of any almost on record. And to the natural historian, Iceland itself furnishes one of the most extraordinary scenes, on a grand scale, of the effects of fire on the surface of the terraqueous globe. The literary history likewise, of this distant and lonely corner of northern Europe, strikes the contemplative mind with wonder and admiration. The art of writing, it is said, was as early practised among the Icelanders as among the Franks and Germans; that is, about the sixth century; and the introduction of Christianity (A. D. 1000.) paved the way for established religion and a code of laws. To the Runic character succeeded that of the Roman; and their youth were regularly instructed in the beauties of the classics. The philosophy and theology of the schools and ancient church were taught; and even science dawned on that bleak island within the arctic circle. Not long after the art of printing was invented, a printing-press found its way to the volcanic wilds of Iceland; and letters have flourished among the Icelanders ever since. Until Mr Stanley thinks proper to communicate to the world the materials my friend Mr John Bain of Edinburgh furnished him in his voyage to Iceland, (which I understand is to appear in the article *Iceland* in Rees Encyclopædia) the best information concerning this island is to be found in the late worthy and to be lamented Dr Uno Von Troil's Letters on Iceland, to which valuable work the reader is referred.

Where dread sea-monsters, &c.—P. 144 .I. 10.

The following excerpts from Debes's Description

of Foeroe, (written originally in Danish, translated by Sterpin, and printed in London in the year 1676), will illustrate the fictions in part alluded to in this passage. "Mr Peter Clanson," says Debes, "writeth in his description of Norway, that these whales (*grind-whales*) are driven in by a whale-dog whereof I have often enquired, but could never get any certain knowledge of it; yet I cannot abstain from informing the curious reader what is at last come to my knowledge. It happened in the year 1664, when there came many whales into *Skaalefiord*, about harvest, as aforesaid, that when the greatest part of the whales were killed, there appeared a sea-monster swimming about the whales, between them and the land, that was in every manner like a dog, as for those parts that were above the water, they were of a grey colour, hairy, with long ears like an English rough spaniel, and the fame of it grew common over the whole country. *John Theodore de Bry*," continues Debes, "in his description of his West India voyages, writteth, that there is a sort of sea-dogs found in the *Magellanic Straits*, that are hairy on their fore parts to the midst of their body, with short ears, as one uses to cut those rough dogs; or like lions, their forefeet being like the hands of men, and their hinder parts like a fish: they are great and terrible to look on, whence one may finally conclude that there are such whale-dogs, though I cannot decide whether they be of the same sort with those that are in the West Indies; there are doubtless," he adds, "more sea-monsters yet, that have not been known hitherto." (*Foeroe et Fberoa Reserata*, p. p. 178, 179.) There can be little doubt that

this credulous writer had in infancy imbibed a strong tincture of the marvellous, from perhaps the ancient mythology of Scandinavia. *Vide* Mons. MALLET's *Introduction a l'Histoire de Danemarck*. See also the EDDA, Fable xxvii. of the voyage undertaken by THOR to go to fish the *Great Serpent*: in truth the monstrous serpents and *krakens* of the northern seas, of which we read, seem of the like origin.

Where whirlpools foam, and Malestrom's furious surge.
p. 144. l. 15.—“Anthan. Kircheny, l. 3. Hydrog.” says the author last quoted, “writes of the renowned whirl-
“pool under Norway, called *Moske Strom*, (*Moshoe Strom*, or *Malestrom*) that it is, a sea gulph, wherein
“the sea runs down under the land of Norway, and run-
“neth out again at another sea gulph within *Sinus Bo-*
“*thenicus*, or Bothen, whose opinion *M. Herbinus*, in his
“public dissertation, held at *Copenhagen* in the year 1670.
“*Scylla* and *Charybdis* are so in the Sicilian sea, the
“one under *Sicily*, the other near the point of *Calabria*.”
(Debes's *Descrip. of Foeroe Islands*, p. 64, 55.)

16

The royal maid that died in Inistore.—P. 146.

THE *Maid of Norway*, as the Scottish historians call her, the grand-daughter of Alexander III. “The young
“queen,” says an accurate living writer, “was upon
“her passage to Britain, and died in Orkney, probably
“in South Ronaldsay, where there is a safe harbour cal-
“led *St Margaret's Hope*, seemingly from this event.”
(M'Pherson's edit. of “*Wyntownis Cronykil of Scotland*.”

—notes on the eighth book.) “The young queen,” says the learned author of the *Annals of Scotland*, “sickened in her passage to Britain (from Norway) “landed in Orkney, languished and died, about the end of September 1290 ;—*propter quod regnum Scotiæ est turbatum, et communitas desperata.*” (*Annals*, Vol. I. p. 195.) for it was on this untoward event that the independence of Scotland as a free imperial kingdom was first called in question ; which gave rise to those cruel wars which ended in the death of WALLACE, and elevation of BRUCE to the Scottish throne. It should appear from the following excerpt of a fragment of OSHIAN, (FINGAL, Book iv.) that *Innistore* or *Orkney*, was called by the ancient Gael *Innistorc*, from *Innis*, island, and *tore*, a boar, i. e. the *Islands of Boars* * ; thus, for instance, ULLIN in his war-song, exhorting GAUL to meet *Swaran* in battle, says :

“ ——— *Gaar sios gu bras*
 “ *Gun bhaire-sheol ban*
 “ *Bhi snamh mu dubh INNISTORC,*
 “ *Mar tarneinach mheall*
 “ *Do bhuille a loaich,*
 “ *Do shuil mar chaor a'd chean !*
 “ *Mar charraç chruinn,*
 “ *Da chro'idhe gun noinn, &c.*

That is, to, say, “Hew down with dispatch. Let no

* One of the most dangerous currents in the Pentland-Frith, is called the *Boars of Dungis-Bay*.

“ white-sailed bark escape that skims (or swims) around
 “ dark *Innistore*. Like the thunder of the mountains be
 “ thy strokes, O hero. Thine eyes like a gleaming ember
 “ in thy head. Thy heart firm and hard as a rock,” &c.

17

So perish tyrants as they did of yore.—P. 146.

THE whole of this passage alludes to BOTHWELL'S flight and miserable exit. “ He languished ten years in
 “ this unhappy condition ; (imprisonment in Denmark)
 “ melancholy and despair deprived him of reason, and at
 “ last he ended his days, unpitied by his countrymen,
 “ unassisted by strangers.” (Robertson's Hist. of Scot.
 Book v. See also Melvill's Memoirs, p. p. 168, 169.)

18

In Kirkwall languish'd, sunk, &c.—P. 146.

Vide “ The Norwegian Account of HACO'S Expedition
 “ against Scotland ;” A. D. 1253. translated by
 Johnstone.

19

————— *Then HILDA'S joys did roar !*

When Lochlin's sons laid waste our western shore.—P. 147.

“ *Heiden*, a celebrated pirate, being on a visit to *Hangna*
 “ king of *Halogaland*, forcibly carried off his daughter *Hil-*
 “ *da* the *Helen* of the north. This occasioned long and
 “ bloody wars. The heroine was at last considered a god-
 “ dess presiding over every thing military. Hence battle
 “ is termed the joys of *Hilda*. (*Vide* Johnstone's transla-

"tion of LODBROKAR-QUIDA; or *The Death Song of LODBROC*: notes, p. p. 96, 97.)

20

Defies the wraith that rules the mingling storm.—P. 147.

THE idea of a spirit or WRAITH that haunts the dangerous head-land called *Cape-Wrath* is not unnatural to minds unaided by reason, nor guided by experience; hence the ignorant natives that live near the spot, and the mariners who dread the approach to this fatal rock, believe firmly in the existence of the spirit of the cape, and tremble. This extreme N. W. point of North Britain is exposed to the fury of the North Sea, and rage of the Atlantic ocean. Even in the calmest weather the waves roll in and impinge with vast force around the base of the precipice; and what renders it peculiarly dangerous when it blows a fresh gale, is a shallow that runs in a north-east direction for more than six miles from the extreme point of the cape; beside, there are dangers still greater; these are two hidden rocks; one of which is about nine miles due north, and is only visible in neap-tides. The tremendous violence of the sea during a storm from the north, or a tempest bursting in all its fury from the west, is inconceivably awful: and, in truth, the whole way from *Cape-Wrath* to *Duncan's-bay-head*, including the raging whirlpools of the *Pentland-Frith*, presents to the stoutest-hearted sailor perils the most formidable, and but too frequently the most fatal: hence, the propriety of constructing the *Caledonian Canal* as speedily as possible,—a grand undertaking, that promises in its completion substantial benefits to the mercantile speculations

of the country at large. And when it is considered what a small sum this magnificent structure requires in the execution of its proposed plan, in comparison with the incalculable advantages of a private, but more especially of a public nature, it appears as a grain of sand in the accumulated heap of ages. For, according to the statement of the general expences of the Caledonian Canal, made in the Report for the Committee on the Survey of the Coasts, &c. of Scotland, ordered to be printed, 14th June 1803, the sum-total amounts to no more than £. 349,617. *Vide* Report, p. 45.

21

Pervades our cities, lands, and boundless sea.—P. 149.

THIS, and the preceding verses, I conceive to contain the leading maxims, or spirit of *Political Economy*, properly so called; the main propositions of which Dr Adam Smith has finely illustrated in his masterly work “An Enquiry into the Wealth of Nations;”—Dr Adam Ferguson has likewise elucidated these leading principles in his “Essay on the History of Civil Society;” and with still more enlarged views of the subject, the learned successor of the latter in the moral philosophy department in the university of Edinburgh, Mr Professor Dugald Stewart, in his *second* class for the instruction of the more advanced students, continues to throw additional and concentrated light on the various many and interesting topics concerning the grand chain of the political universe, of the extremities of which man may never be permitted the slightest glance.

Logie-Green, 22d February 1804.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

1

HAVING been disappointed in getting authentic information respecting the Earl of Breadalbane's improvements on his estates in Perthshire, which a person on the spot had engaged to procure for me,—yet, having partly witnessed, and heard so much of the beneficial results of these improvements, I was still unwilling, notwithstanding my notes were all printed off, that this work should appear without some notices concerning the happy effects of such an excellent plan of rural economy,—at once calculated to better the condition of the industrious poor, reward the diligent farmer, and ultimately promote the interest of the liberal landholder, without injuring the population of our island. Knowing that John Campbell, Esq. writer to the signet, (his Lordship's cashier) could furnish some general and correct information relative to the improvements in question, I accordingly waited on that gentleman, who, with that easy politeness, and zeal for promoting good, so characteristic of a liberal and benevolent mind, procured me the following interesting communication, which contains the substance of the Earl of Breadalbane's own observations, and those of his chamberlain.

"For some years past the Earl of Breadalbane has been much occupied in promoting improvements and industry on his estates in Perthshire, and the measures adopted have been attended with a success beyond the most sanguine expectations.

"His Lordship had for years viewed with regret the erroneous mode of management followed by his small tenants, a mode prevalent in almost all the districts of the highlands *. But the great population, the small size of the farms, and the prejudices of the people, all seemed to combine as insurmountable bars to any innovation. By enlarging the farms, a very considerable increase of revenue might have been obtained, but the immediate consequence would have been emigration to a great extent. His Lordship's object, however, was to retain the people, and, at the same time, to make them instrumental in the improvement of the country. With this patriotic view, a new arrangement was made of the farms, by dividing the arable part of them, and what was within the head-dyke, into small lots of different sizes, by which means each tenant was to reap the fruit of his own industry and exertions. Moderate rents were put on these : Leases of a reasonable length (generally 15 years) were given, and

* "There had not been for many years any lease. From 2 to 8 tenants were joined in one farm, and each had from 16 to 18 patches of it for his different crops, consisting generally of oats, barley, pease, potatoes, and flax, having part of infield, and part of outfield for each of these crops, also several patches of meadow or natural hay ground. In short, the farm was runrig among all the tenants, and they were besides burdened with crofters, who had holdings for one or two, and in some cases three cows ; which holdings, to add to the confusion, were intermixed with the run-rigs. The consequence was, that the crops were very indifferent, and the lands could not be improved."

a proper mode of cultivation applicable to such possessions, prescribed. And as the joint production of *corn*, *cattle*, and *sheep* (the proportion of each being regulated by local circumstances) was considered as most likely to give permanency and certainty to the prosperity of the country, and preserve its population, the hill-pasture and moors were left in common to the low arable lots and farms, under certain regulations and restrictions with regard to the stocking, &c. to serve as summer-pasture for their sheep and young cattle.

“ By the leases, the tenants were bound to a proper rotation of crops ; to clear the arable ground of every impediment to the plough, (rocks and stones requiring blasting, and trees intended to be preserved, ~~excepted~~) and to drain where necessary ; to build march-dykes on fences, the proprietor paying 1s. per rood of the expence ; to erect new steadings of houses and offices where the old ones were inconveniently situated, the proprietor giving timber gratis, and the tenants at large being taken bound for carriages of lime, timber, &c.

“ The above measures, and principally premiums, which were distributed amongst the tenants to a considerable amount, in proportion to the improvements they made, excited their industry to the utmost, and converted them from their former habits of indolence. Though the change only took place 6 or 7 years ago, the barren spots they have already brought into cultivation (carrying on at the same time the triple operation of clearing, draining, and inclosing) is astonishing. The valuation of the expence of the improvements made amounts to 9000l., about the third of which ~~sum~~ has been paid them in premiums.

“ Lord Breadalbane has also collected all the tradesmen, manufacturers, &c. into villages built for the purpose, and given them a certain proportion of land for their subsistence, enough at least to raise a little crop, and keep a cow through winter and summer. He has also appropriated detached farms in proper situations for the numerous race of crofters (formerly a burden to the tenants) where each of them has a cow's grass, *keep* for it summer and winter, and some crop.

“ The population of the district of Breadalbane on the sides of Loch Tay, is very great, perhaps not to be equalled, considering its extent, by any country district in Great Britain, there being about 3000 souls in the space of about 30 miles in length, and nearly on an average one mile in breadth. But this uncommon population is rather a disadvantage to the proprietor, as, by reducing the number of people, and enlarging the farms, a great increase of rent would follow. The immediate consequence, however, of such a measure, as already stated, would be emigration, which has hitherto scarcely taken place at all from that quarter. The population is, however, so rapidly on the increase, that it is feared this must now and then happen partially, unless something is done to find work and subsistence for the supernumerary people.

“ A considerable quantity of flax, of an excellent quality, is raised in this district, the soil being peculiarly congenial to its production. There are also manufactures of coarse woollen cloth, and linen, which might be carried to great extent, were some public aid afforded to them, and would supply ample employment for the increasing inhabitants.

“ The patriotic intentions of the present administration

in forwarding the internal improvement of Great Britain, and that hitherto neglected part of it, the Highlands of Scotland, will, it is hoped, be crowned with complete success; and will equally tend to increase its riches and revenue in time of peace, and its power and protection in time of war."

The following is an Extract from the Survey and Report of the Coasts and Central Highlands of Scotland, made by command of the Lords of the Treasury, presented afterwards to the House of Commons, and ordered to be printed, 5th April 1803.

"THAT, for this purpose, Regulations should be made
 "to prevent Land-Owners from lessening the Population
 "upon their Estates below a given proportion; and that
 "some Regulation of this sort would in the end be in
 "favour of the Land-Owners, as it would preserve the
 "Population best suited to the most improved mode of
 "Highland Farming, such as is practised at Breadal-
 "bane."

1

I HAVE just now * examined a machine for working fish-nets; the invention of John Robertson, stocking-weaver, Edinburgh, on which he engages to work fish-nets of the best fabric, in one sixth part of the time,—

* April 14. 1804.

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THE END.

London, April 16th 1804.

PROSPECTUS
OF A NEW
AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTION,
OR
FUND OF AID
FOR
WASTE LAND CULTIVATORS.

*Let us not be weary in well-doing : for in due season we shall
reap, if we faint not.* GAL. C. VI. V. 9.

INTRODUCTION.

THE great end in view, with respect to this new AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTION, is, the Cultivation of WASTE LANDS in Great Britain and the adjacent Isles. In order, therefore, to point out the means best adapted to so desirable an end, the present Prospectus is thus submitted, with all possible deference, to the earnest consideration of public-spirited Friends of Rural Economy, the true benefactors of the industrious Peasantry, and poorer tradesmen of the united kingdom.

It is a fact, no less remarkable than true, that there are twenty-two millions three hundred and fifty thousand acres of *Waste Lands* in Great Britain, which, to the no small reproach of this age of Agricultural speculation, remain, at this moment, in a state of unprofitable sterility. To colonise and cultivate these Waste Lands, ought surely to be an object of the first importance, and to meet with every countenance from persons in power, and others more remotely connected with the interests of the state.

But, in aiming at this important object, let it always be understood, that the great maxim with the enlightened Legislator, is, steadily to preserve the Popu-

lation of the Empire, commensurate to the reasonable means of subsistence; otherwise, a numerous and idle people only hasten the decline and fall of the most powerful state.

On the contrary, however, Diligence and Ingenuity being the handmaids of wealth,—an industrious people, how numerous soever, must necessarily promote the prosperity, and maintain the power, of a nation :—and whilst all must subsist on the produce of the soil, every one ought either to be actively employed, or zealous and vigilant in aiding those who labour in rearing the articles of primary necessity. Hence, AGRICULTURE is the great basis on which all other useful and elegant arts of polished society are founded; consequently, the broader it is made, the more room will there be for these arts to spread and flourish.

The Cultivation of Waste Lands, it is sufficiently manifest, is one way of extending the basis of Agriculture, consequently, of extending trade, manufactures, and commerce. For, by this means, vast tracks of land, hitherto untouched by either the plough or the spade, will ultimately be added to those already in the highest state of agricultural improvement. But there are many impediments in the way of this laudable and beneficial purpose; the chief of which is, the want of small Capitals to begin with, which prevents many who would otherwise be inclined to turn their attention and industry to this sort of rural employment, from doing so, with spirit and effect.

A FUND OF AID FOR WASTE LAND CULTIVATORS is suggested as the best means of erecting such a Capital, for the purpose of encouraging industrious Peasants and Tradesmen to colonise lands of this description.

This Fund of Aid, or Bank, is to lend, *without interest*, and to grant small sums by way of aid, to honest and well-inclined individuals, for the purpose of establishing them in such situations, and under such circumstances, as the Directors of said Fund or Bank shall deem prudent or advisable.

These, then, are the chief objects of an Association for realizing a Fund of Aid for Waste Land Cultivators. And to this patriotic establishment, the Legislator, the Landholder, the Farmer, the Manufacturer, and the Merchant, are thus invited to contribute, in order to place as speedily as possible this Fund on a permanent footing; by which means full effect will be given to the statutes respecting the Cultivation of Waste Lands; and many industrious individuals will then be enabled to establish themselves, and better their condition in their native country.

Until a meeting shall take place for the purpose of constituting this intended establishment, and afterwards application be made for a *Royal Charter* to give consequence and stability to the Association, the following Regulations are submitted to the consideration and revisal of the sensible and judicious, in order that the public opinion, and determination with regard to this new Agricultural Institution, and the great field of speculation which it manifestly embraces, may be freely obtained.

Object, and Proposed Regulations of the Fund of Aid for Waste Land Cultivators.

This benevolent institution has two principal objects in view.

1^{mo}, The best mode of cultivating Waste Lands; and the greatest possible quantity in the shortest space of time; with the establishment of such Manufactures, as situation and local circumstances shall favour or direct.

2^{do}, To aid those who shall hereafter incline to become Settlers or Cultivators of Waste Lands in any part of Great Britain or the adjacent isles; in lending, *without interest*, for a time specified, on reasonable security, a certain sum or sums of money; or even, under peculiar circumstances, granting voluntary supplies of small sums by way of *Premium* or *Gift*.

I. Concerning Members.

The Members of this Institution shall consist of three descriptions or classes; viz. Ordinary, Extraordinary, and Corresponding. The Members of the first class are to take on themselves all the duties connected with the proper business of the Society; consequently, the Committees are to be chosen from among them, as well as the Ordinary Directors and other Office-bearers necessarily connected with said Committees, as shall be deemed requisite for order and dispatch of business before them. Extraordinary Members are eligible to vote for the admission of new Members only; but they must become Ordinary Members to be entitled to enter fully into the management of the affairs of the Institution, unless they be chosen office-bearers, in which case they are understood to be Ordinary Members. Corresponding Members are neither eligible to vote nor interfere with the management of the Society's funds, unless when they are balloted for and admitted as Ordinary Members; but they are at all times free to enter the meetings of the Society, and take a part in the business before said meetings, so far at least as regards the welfare of the Institution, and the main object of its intentions.

II. Concerning the Office-Bearers and Committees.

The Institution shall choose from among the Ordinary Members, a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, and Secretary, together with some petty Officers necessarily connected with every such Society; and also Nine Managers or Directors, who shall be responsible for managing and directing the proper business of the Society; and who shall likewise nominate and appoint two Sub-committees, for the purpose of conducting certain departments of business immediately to be mentioned. The first of these Sub-committees is to take charge of whatever regards Agricultural Improvement. The second, whatever concerns the welfare of the Cultivators. The latter shall be satisfied that individuals craving aid from the Institution, are worthy of the same, before

recommending such to the protection of the first ; and, on the recommendation of the first, the Committee of Directors shall order the Treasurer to issue a sum or sums on reasonable security, *without interest*, for a specified and limited time ; or, if necessary, grant a *free gift* of a small sum.

III. Concerning the Description of Persons eligible as Cultivators.

Any individual, either married or unmarried, and of unimpeachable moral character, whose habits of industry may lead him to better his condition by becoming a Settler, or Cultivator of Waste Lands, agreeably to certain regulations respecting the particular mode of management or rural economy,—shall be considered as a fit object for the protection and aid of this Institution.

IV. Concerning the Donors, Benefactors, and Patrons.

Books of Subscription shall be kept for the insertion of the names and sums of the Contributors. Subscribers of One Guinea are *Donors* ; of Five Guineas *Benefactors* ; and of Ten or more Guineas, *Patrons*. And after the Society is duly constituted, One Guinea shall be paid annually by each Ordinary and Extraordinary Member of the Institution ; but the Corresponding (or Honorary Members, if there should be any) shall be understood to be exempt from any annual contribution whatever.

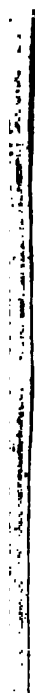
V. Concerning the Time and Place of Meetings.

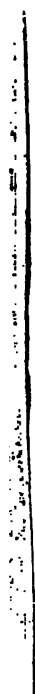
There shall be two General or Extraordinary Meetings, two Ordinary Meetings, and eight Monthly Meetings, in each year. The first Extraordinary Meeting about the term of Candlemas, and the second about the term of Lammass : The first Ordinary Meeting about the term of Whitsunday, and the second about the term of Martinmas : And the Monthly Meetings shall take place the second Friday of March, April, May, August, September, October, November, and January, in each year, for the dispatch of business.

VI. Concerning the Revisal of Regulations, &c.

There shall be appointed, from time to time, a Select Committee for the revisal of the Regulations, and preserving the Constitution of the Society, conformable to its main principles and original design.

As soon as a reasonable List of Subscribers shall appear in the Books, a meeting shall be called, by public notice, in the London, Edinburgh, and provincial newspapers, for the purpose of constituting the Society, electing Office-bearers, and other business connected with the views of this Institution.







REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

taken from the Building

Form 410



